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THE MAN IN THE HIGH PLACE

THIS editorial is about the honest man in the high place, principally because many of us have been pitching into the man in the high place and calling him names. Let us see who is right. One of this country's best known and straightest men said the other day: "No man has ever reached a permanent place at the top in the business world—and stayed there—unless he has been personally honest, and has been fair in his dealings with his business associates."

It came as a somewhat startling statement to the little group seated about the table. It changed the subject under discussion. It raised a chorus of protest. Men in prominent places were named in quick succession—men whom the public have been charging with dishonesty for a long time. The man who had made the assertion smiled and carefully repeated the remark.

Instantly it became evident that in spite of the precision and simplicity with which the statement had been phrased, even that circle of friends could not discuss the bald proposition without following it into the realm of the academic. There were those who would have spent the evening in the effort to define honesty; and those who contended that, honesty being but ethics, the standards changed with the years. One cynic suggested that the original proposition was based on no higher moral sense, and was probably exactly as near to universal truth as the axiomatic honor among thieves.

Then once more rose the discussion of individuals. It was not easy to agree upon the man in high position whom all would admit to be honest, under the varied definitions that were held in mental reservation, but it was trebly difficult to discover the one whom all would agree in branding dishonest, and this was as true regarding those who had fallen as those who were still on top. Here and there a man was excluded from the list, and finally the table quieted down. Still the original speaker smiled. A man was named—but he had died at forty-two, and his memory was nothing now but a curse. He died just in time—for him. Another had recently sprung up into prominence; would he last? Not if he were dishonest. It all suggested some reflections so true, so trite that most people have forgotten them or have learned to speak of them as out of date.

With the memory of Lincoln and Washington just refreshed by their recent birthdays let us be fair. There are no two men in our history more highly honored and more justly honored than these two, and no two Americans have ever been more bitterly denounced and viciously vilified than they were in the course of contemporaneous political campaigns. President Washington was denounced as an enemy of liberty; as being anxious to sell out his country to the very British whom he had fought so long and bravely. President Lincoln was even more wickedly accused during the Civil War. Their critics, moreover, were not Tories in Washington's day, or Confederates in Lincoln's, but men whom you would expect to find among their supporters.

It is so easy to deride success, and it is so pleasant. It leaves one with a feeling of patronizing, complacent superiority. It is always easier to denounce than it is to do. It furnishes an excuse for not having succeeded. Your moneyless man leans back in his seat and says to his fellow-commuter: "I could be as rich as old Moneybags, but I would rather be honest. I have come to the conclusion that it requires a very low order of ability to become rich, if a man is willing to do the things that are necessary." Then he feels a glow of virtue which passes into bitterness when he reaches home and finds that his wife needs a new dress or his boy a pair of shoes and he cannot afford to make the needed purchase. "It is an outrage," he protests; "here my family must suffer because I am honest while old Money-

bags gets more money in an hour than I can earn in a month—it is an outrage.”

That is what this same man has been doing since the Peloponnesian war. Why is it? There must be an explanation. Can it be that he has been following the wrong line of thought? There is a curious uniformity in the history of all great men—they have struggled all the way to the top. Who would have thought that the loneliness of Washington's self-exile was to give him the woodcraft that named him Colonel Washington and started him on the road to fame? Think of the sorrowful tragedy of Lincoln's early days, his sufferings and self-denial, the fiery furnace through which he passed to prove his fitness to lead our great people. What man of real personal prowess in political, financial, or business life has inherited his position? Everyone has passed through a long, hard period of labor and self-denial; of hardship and patient waiting, working faithfully in the face of discouragement against the day when Opportunity should give him chances. Do dishonest men work thus day by day for years without being discovered?

We view our big men as they are to-day—towering, isolated—but there has been a time in their lives when each needed and relied upon the confidence, support, and co-operation of his fellow-men in large and small groups. Could this coöperation have lived if he had been dishonest? Could any man who was at heart a thief have forged ahead in this country at any time? Think of the men cast aside by the late panic? Was one of them a man in whom his fellows had confidence? Did a single man of prominence and positive reputation for honesty go under?

It will not do to begin a tirade on the trusts and tainted money. That is generalizing. There have been men and there have been trusts that have done wrong. They should be punished. They will be in the end. In judging the honesty of others, let us be honest ourselves in our thinking. What animates a man to do his uttermost? Ambition, imagination, the possibility of regard, the desire to benefit wife and children. It is a weakness of all collectivistic movements (call them socialistic, communistic, anarchistic, what you will), that they do not satisfy the desire of man to get something a little better for his own flesh and blood.

All of us have faults, but are not business men better on the average in the matter of personal honesty than the most of us? Can any business succeed which persistently robs or defrauds its customers? Have you ever really known one to succeed on these lines? Not all honest men get to the top, but only honest men get there and stay. The corner grocer who went bankrupt last week had first failed to satisfy his trade and had neglected to pay his suppliers; but his rival, who is paying off the mortgage on that attractive little cottage a few blocks off, has given fair goods at fair prices and has kept his credit sound. If he is honest and has ability he will succeed. The same principle applies to greater businesses, even up to the trusts. Those of you who are in touch with any business, if you will take time to think and will think fairly and squarely, must admit that honesty is the basis of business.

We are all familiar with the Stock Exchange transactions, which reach into millions of dollars daily. In that apparently careless, hurrying mass of humanity, when a man raises his finger and nods he will keep his word without question. The history of the New York Stock Exchange has no exception to this rule. But that is not an isolated case—it runs through all the business world. In China, perhaps the oldest business nation the world over, what do they do? If a Chinese comprador steals or defaults or is dishonest, his European employer need not worry. First of all, the lost money is paid to him by the association of which his comprador had to be a member before he could do business. Then in twenty-four or forty-eight hours this comprador cuts his own throat—to avoid having it cut for him. Is it so with Japan? No, because they are just beginning to be a commercial nation and they have still to learn. We do not cut our dishonest men's throats, and sometimes the hand of the law is slow, but in the end the dishonest man is not at the top.

The ultimate basis of business transactions is mutual confidence based on belief in the personal honesty of those involved. How rare it is for this to be betrayed! Have you ever stopped to think how few banks have failed, and what a minute percentage was lost thereby when compared with the vast total involved? Yet, like those men about the table, you protest at once. How much have you been influenced by those who have something to gain—in votes, in

notoriety, in seeking self-advancement or self-advertising or power or business? For there is money to be made in exploiting dissatisfaction and in telling half truths and in making the out-of-common in fact seem like the usual and ordinary.

Of course, every rule has an exception. But canvass your own field of real, personal, positive knowledge and see if you can find a single case of permanent, lasting success based on dishonesty or unfair dealing with customers. Temporary successes there have been and always will be until man is perfect. Some are going on to-day, but on the whole what is your honest verdict, without prejudice or bias, free from the influence of the eloquence of clever sophistry, of the counsel for destruction and dissatisfaction? You are saying to yourself that the times are wrong, that panic and depression have overtaken us because many men have been dishonest. You may still feel scared when you stop to think that this is a presidential election year. You may say that until the contest is settled and until the rascals are out there will be no real improvement. But it is only the fact that you and some others believe this that makes it of any consequence. It does not need to be true.

The little group about the table wandered as we have. The little group agreed that it did not like election year. The little group disputed till the end, that anyhow many, many men were in high places and were not honest. And yet, as they broke up, one of them said to his companion in the elevator: "Still he was right. No one who is personally dishonest can rise to a great position and stay there through life and on into death."



THE RISE, FALL, AND REHABILITATION OF GROVER CLEVELAND

BY JOHN T. MCCUTCHEON

ILLUSTRATED WITH CARTOONS BY THE AUTHOR



On the 18th of March a dignified gentleman of middle age will celebrate his seventy-first birthday in Princeton, N. J. Telegrams and letters will come to him in great numbers. Some time during the day, several hundred students will march from the university to pay their vociferous respects. In a thunderous voice they will inquire, "What's the matter with Grover?" and the answer, sizzling with enthusiasm, will convey to the far horizon the pleasant information that "he's all right." Friends will drop in to shake his hand and wish him many happy returns of the day, while from one end of this broad land to the other, the newspapers will contain detailed reports of how he spent the afternoon and what kind of duck or fish he had for dinner.

In all these various evidences of friendly concern, you will be conscious of a genuine note of admiring solicitude for "The most distinguished private citizen of the world."

It is needless to say that the "Grover" referred to is none other than the eminent gentleman who in 1885 marched into the White House with the banners of victory bravely flying in the March breeze; who marched out a defeated man in 1889; who marched back again in 1893 with more banners of victory; who in 1897 left the White House in obloquy, a leader without a following; and who now, in 1908, is enshrined in the hearts of his admiring fellow-countrymen. Surely here is a career of political ups and downs!

At the present moment there are many

reasons why it becomes a pleasant duty to subject our distinguished fellow-citizen to the searching rays of a friendly investigation. It stimulates our patriotism and acts as a wholesome moral tonic. It is reassuring to observe that a public official who was willing to sacrifice self to the higher considerations of duty and honor, has at last been given the applause and affection that he deserved, and that multitudes of those who misjudged him so harshly and with such bitterness, are prepared to come back in chastened humility and acknowledge that he was right.

Even a short memory recalls the popular wrath against Grover Cleveland in the middle nineties. His star of fortune, which had been so bright, was apparently doomed never to shine again, yet now, ten years later, it is blazing in the high heavens. When he speaks, a respectful nation attends; and when he travels forth, the cities are crowded with adulant throngs, and from one end of the land to the other he is honored, revered, respected, and admired as is no other man. In the minds of the people he holds an enviable position, almost without parallel.

What has wrought this miracle? Why have we switched around so radically in ten short years?

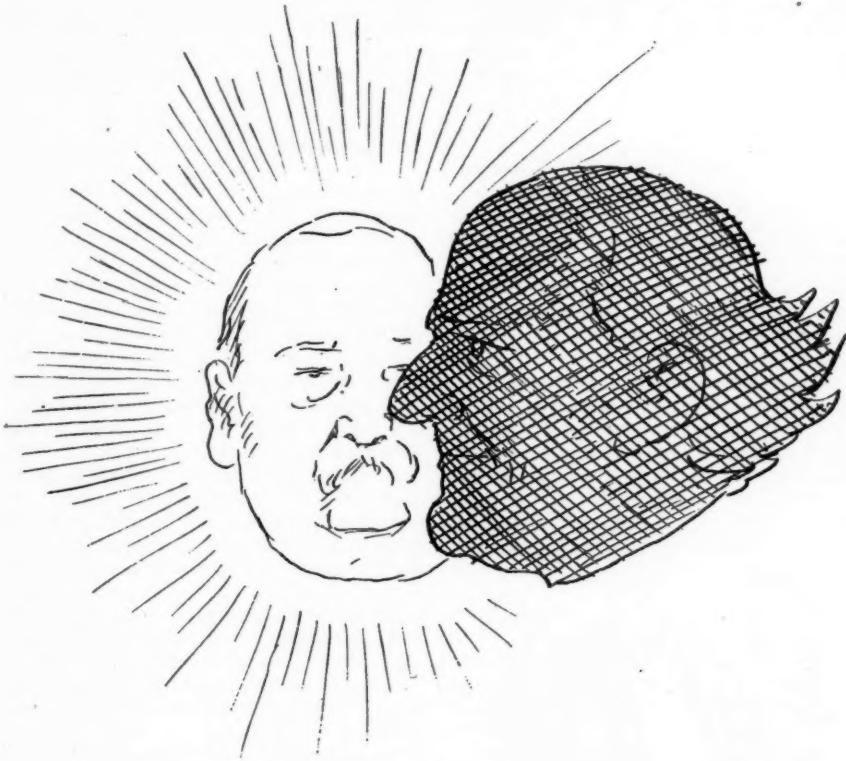
It isn't often given to a man to live through a rise Napoleonic in its swiftness, to jump to the highest place in the nation; then, with blighting suddenness, to find himself a shattered idol with few to raise a friendly voice against the storm of denunciation, and finally to see that same nation come back to greet him in humble friendliness. Usually a statesman's vindication comes more slowly. He

dies crushed and lonely in some St. Helena and then, long years afterwards, he becomes the idol of those who helped to crush him. History gives him proper appreciation, but only his descendants may enjoy the tardy award.

Mr. Cleveland has been the exception.

vailing style of corruption, the country applauds and remarks approvingly: "Grover's a mighty level-headed old party."

In considering the strange reversals of public opinion in Mr. Cleveland's career, we cannot help thinking that oftentimes the American public is even more fickle in its favor than



"1896."

He is alive to enjoy his justification. The powerful politicians who knifed him for daring to put country above party have now been forgotten, or have faded into semiobscurity, but with each passing year the wise old sage of Princeton, stubborn in his high ideals of duty, unswerving in his old-fashioned honesty, expands in greatness. His words of homely wisdom are heavy batteries, and when he fires a broadside at some pre-

any of the emotional Latin nations. We seem to be the Bandarlogs of the world. We seize a popular idol, and raise him to the uttermost pinnacle of glory. If the pinnacle isn't high enough we build a new one twice as high. We go into a frenzy of adulation. We name cigars, babies, and dogs after him. We go to the utmost extremes. But presently, like the mercurial Bandarlog, our sizzling nerves get tired and demand something new.

We drop our popular idol and run off to find a new one on whom to lavish our temporary approval.

To be a popular idol in America is to be precariously near a state of lonely disappointment.

That this is not always the case is proved by our renewed and permanent admiration of Cleveland as a statesman and a man. The purpose of this article is to treat the eminent former President as one who has risen and fallen, and then been rehabilitated. These three epochs of his career seem to be very clearly defined. And, curiously enough, the responsibility for each may be laid to his blunt, uncompromising honesty.

Because he made an honest Mayor of Buffalo he was nominated for Governor of New York and elected by nearly two hundred thousand majority. No measure was too small to escape his scrutiny. He plodded along, working hard and conscientiously, always striving to follow the simple course of honest duty, and never swerving if that course lay across the tender toes of the politicians.

He was known as the "veto Mayor." He once vetoed a bill to appropriate five hundred dollars for flowers to decorate the soldiers' graves on Memorial Day. That certainly was

not politics as played according to the rules of the day. He refused, even for political effect, to sanction the use of the city treasury for the purpose. As Governor of New York he vetoed bills beyond all precedent. The people were amazed at a man who defied all the traditions of practical politics, and gradually became convinced of the honesty of his intentions. It was a new development that stood out in wholesome contrast against the background of politics as played in New York State. In mighty bounds his popularity grew and with it came the confidence of the country.

He was nominated for President and ran against the brilliant Blaine. The latter made "protection" his leading issue and Cleveland opposed this issue with "Civil Service Reform." "A Public Office is a Public Trust" was his slogan, and so far as known, was the only "trust" he ever espoused.

The memorable election day came and for long the result was in doubt. Those were thrilling days. There were fears that if the Cleveland ticket lost by a small margin, the wrath of Democracy, still smoldering from the Tilden campaign, might reach a dangerous state. But Cleveland was elected, by only twenty-three thousand majority in the popular vote, and in March of 1885 went to Washington to be sworn in. It is said that only once before in his life had he been to the capital, that occasion being twenty years before when he was the assistant district attorney of Buffalo.

In five short years he had accomplished two very remarkable and unprecedented feats. He had been the first Democratic Mayor of Buffalo since the war, and the first Democratic President of the United States since the war!

Mr. Cleveland's first term added to the turbulence of his officeholding career. He became known as the Veto President, and during those four years vetoed no less than four hundred and thirteen measures, of which two hundred and ninety-seven were private pension bills. Can any one say that he was trying to curry favor with the old soldier vote of the country? He antagonized the Senate by declining to tell why he had removed certain officers or to send the Senate the papers ordering the removals. He declared that the President was not responsible to the Senate for such acts and that the papers in these cases were not public documents.



"At Princeton."

It may be said that he was too insistent on his own views without tact, and that this unpliant firmness wounded the sensibilities of the Senate. Perhaps it was tactless from the standpoint of practical politics, but it was characteristic of the man that when he made up his mind, after due reflection, that a certain course was right, he could not and would not be shaken from it by any sort of expeditious compromise.

His marriage to Miss Frances Folsom, the daughter of his former law partner in Buffalo, marks a very pleasant spot in Mr. Cleveland's first term. It was the first time a President had been married in the White House and the occasion was one of great rejoicing in the country.

No woman is surrounded in the public mind with a greater degree of interest and romance than Mrs. Cleveland. At the age of twenty-two she married the Chief Executive of the United States, then forty-eight years old. During the decade that followed she peopled the White House with little folk, making the historic walls ring with their laughter for the first time in history.

Mr. Cleveland's first term was chiefly memorable by his demand for a severe reduction of the tariff in a message he sent to Congress in December, 1887. It was an act that immediately contributed to his temporary downfall, but it may now be regarded as one of the elements that contributed most to his subsequent rise and claims to greatness. It was a step that was taken against the advice of the politicians, who held that the next campaign was so near at hand that there was not enough time to educate the voters up to such a programme. Mr. Cleveland is said to have realized the strength of this view from the standpoint of practical politics, and that his course might cause his defeat. But in spite of this he acted for what he considered the best good of the country and subordinated his own political ambitions. The Mills Bill was passed, and, true to the predictions, he was defeated by Benjamin Harrison in 1888. In the closing days of that campaign occurred the Sackville-West incident. Sackville-West was the British Minister at Washington and it was charged that he had written a letter to a man named Murcheson stating that the reelection of Mr. Cleveland would be in line with British interests. President Cleveland, at any rate, gave the diplomat his papers and he was

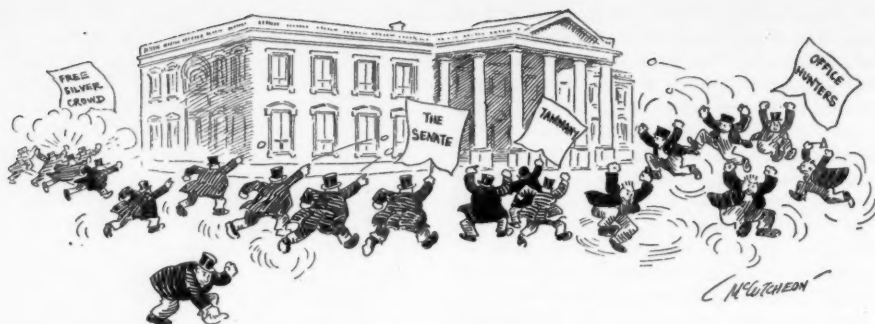


"Great honors have come in his life."

sent home in disgrace. In the campaign of that year it was charged that David B. Hill, of New York, had knifed the President, and the Republicans carried New York and the election. It is significant, however, that although he lost the electoral majority he received over one hundred thousand majority in the popular vote.

According to all precedent, it might have been supposed that the star of the "Man of Destiny" was in the descendant. But it was not. The very cause that contributed to his defeat in 1884 was the one that made him the logical candidate in 1892. The tariff message which had toppled him over was the thing that grew in strength until it nominated him four years later. It was the bread cast on the water that returned after many days. Even the bitter enemies he had made by his absolute adherence to duty became valuable political capital for him: The people "loved him for the enemies he had made." The antagonism of Tammany, carried through with a bitterness unprecedented, reacted in his favor.

The Chicago convention of 1892 was an occasion that will live in history forever. Held in a leaky old frame "wigwam" on the



"The Turmoil of Politics."

Lake Front in Chicago, bombarded by a torrent of rain for hours at a time, overwhelmed with crashes of thunder that drowned the voices of speakers, it seemed a fitting setting for the fierce battle that was fought within its dripping walls. No one who was there will forget the din of the elements and the din of derisive yells that overwhelmed the words of the speakers. When the thunder roared too loudly, the bands would play and a chorus of thousands of voices would swell in the song, "Four more years of Grover." The hours went on into the night and perfect pandemonium reigned within and without. At midnight, Bourke Cockran rose and like a lion at bay struck the last despairing blow of Tammany. His masterly oration rang through the crowded building and for the first time in hours the yelling and hooting was stilled. For two hours he spoke—two hours of oratory of a brilliance seldom equaled. But all in vain. The cards were cut and Cleveland was nominated. Several months later he received two hundred and seventy-seven electoral votes against one hundred and forty-five for the Republican ticket.

It was the triumph of an idea, and that idea, tariff reform, had grown from the seeds he had sown four years before.

The star of this man of destiny was again brilliantly ascendant, but not for long. He had hardly entered the White House in March of the following year before the dark clouds began to gather over that star and they multiplied in darkness until the star was no more to be seen.

The record of Mr. Cleveland's second term

is tragic in its results, but inspiring to those who set a high valuation on personal sacrifice for the sake of country.

The things that hastened Mr. Cleveland's downfall, that overwhelmed him with obloquy, and that sent him crushed and repudiated from the White House at the close of his term are the very things that must now be considered as his greatest and most honorable achievements. The things that, viewed in the narrow perspective of months, seemed to be colossal blunders may now be seen through the sobering perspective of years to have been providential. When the very heart's blood of the nation, its honor, and its credit were threatened, this wise, strong, and honest man braved political extinction on the sacrificial altar. He saved the country and was damned from Maine to California for having done it. But those who damned have lived to praise. Mr. Cleveland's second term was turbulent in a far greater degree than any term since Lincoln's. He inherited trouble on the day of his inauguration. His temporary fall was as inevitable as time. A panic was hovering over the country and was bound to fall, even if for no other reason than that it was time for one of our periodical business depressions. The twenty-year cycle of prosperity had elapsed. In 1837, in 1857, in 1873 there had been panics.

The year 1893 was obviously the appointed time for another panic. When Mr. Cleveland began his term he found the following condition of affairs: The country under the Sherman compromise law passed in 1890, a law that endeavored to maintain a parity between

gold and silver, was trying to give an artificial value to a cheap money by legislating it to a fixed parity with gold. The bill provided that a certain large amount of silver be produced each month and coined into silver dollars. A silver dollar in 1893 was worth about sixty cents, but the Sherman Bill declared it to be the established policy of the United States to maintain the two metals at a parity with each other upon the present legal ratio, or such ratio as might be established by law.

The assertion that the Government intended to maintain the two metals at a parity made it discretionary with the holder of treasury notes to redeem them with gold or silver. The result was that they took gold. Our gold reserve began to melt away and silver to pile up. Foreign nations were steadily draining the gold of this country, and the United States was confronted with the prospect of having all its gold exported or hoarded as long as the Silver Purchase Act remained in the statutes. The country became alarmed at this threatening disaster and all who could get gold hid it away. Business depression resulted, and then, face to face with a panic in our own country and general skepticism abroad as to the stability of our finances under the Sherman law programme, Mr. Cleveland was compelled to act. To act at that crisis meant to sound the death knell of silver, and to do that meant to give unpardonable offense to the great radical or silver wing of the Democratic Party.

The President did not hesitate. He called

a special session of Congress which met in August, 1893, and sent in a message which included the following:

"Our unfortunate plight is not the result of untoward events nor of conditions related to our national resources. With plenteous crops, with abundant promise of remunerative production and manufactures, suddenly financial fear and distress have sprung up on every side. Values supposed to be fixed are fast becoming conjecture, and loss and failure have invaded every branch of business. I believe these things are principally chargeable to congressional legislation touching the purchase and coinage of silver by the general government. This legislation is embodied in the statute passed on July 14, 1890, which was the culmination of much agitation and which was a truce between the advocates of free silver coinage and those intended to be more conservative. . . . Between the first day of July, 1890, and the 15th of July, 1893, the gold coin and bullion in the Treasury decreased more than \$132,000,000, while during the same period the silver coin and bullion in our Treasury increased more than \$147,000,000. Unless Government bonds are to be issued and sold to replenish our exhausted gold, only to be again exhausted, it is apparent that the operation of the Silver Purchase Law now in force leads in the direction of the entire substitution of silver for the gold in the national Treasury, and that this must be followed by the payment of all Government obligations in depreciated silver."



"The Peace of Retirement."

The repeal of the Sherman Bill passed after weeks of bitter opposition in the Senate and was finally effected on November 1, 1893. That marked the gradual lessening of the stringency and arrayed the entire silver vote of the country in deadly opposition to the President. In a rather brief review of the causes which led to Mr. Cleveland's "fall,"

bers how he sent the federal troops to the city when mobs, undeterred by State interference and convinced of Governor Altgeld's sympathy and intended inactivity, were assaulting, pillaging, burning, and sweeping law and order into the lake. This action arrayed a great proportion of the labor element against him.



"Dropping the Pilot."

the mind naturally reverts to the two acts of his second administration which cost him the bitter enmity of two great classes of people. One was his antagonism of free silver coinage. It cost him the national Democratic leadership and created the new Democracy of Bryan, which, by all the laws of logic, could never enroll the support of Cleveland.

The other act which we credit as contributing to his downfall related to the Chicago strike of 1894. The country clearly remem-

To these two actions, and the hard times following 1893, Mr. Cleveland owes his fall. At the time, these actions created storms of bitter protest as well as storms of approval, but the passing years have given the true perspective to his rugged character and have shown how clear was his foresight and how honest was his purpose. For his determined attitude in quelling the lawlessness in Chicago he is now most generally approved. For his action in putting the country on a

gold basis he is now almost universally approved, and is credited with being the one man who did more than any other to strengthen the American financial system.

Yet they conspired to accomplish his fall, and even his decisive stand in the Venezuelan boundary dispute, a stand that shocked Great Britain into a sober second thought about carrying out its programme of territorial aggression in South America, and has established the Monroe doctrine more firmly than ever, failed to win back the following he had lost. Even that splendid *coup* was more popular outside his party than within it, and it seemed that his influence was entirely eclipsed.

The silver wing of the party was in the saddle and Grover Cleveland was on foot. In describing the silver crusade he afterwards said that "it was a day of terror for sober and patriotic men when the bold promoters of this reckless crusade captured the organization of a powerful political party, and seizing its banners, shouted defiance to the astonished conscience and conservatism of the country. Hosts of honest men in blind loyalty gathered behind the party flag they had been accustomed to follow, failing to discover that their party legends had been effaced."

Mr. Cleveland then found himself a Democrat in a presidential chair, bolting the regular Democratic candidate. He lifted his voice against the "false gods" that the new Democracy was following, but his words were in vain. A few months later, in 1897, he left the White House, discredited in the minds of many of his former followers, the reins of party leadership in new hands. The new party leaders considered him "banished." He considered himself in "retirement." "Perhaps there are those," he said in a speech, "who would define my position as one of banishment rather than retirement. Against this I will not enter a protest. It is sufficient for me in either case that I have followed in matters of difference within our party, the teachings and counsel of the great Democrat in whose name party peace and harmony are taught, Jefferson. No confession of party sin should, therefore, be expected of me. I have none to make nor do I crave political absolution." He refused to be reconstructed, and in 1900, after four years of banishment, failed to reveal the slightest tendency to ally himself with the Bryan wing of the party.

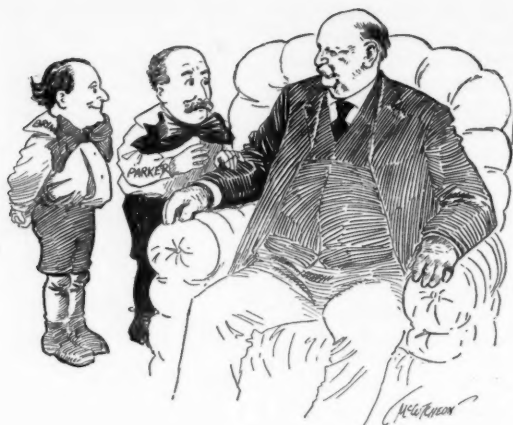


"He was considered tactless in his dealings with politicians."

"My days of political activity are past," he said in a public speech in 1902, "and I shall not hereafter assume to participate in party counsels, and am absolutely content with retirement, but I still have one burning, anxious, political aspiration. I want to see before I die the restoration to perfect health and supremacy of that Democracy whose mission it is to bless the people, a Democracy true to itself, untempered by clamor, unmoved by the gusts of popular passion, and uncorrupted by offers of strange alliance—the Democracy of patriotism, the Democracy of safety, the Democracy of Tilden, and the Democracy that deserves and wins success."

Too few years have elapsed since 1896 to give an unprejudiced opinion as to whether Mr. Cleveland really fell or whether it was his former following that fell. That must be left for the historian to figure out a generation hence.

The dethroned leader quietly returned to private life and established his home in the old university town of Princeton, only a few miles from the little town of Caldwell, where he was born sixty years before. Except for



"Is it nice in the White House, Uncle Grover?"

occasional fishing or hunting trips he spent his days at home. Once in a while we would hear that he had delivered a lecture at the university or that somebody had conferred a new degree upon him. His inclinations apparently did not tempt him to travel abroad, perhaps for the reason that he had never developed a taste for foreign travel. Only once in his life, and that as a young man, did he really undertake an ocean voyage. On that occasion he went to the Bermudas to settle the affairs of a brother who had died. From the turmoil and bitterness of a turbulent life in Washington he dropped easily into the contentment of a simple domestic life. For intellectual exercise he became a lecturer in the Princeton faculty and later one of its trustees. Making no effort to vindicate himself for his official actions, he nevertheless was destined very soon to win a complete rehabilitation.

Instead of being regarded with the bitterness that was so widespread in 1896, we have come to regard him in quite a new light. In our imagination the picture has changed. Off in a quiet cove, sheltered from the storms of politics and the fierce roar of business gales, sits the sage of Princeton, one who has weathered the blasts for many a year, with peril and shipwreck in the past, and who now is safe in harbor with a wealth of reverence and affection surrounding him. It is a pleasant picture to contemplate.

Grover Cleveland. What does the name suggest? What mental picture does the name excite? A very honest man of a most decided character; one who reasons out a matter with plodding thoroughness; one who aims to find the best course and then to follow it with unswerving devotion and steadfastness; a very stubborn man who refuses to truckle to the self-interest of even the most powerful politician; one who cannot be "worked" and one who holds very high ideals of what a public official should be; one who would not hesitate to sacrifice personal advantage for the sake of the country's good. A rather ponderous gentleman who speaks in words of great size and phrases his thoughts in a rather verbose, dignified, and somewhat stilted style of rhetoric, but whose words never fail to carry a message of good common sense. Obstinate honesty and good horse sense—high ideals of duty and a determination to do it regardless of what happens—that seems to epitomize the character of "the most distinguished citizen of the world."

Of course there is another or subsidiary mental image that is conjured up by the name of Cleveland. We see a rather stout old gentleman in rough clothes and a very slouchy slouch hat. He is carrying a gun or a fishing rod. Perhaps Admiral Lambertson or "Fighting Bob" Evans is with him, also very roughly dressed. Dr. Bryant, his physician and double in appearance, is also

along, and they make a merry group. Not an office seeker or a Bryanite obscures the horizon, and the zealous but sometimes inaccurate interviewer is not among those present. The talk lies not along the great affairs of state, but rather upon such important affairs as "why such and such a duck escaped" or the superiority of such and such a fly as bait.

In writing about Mr. Cleveland it is difficult to avoid comparing his character with that of President Roosevelt. In each the element of sturdy honesty stands out sharply. In each there is a devotion to high ideals and a conscientious desire for the country's good, regardless of self-interest. In Mr. Cleveland's mental operation one is always conscious of a plodding intellectuality, profound but not brilliant; in Mr. Roosevelt one is conscious of dynamic energy, brilliance of thought, and a nervous eagerness to act, to act at once. Mr. Cleveland thinks out a matter with deliberate thoroughness and when he reaches a conclusion it is there to stay. Mr. Roosevelt thinks quickly and acts impulsively, nearly always right, but sometimes with a haste that suggests a lack of sufficient preliminary thought.

They both love the open. Mr. Cleveland fishes and shoots ducks; Mr. Roosevelt rides a hunter, jumps fences, wades streams, shoots bears and wolves, and exults in the hardships of the trail. Mr. Cleveland is not generally credited with being a man of wide interests, whereas Mr. Roosevelt's interests are well-nigh universal. There are few things in the field of human endeavor that he has not found time to study and there are few classes of people that he has not mingled with on terms of democratic good-fellowship. In the latter lies the magnetism of a dominant personality; in the former lies the magnetism of something behind the exterior. Each is a very strong, aggressive character and has vigorously fought for his own way with determination and power, naturally stirring up many strong antagonists.

Mr. Cleveland has a family of several children and Mr. Roosevelt is also blessed in even a greater measure. In informal conversation the nation calls one Grover and the other Teddy, and in newspaper mention the initials G. C. or T. R. sufficiently identify the man. Both have had careers of fascinating vicissitude and both have risen swiftly—each via Albany. The former has

passed through the flames, been severely scorched, but now is safely rehabilitated; the latter is now going through the flames incident to the slacking of the industrial pace and is equally certain to emerge in honor.

At the present time with a panic just over and with a presidential election just ahead, the career of Mr. Cleveland cannot fail to be particularly interesting because of the parallels it suggests in the conditions now existing. For example: Mr. Cleveland went to the White House by way of the Governor's chair at Albany. Mr. Roosevelt followed in his footsteps. Mr. Hughes is now trying to do the same thing. One cannot take an invoice of the latter's chance of succeeding without comparing his qualities with those of Mr. Cleveland who did succeed. Mr. Hughes has honesty and is about as little known to the country at large as Mr. Cleveland was when he went to the Governor's mansion in Albany, and yet, at present, the country is only mildly excited about Mr. Hughes, while in 1884 the personality of Governor Cleveland had seized upon the imagination of the people as if a sort of telepathic epidemic had swept the country. Whether the parallel will have any further significance will in due time be realized.

Mr. Cleveland offended the labor element of the country in the great Pullman strike of 1894. He sent federal troops to Chicago to rescue the city and the country from a reign of terror and the strike was crushed. The name of Cleveland was muttered in hatred by thousands of angry men in those days and his personal popularity with the masses of laboring men was shattered. Mr. Taft offended the labor interests by his injunction decisions from the Cincinnati bench. Mr. Cleveland was right in the course he took and candid men will acknowledge the justice of Judge Taft's rulings. Will the latter suffer as much in the campaign to come as Mr. Cleveland did in years following 1894?

Mr. Cleveland in 1887 demanded a severe reduction of the tariff. It was on the eve of a presidential election and the politicians of his party were frantic. They put party success foremost in all things and considered Mr. Cleveland's act in forcing the issue at that time to be political suicide. At the present time, on the eve of the campaign of 1908, there are many Republicans who believe that the moment for tariff revision is here, but the politicians are striving to keep

the issue chloroformed until after the election.

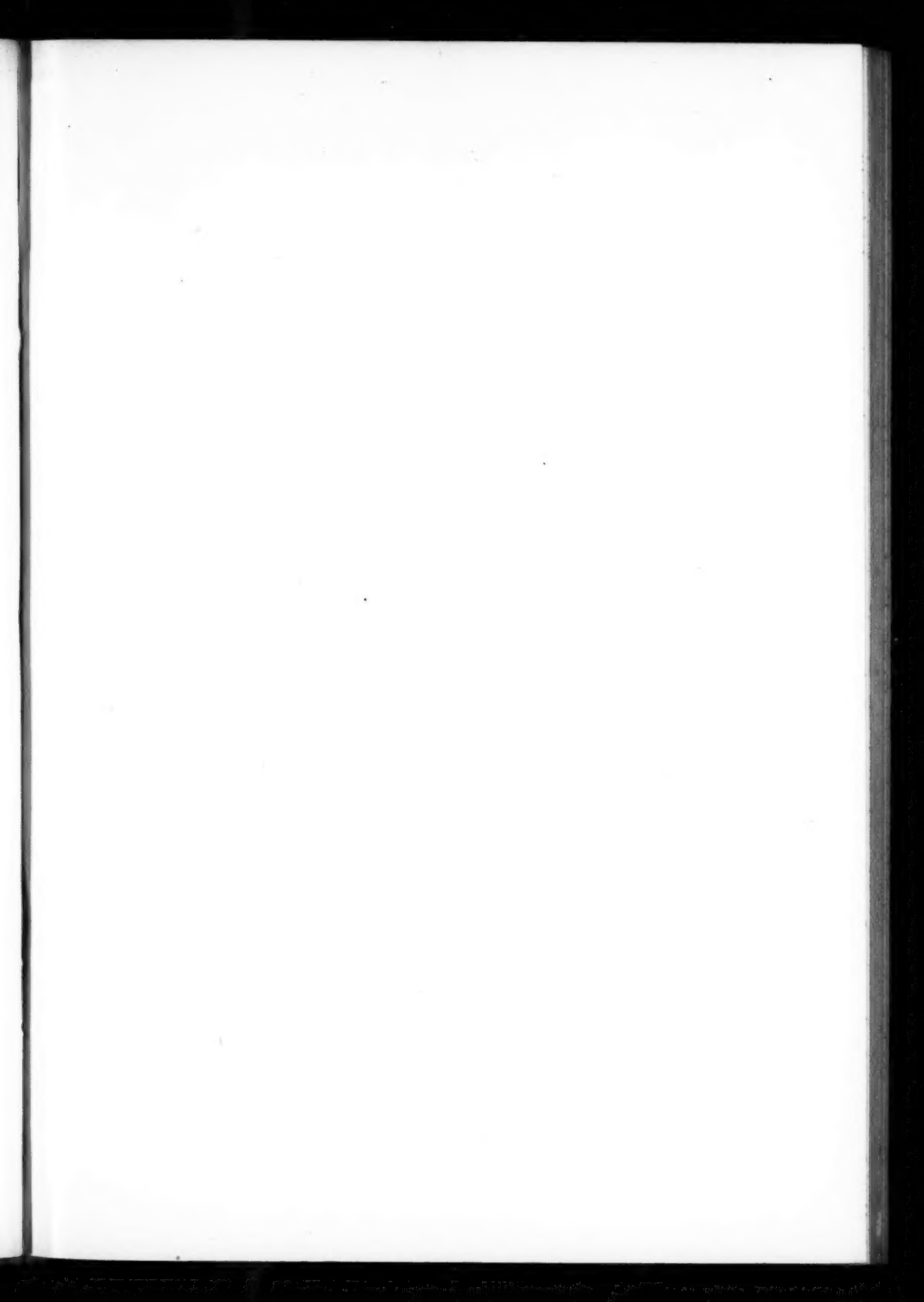
Mr. Cleveland vitalized the Monroe doctrine in a ringing message on the Venezuelan boundary dispute and by the bold stand he took compelled England to recede from her insolent attitude and to accept the doctrine in its real sense. This was the most daring act of his career. At the present time our relations with Japan are such that Mr. Roosevelt may yet be confronted with the problem of settling the emigration question by the same vigorous and significant means.

Mr. Cleveland's last term was made memorable by the panic of 1893. He alienated the support of his party by sounding the death knell of "free silver" and his resolute stand in that crisis saved the credit of the nation, prevented financial ruin, and cost him the favor of the masses and the leadership of his party. When he left the presidency in 1897 he was practically a man without a party and in the minds of the free-silver element of the nation was utterly discredited and in exile. At the present time the country is just recovering from a panic which will be called the panic of 1907. It has resulted because credits have grown out of all

proportion to the cash supply. The country has been on a gigantic financial spree and has been betting away beyond its resources. The show-down which was inevitable was due to come and it came in Mr. Roosevelt's administration. For this he will have to bear the blame. In the long run he will be justified for clearing the financial atmosphere, but for some months to come he will be certain to suffer in popular favor as Cleveland did after the panic of 1893. Cleveland lost the support of the cheap money element; Roosevelt has lost the support of the much-money element.

Perhaps there are many other parallels that are pertinent to present conditions, but there is one condition that has no parallel. It is the pleasing spectacle of a man who has always endeavored to do his duty regardless of politics, who has suffered for his bravery, and who now is our only ex-President. If the old song were to be sung now, it would not be "four more years of Grover," but "forty more years of Grover." Long may he live to enjoy the affectionate appreciation of all Americans and enjoy the unique distinction of being the Supreme Court of conservative public sentiment.







"I held out my arms to her again in sudden pity."

Drawn by G. C. Wilmschurst.



THE LITTLE WOMAN'S CHECK BOOK

BY CAMPBELL MACCULLOCH

ILLUSTRATED BY G. C. WILMSHURST



"HIL, dear," said the Little Woman, "the butcher has just sent in his bill, and it's a perfectly horrid amount: sixteen seventy-two."

"Indeed!" I said, rather aimlessly, and laid down the magazine I had been reading. The Little Woman sat at a desk near the window; she had the end of the penholder between her teeth; there was a cruel smudge of ink upon her forefinger, and her golden head was just a little bit touseled. She was frowning heavily, and she looked at me perplexedly.

"Yes. I don't know how we could possibly have eaten all that meat; do you, Phil?" she queried, anxiously.

The Little Woman deludes herself in the belief that she is a housekeeper, and she worries each month over her "accounts" in a perfectly alarming manner. I suppose it is heredity, or she thinks it is, because her father is an expert accountant, and her brother potters about in a big steel works and talks about "net cost," "gross expenses," and a lot of other things. Consequently it is a matter of pride with the Little Woman to imagine she must "keep accounts." Now she was plainly alarmed over the situation, so I perceived that instead of having the usual deficit of twenty-three dollars or thereabouts, things must have gone very wrong indeed with the household affairs. I crossed over to her desk, which granted a view of pigeonholes crammed with bills, scraps of paper, two or three little bound

books which were labeled "Addresses," "Memoranda," and so on. On the desk lay the new check book which I had given her, and I began to see that behind the perfidy of the butcher lay something else. The Little Woman is proud, very proud; and when I had presented her with the check book some days previously, she had become so important that I began to see a vision of troublous days for the clerks in the bank. I had a dim suspicion that perhaps this new check book lay at the bottom of the present trouble, and that the butcher was merely a bait, squirming uneasily upon the hook of a difficulty.

"I think it is very likely we have eaten quite a lot of meat," I replied in answer to her last question, and then I waited. The Little Woman looked at me askance, and bit two very deep marks into the unoffending penholder.

"Of course if you think so," she murmured, doubtfully.

"Yes?" I said, encouragingly.

"I had better pay it," she finished.

"I would," I said, approvingly.

"Perhaps I had better send him—a check," she said, quite firmly.

"Quite the proper thing," I observed, feeling within myself a rising note of excitement.

The Little Woman shook her golden head with a touch of determination. Then she moved a hesitating hand in the direction of the check book, and drew it hurriedly away. She frowned.

"Perhaps I should wait and speak to him about it."

"I should send the poor man the check," I observed. "It may well be that his business will be handicapped by the failure to have sixteen seventy-two by him at a critical moment."

"Well, if you think—" she sighed.

"I do," I agreed.

"Then I'll send it."

I drew a little nearer, for I knew this was the first check, and it was sure to be interesting. I even sat down on the arm of her chair and held my breath. She drew the check book to her firmly; she opened its brown cover with decision; she smoothed it down, and dipped her pen in the ink with an air of finality. I permitted a sigh to escape me, and the pen quivered in the ink well violently. It was withdrawn, and poised over the check. Then she stopped.

"Must I write his name on it?" she asked.

"It is usual."

"It's such a horrid name," she pouted. "'Werdenschlag.' I should think he would have it changed. Do I write 'Mr.' or just plain 'August'?" she inquired, nervously.

"On the ground that there may be other Werdenschlags, though highly improbable, I should put 'August,'" I said, gravely.

"Would he mind if I misspelled it?"

"Some persons are very touchy about their names," I warned her.

"Then I had better do it right." She sighed. "Do I write it here on this line?"

"Just where it says 'pay to.'"

She wrote tremblingly, and then looked up appealingly.

"Where do I put the amount, or must I mention that?"

"It is considered good form to put in the amount," I told her. "Just write it on the next line below."

"Shall I write it out?"

"Yes," I said, again holding my breath.

"Don't they use figures sometimes?"

"It is done by the best families," I assured her. "It is even considered *recherché* to use both styles. I am told that Mr. Rockefeller always does."

"Then I shall," she decided, promptly. The Little Woman's married cousin once saw Mr. Rockefeller at the station of Tarrytown, and she takes a great interest in him on that account. She hastily wrote the second line, and then filled in the blank left for the figures.

"Now I just send it to him," she said with a sigh of relief, beginning to tear the check out. I stopped her sternly.

"You should sign it," I admonished.

"Oh-h-h!" she cried. "Of course. Why he mightn't know who sent him the money."

"Very true," I commented. "I think it might be well to date it also."

"Is that usual?" she demanded of me.

"Almost necessary," I assured her.

She dated it and signed it, and then tore it from the book with quite a financial air. She held it in her hand and looked at it affectionately.

"Isn't it dear?" she exclaimed. "Now all I do is to send it to him; isn't that it?"

"It is," I replied, grimly. "But first it would be well to see if you have written the correct amount. Sixteen seventy-two, I think you said?"

"Oh-h!" she gasped. "It's all wrong. I've only made it six seventy-two. What shall I do?"

The Little Woman was distressed, and quite flushed with the excitement.

"Write another," I said, hopefully, indicating the check book.

"But what shall I do with this one?" she asked, breathlessly.

"Tear it up."

"Phil Harmon!" she cried. "How can you? To waste six dollars?"

Then I took the Little Woman into the mysteries of finance. I explained to her that until her check was presented at the window of the bank, until it had left her possession, in other words, it was valueless. That when she wrote it, she had not yet made it of actual commercial value, and that when she made a mistake, she need but tear the check up and no harm was done. It took some time, that explanation, and when I had finished I could feel that she was suspicious of the arrangement in some way. I trusted to familiarity with the check book, however, to make it all right in the end. She wrote another check and sent it off to the butcher. Nothing must do but that it must be mailed at once, and I took my hat and went off to the mail box. When I returned she was still sitting at the desk. As I entered she said:

"Will the people in the bank give out the money whenever I write a check?"

"As long as you have a balance there."

"What is a balance?"

I explained that to her, but I could not re-

move the impression that the people at the bank were a most accommodating set. Then another idea appealed to her.

"You know Aunt Nellie was once robbed by two men who came into her house. They found all her housekeeping money, and took it away. They couldn't do that to me, could they, Phil? You see I never intend to have any money at all. I'll write a check for everything. Then no one can steal anything, can they?"

I agreed that this was an incontrovertible fact, and again assured myself that the people at the bank were going to be busy; very busy indeed. Her head was filled with a continuance of the idea, for she said:

"Father told me that you had to be identified at the bank before they would give you money."

"Father is right," I assured her. "That, however, need not concern you. Let the people to whom you give the checks worry."

"But if I went and tried to get money for myself, would they give it to me?"

"They would be delighted."

"Would they believe me if I said I was Jessica Harmon?"

"Your signature would identify you."

"Oh!" she replied, and then was silent.

Two days after that I had occasion to pass the kitchen, and hearing sounds of argument I basely listened. It was the Little Woman. She was saying:

"Now, Norah, run down to the druggist's and get me ten cents' worth of benzoin. Here is the money."

"Where, mum?" inquired the skeptical Norah, whom I have always suspected of a residence quite near to Missouri.

"Here, silly," responded the Little Woman. "I have written a check."

Then I went away, and began to understand that my suspicion that the bank people were going to be busy was being justified. In the next week I overheard conversation relating to checks for various amounts. Once it was sixty-three cents for vinegar. Again it was eighteen cents for tomatoes. Once again it was eleven cents for a bag of salt. As I walked upon the streets of our town I began to notice respectful grins upon the faces of the various tradespeople. I smiled back at them quite cheerfully, for I, too, began to have an appreciation of the joke. At the bank, however, there seemed a lack of cordiality for some reason. The

paying teller no longer welcomed me with a cheering smile; my old friend the book-keeper seemed to be possessed of a secret trouble, and there was an air of unrest about the institution. I smiled inwardly, but a trifle uneasily. I would have to speak to the Little Woman about it. It was not quite fair to drive a self-respecting bank into nervous prostration.

Arrived at home the Little Woman came running to meet me.

"O Phil!" she cried, as she clung to my arm and relieved me of my hat and stick, "Garner, the grocer, has sent me a check."

"How kind of Garner," I answered.

"But I don't want his old check," she pouted. "I have checks of my own."

"To what are we indebted for this mark of appreciation from Garner?" I inquired.

"Why, he says I overpaid him three dollars and sixty-three cents when I sent him a check last week. He writes, saying he has observed the error and incloses his check for the 'difference' as he calls it."

"Quite decent of him," I said, pleasantly.

"Uncommonly decent of Garner, I must say."

"Yes, but what shall I do with his old check?" she asked, anxiously.

"Deposit it to your account in the bank," I suggested.

"Oh! can you do that to a bank?"

"One can do many things to a bank," I replied, feelingly.

"Oh!" she said again, "how shall I do it?"

"Just write your name across the back of it, and then make out a deposit slip, and pin them both together and mail it to the bank."

"Do you think they would like it? Don't you think they might feel hurt? Just as if I thought they didn't have money enough of their own, you know," she went on, feelingly.

"They will not be at all offended. In fact they will look upon it as quite a novelty," and I grinned a little over her head.

She wavered a little, but finally she made out the slip with some help, pinned the check to it, and mailed it to the bank. She was doubtful at first if it might not be as well to send a note of apology to them for troubling about it, but I told her it was unnecessary. A week or two later the Little Woman came to me in perplexity. She had just had a letter from her sister, Kate, in Cincinnati.

Katie had told her of a lovely bargain in eggshell china she had found there. Katie had gone on to say that it was so cheap, only twenty-two dollars, and simply beautiful. If the Little Woman wanted it, she was to be sure to send the money at once, for it might go at any time.

"It's just what I do want, you see," explained the Little Woman. "It will be so nice for the Japanese cabinet over there. But how shall I send her the money?"

"Just write a check for the amount, and make it payable to Katie," I suggested.

"No," she replied, "that won't do at all. Katie says I am on no account to send a check, because it takes so long to get it collected. I'm sure I don't know what she means, for I thought our bank was so prompt. I'm sorry to hear that a bank allows itself to be slow in that way. It looks bad, don't you think, Phil? Perhaps you'd better speak to them about it," and she looked at me with quite a worried look. I soothed her on that point, explaining the situation, and then I suggested that she go to the post office and secure a money order for the amount, and mail that to Katie in Cincinnati. I heard no more of it for a day or two, and then on my arrival at home one evening the Little Woman ran to me again with disappointment written all over her.

"Isn't it too bad?" she cried. "I've just had a letter from Katie, and she tells me that the china has been sold, and she has returned my money order. It's simply horrid, and it would have looked so well there," glancing at the cabinet.

"Well, never mind," I said. "Perhaps we shall be able to find something to take its place."

"I'm sure I hope so. And to think of all the trouble I went to about that old money order: Going away down to the post office, and all that."

A sudden qualm seized me, and I caught the Little Woman hastily about the waist, and turned her face up to mine.

"Did you say Katie had sent you back the money order?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," replied the Little Woman, looking into my eyes with her own big trustful, gray ones.

"And what did you do with it?" I inquired, playfully.

"O Phil!" she pouted. "You think I don't understand after all you've told me.

Why, I tore it up, just like the check, you know."

The Little Woman nearly caught me that time, but I steeled myself to the shock, and laughed with the merry gayety of a vivisected dog.

"Ha, ha! Of course you did!" I cried. "You don't forget your lessons, do you, Little Woman?" and I kissed her.

Twenty minutes later I was making a frantic and surreptitious search in the Little Woman's wastebasket for the pieces of that money order. I retrieved them after diligent search, and then I breathed a sigh of relief. Late that night I stayed awake pasting them on a piece of tissue paper, and then I sent them to Washington for redemption. I felt a sort of shame, though, whenever I met the Little Woman's trusting gray eyes, for you see I had first taught her to tear up a check.

I think it must have been about this time that I began to feel that in attempting to simplify the Little Woman's housekeeping I had but caused myself a sea of trouble. At the bank the reception I met with was daily growing more chilly, and I could see the gray hairs upon the bookkeeper becoming more and more visible. Two or three times the cashier had made half-hearted advances in my direction as if to tell me some great grief, but he always seemed to think better of it, and so I knew matters had not yet come to the worst. I had a friend whose nephew was in that bank, and in conversation one day he informed me that his nephew was complaining about the hard work; of the late hours he was forced to keep, and so on. Of course I sympathized with him, but I said nothing more. It was a subject I did not care to discuss, for I felt it would be unworthy of me even to think an unloyal thought of the Little Woman and her check book.

One day the Little Woman came home quite late. I had been at the window watching for her, and I saw her turn in at the gate with quite a wearied step. I opened the door for her and as I gathered her in my arms I commented on her tired look. She rested her head against my shoulder and confided to me that she had been compelled to walk home.

"Why? Had you no money?" I inquired, horror-struck.

"You know, dear," she replied, wearily,

"ever since you gave me the check book, I never have ready money. I just take enough for car fare, and then I pay for things with the checks." This last was said with an air of conscious pride, for she was proud of her idea in this respect. No bold marauder should catch her napping with hoarded gold.

"But why walk?" I demanded.

"You see, Phil, if I want money when I am downtown I can always get it at the bank."

I thought regretfully that I had neglected to explain to her about making checks out to "Cash," and here she had found it out for herself. The Little Woman was certainly clever.

"You know you didn't explain to me, but I found out how to do it," she went on. "When I go out I always call for Mrs. Wilson, and we go together. Then, you see, if I should want a little money, say a dollar or so"—here I inwardly groaned as I thought of that bank—"I just step into the bank with her, write out a check to her, and, as they know her there at the place, she gets it cashed and she gives me the money. There, wasn't I clever to think that out for myself?" and she positively beamed from the tired gray eyes. I hugged her just a little closer, and she went on:

"To-day I couldn't find her, and so I went downtown by myself. I thought I should surely meet her. I bought a few little things, pins and so on, you know, and then when I wanted to come home, I didn't have the nickel. I walked to the bank and looked in, thinking perhaps Mrs. Wilson might have gone there, but she hadn't, and so I had to walk home, Phil, dear, and I'm so tired."

I held out my arms to her again in sudden pity. I carried her into the library, and placed her in the big leather chair, and brought her a glass of wine, and then I cursed myself for an idiot. I would explain it to her at once. I would show her all about drawing a check for her personal use, and then I thought, wouldn't it hurt her pride? She was so pleased about her way, and it would hurt her terribly if she found there was another simpler way that she hadn't thought of. I decided to wait.

Nearly three weeks went by without further complication, and in time I began to get quite hardened to the appealing looks cast at me by the bookkeeper and the cashier. It was as if they were holding out imploring

hands to me, begging me to save them from some awful fate, but I steeled my heart and I turned away from them coldly. I began to feel the effect of those glances boring into my back whenever I went into that bank, and in time I began to resent them. I was in two minds as to whether it wouldn't be better to transfer my account to some other bank, but then, I thought, I would still have the remembrance of those looks of agony, and besides, I should have to transfer the Little Woman's account, too, and I questioned whether it would be quite fair to the other bank to do that. The first bank had had plenty of time to get used to it, and I was not quite sure whether it would be right to put a new set of men through it also. I decided it would not, and so I let the account rest.

Then came the day when I had become quite hardened to the whole affair. I was able to enter the bank and smile cheerfully at the paying teller, and to look the bookkeeper in the eye, and to meet the gaze of the cashier without a tremor. It was then that Nemesis overtook me. I had gone home to luncheon and had been quite jolly and free from care. At the table the Little Woman said to me:

"Phil, dear."

I answered her by a look of inquiry.

"My check book is quite gone."

I felt a guilty consciousness of relief for the moment.

"I used the last check yesterday to pay the gas."

"Yes?" I ventured.

"Yes, this morning the iceman came and I didn't have a single check left."

"Did he promise to come again?" I asked, for icemen are quite obliging at times.

"Oh, it wasn't necessary," she said, brightly. "You see Mrs. Wilson was here."

I felt a tightening at the heart, and looked up with an inward quake.

"I told her my book was quite empty, and she offered me hers," said the Little Woman.

"And did you accept?" I asked.

"Yes; it was so kind and thoughtful of her. I just took one of her blanks and filled it out, and gave it to the man."

I could feel my collar getting uncomfortably tight, but I swallowed hard, and tried to say quietly:

"Does Mrs. Wilson have her account at the same bank?"

"Oh, no. It's quite a different bank, but

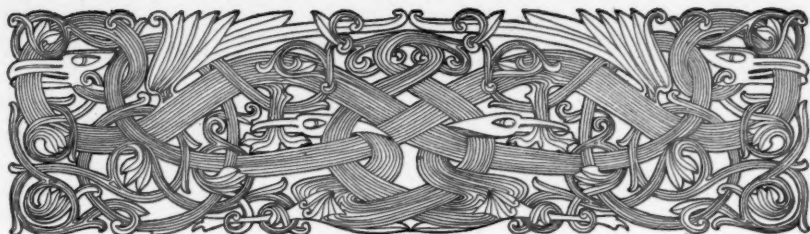
"I'm sure it's just as good as our bank," replied the Little Woman.

I kissed her quite hurriedly and suddenly remembered a most important appointment I had neglected. It was positively vital, and I hurried off, first interviewing Norah as to the identity and place of business of the iceman. This was worse than I thought. It was terrible. I hurried out the gate and caught a car. I arrived at the iceman's office at a quarter to three. Was the proprietor in? He was. Would he see me? He would be delighted. I had called about a check? Oh, yes. A mistake? Unfortunately the check had been sent to the bank. He hoped it was of no matter.

I hurried to the bank. I sought the cashier. I knew him by sight, but he had small knowledge of me. I asked for and obtained a private interview. Of course it was after banking hours, but he obliged me. I rather think he scented a good loan, and then I explained. The cashier's eyebrows lifted. It was regrettable. Still, he did not see— I

explained all over again. I told him everything. He began to smile. I asked him if he was a married man. He was, and on that ground we struck a mutual chord of feeling. He would see if the check was in. He sent out to the counting room, and the messenger returned with the Little Woman's check. I heaved a sigh of relief, and settled then and there. I explained it all over again, for I wanted him to understand it. He must know that the Little Woman was the soul of honor, and that she would not for worlds have written a check on a bank in which she had no account. In fact she knew little of banks and banking. The cashier smiled appreciatively. He shook my hand and I bound him to secrecy. He agreed, and I was outside with the Little Woman's check safely buttoned within my coat. I hastily sought our bank and there I obtained half a dozen check books. The paying teller and the cashier wilted horribly as they saw me with the pile in my hands, but I smiled at them cheerfully, and went home.





THE NEWSPAPER AS IT IS

BY GENERAL CHARLES H. TAYLOR

Editor of the Boston Globe



NEWSPAPER MAKING, like government, is first of all a business. Statesmanship is the ability to make compromises; government is regulated by the necessities even more than by the ideals of the people. Newspaper making is no better and no worse. Ideals are essential to a proper grasp of a newspaper's possibilities, as well as of its limitations, but plain business sagacity, well-directed hard work, and comprehensive recognition of the demands of the public make the nation's newspapers what they are, the great power in the national life.

The American people form the jury that passes on all newspapers, the jury that every newspaper maker and every business man has to meet, sooner or later. It may be said that newspapers print much matter that may be useless and worthless. Any newspaper doing this soon finds itself behind in the race of competition; the people decide what they wish, and will have it. Newspapers simply meet the demand of the age, in size and quality, as the shoe manufacturer meets the demand of the public when he puts out his leading style of shoes. The people know what best fits their own feet.

The value of a paper's advertising depends on the character of its circulation; that is, whether it is a home-read paper, or one read only in street cars and other public places.

The most prosperous papers in the United States are those that go into the home. The women of the household are the buyers of the family supplies; if not actually, their ideas prevail. To reach them is the aim of every newspaper advertiser who has anything to sell which can be used in the home.

This reaching for home circulation on the part of publishers and advertisers has the important effect of raising the tone of the papers. The advertising columns of a newspaper are a public place, which a man may enter by paying a fee. It is the aim of the average editor to keep objectionable advertising out of his paper; and the public would scarcely believe how large a quantity is excluded.

As evidence that the cleanest advertising pays best, one may consider who are the largest advertisers in the great city dailies. They are the great dry-goods merchants. Their advertising is as timely and as fresh as news, and is as such a legitimate part of the paper. Their returns are commensurate with their outlay; otherwise they would spend as high as \$2,000 for a single day's advertising, for the merchant is no philanthropist in his advertising.

Having attained his circulation by conducting a clean and able paper, and having gained sufficient advertising business to make the paper pay, the publisher has achieved one of the most difficult feats in modern business. He must make his goods, as well as sell them,

and upon his manner of making them, of dressing up the raw material, depends his success. First of all he must be fair. He must always assume there are two sides to every story, and that the under dog may have some rights. He must be careful to print no piece of news that might injure an innocent person. He must give equal prominence to the statements of both parties in a political contest, and to reports of the meetings of both sides, and the utterances of both candidates. The most successful newspapers in the United States to-day are conducted along those lines. The day of the party organ has passed.

This notwithstanding, the press of the country was nourished in politics in its beginnings, or until news gathering and news dissemination had reached the modern standard of completeness. The growth of the press in America was small until after the Revolution, when the spirit of an independent people began to be reflected through its columns. The earlier newspapers were sorry little affairs, standing always in the shadow of the censorious government frown. The first American newspaper, published in Boston, September 25, 1690, was promptly suppressed because its publisher had an original idea which reflected, in the opinion of the august governors of the colony, on the veracity of the public. In the first number of his paper, *Publick Occurances both Foreign and Domestic*, the editor stated that there were so many false rumors circulated in the town of Boston that he would thank his readers to send him the names of those who started them, in order that he might print them in his paper. Briefly, he proposed to publish regularly a list of the liars in the town! Such an idea would make papers sell well to-day. But alas, this original journalist, by name Richard Pierce, was not permitted to get out a second issue of his paper.

The first regular American newspaper was also born in Boston, the *Boston News-Letter*, which was started by James Campbell, the postmaster, in 1704, eighty-two years after the first newspaper appeared in London. The first French journal was earlier than the first newspaper in England by seventeen years. Germany, however, preceded all other countries, having made several ephemeral attempts at journalism in the last years of the sixteenth century.

Here are what I regard as the stages of

American journalism, and its principal distinction at each stage:

1. A mere abstract of European newspapers.

2. Employed by the agitators of the Revolution for printing appeals to the people.

3. The puppet of the politicians in the first years of fierce party conflict under the new government, and usually edited by imported adventurers who had worn out their welcome everywhere else in the world; often men of flashing wit, but never men of sober purpose.

4. The vehicle of an editor's oracular and often eccentric opinions on politics. The press was now emancipated from the control of politicians; it was free, courageous, and influential, but was narrow in its field, and intolerant. It was not yet a newspaper, and it still excluded from its support and interest seven tenths of the people, including all the women and young people. To them the newspaper of 1815-35 was as forbidding as any political tract is to-day to women and children.

5. At last the newspaper! It gives the news for the first time; it has vindicated and illustrated its name; it is more educational than ever, though less dogmatic; it is freer than ever, because it has become too vast a concern to be the mere instrument of any single personality or any single clique, however powerful; it has become a property instead of a plaything; it is devoted to the public interest and is more clearly the representative of the public, because it is too great to live on the favor of a few, as it once did; it is more independent and fairer in politics, because to attain the first rank it must have the respect of people of all parties. No mere organ of any party is a leader among the newspapers of any city to-day. The press is more scrupulous and conservative in all respects than ever before, because an immense capital is always at stake. It is more influential than ever before, not only because it is more widely read and more varied in its interests, but also because its opinions carry the weight of business sagacity and success, as well as intellectual acumen.

The advent of the modern newspaper was signalized by the founding of the *New York Sun* and *New York Herald*, in the thirties. It was not, however, until the Civil War that our journalism began to keep pace with the marvelous advance shown in other lines of our national life.

Statistics of American newspapers, giving the number in each State, were first compiled in 1810, when there was a total of 366 papers of all kinds in the country. Of these, only 25 were dailies, 36 were semiweeklies, 15 triweeklies, and 290 were weeklies. Of the 25 dailies 6 were published in New York, only one of which, the *Evening Post*, survives under its original title. The latest available figures show that there were in the United States in 1907 a total of 21,535 newspapers, reviews, and such, of which 2,415 were dailies, 16,288 weeklies, 2,655 monthlies, and 177 quarterlies.

This almost fabulous increase in the number of papers published has been accompanied by a still greater increase in the number of copies issued per paper. The combined circulation of the press of the United States for 1907 could not have been less than ten billions of copies. The latest available figures on circulation, those given in the census of 1900, show that in that year the total number of all newspapers printed in the United States was 8,168,148,749. These figures showed an increase over 1890 of 74.5 per cent, while 1890 had shown the remarkable increase over the decade before of 126.4 per cent. The subscription and sales of the country's newspapers for 1900 brought them in \$79,938,483, while advertising brought in \$95,861,127 more, making the handsome total of income from those two main sources of \$175,189,610. At the recent rate of increase in circulation and advertising, the present year's should be full 20 per cent additional, or more than \$200,000,000.

These figures show the importance of newspaper publishing from a purely business standpoint. When Max Maretzek was once asked if there was any money in Italian opera, he said he knew there was because he himself had sunk \$300,000 in it. Still, money is made in opera, as in journalism. Many millions have been made in American newspapers, and many have been sunk. In New York, for instance, in 1840 there were 18 daily newspapers, with an aggregate circulation of 60,000. Since that time 110 papers have been started. To-day there are 29 or 30 daily newspapers in the metropolis, each having a circulation fifteen or twenty times greater than was enjoyed by the papers of the city in 1840. The late Erastus Brooks once told my friend, William B. Somerville, of the Western Union Telegraph Company,

that he had seen 67 daily newspapers born and die in New York alone.

Naturally the growth of American newspapers has been coincident with the development of their facilities for obtaining news and circulating it. The Boston *News-Letter* in 1719 flattered itself because, whereas general European news had been a year late in its publication here, it had reduced the delay to five months. In the present day, when news may be obtained from a ship crossing the Atlantic, by wireless telegraph, almost continuously during her passage from one continent to another, we give little thought to the days when the pony express was the fastest known method of transmitting news on land, and a sailing vessel on the sea. Following the pony express, carrier pigeons were often used to transmit messages. This method was employed almost exclusively between Halifax and New York and Boston to bring the first European news from the Cunard ships, when that line was established in the forties.

Henry J. Raymond, while a reporter for the *Tribune*, brought printers and type cases with him when coming to Boston to report a notable speech by Webster, and returned by boat. In a vacant room frames were set up, the cases upon them, and then as fast as he could write a sheet it would be put in type; thus it was ready for instant publication on arrival in New York. The New York *Journal of Commerce* and the *Herald* introduced the scheme of owning a swift-sailing yacht, with which to meet European vessels and get the news of the Old World. One of the conspicuous enterprises of the century was the Overland Express from New Orleans to Baltimore, which was established by Mr. A. S. Abell, of the Baltimore *Sun*. It comprised sixty blooded horses. During the Mexican War he not only led all other newspapers, but beat the government mail by thirty hours. The War Department received its war news from the *Sun* many hours ahead of its own dispatches.

The newspapers were the first to seize upon the telegraph, and the decade that witnessed its introduction and the general extension of the railway, that between 1840 and 1850, was marked by a great increase in the circulation of American papers, until New York printed more newspapers than London. The newspapers crowded each other so much in the use of the telegraph lines that they were

forced into press associations, of which the New York Associated Press, established by James Gordon Bennett in 1849, was the pioneer. Now the greater part of general news gathering for the American press is done by this and other associations. The introduction of the cable and the perfection of the telegraph and telephone have led to a reduction in telegraph tolls from those first charged, which were almost prohibitive. As late as 1879 the night rate between San Francisco and New York was 10 cents a word, and between Chicago and Boston 5 cents a word. Now the San Francisco rate is $1\frac{1}{2}$ cents, and the Chicago rate $\frac{1}{2}$ cent.

When the cable began business, in 1866, the rate for press matter was \$100 for twenty words, or \$5 a word. It is now 10 cents a word, day or night. The use of the cable, at first restricted, is now so general that a message of 5,000 words from a London correspondent to his paper in New York is not uncommon. Still, the reader of a paper, who pays 2 cents for an issue in which such a message forms but a small part, cannot realize the cost of handling the news matter placed before him. The large sums paid by the newspapers for the transmission of press matter are indicated by the number of words of "press" handled in a single year by a leading American telegraph company, the total being not far from 300,000,000 words.

The telephone is now a rival of the telegraph in news gathering, and many million words of news are transmitted over long-distance lines every year. The wireless telegraph is just beginning to make itself felt in news transmission, and whereas in 1900, when Marconi sent his first press messages across the ocean to the London *Times*, the transmission of twenty-five words was a matter of moment, a paper now will print on occasion an entire page of foreign news, which has been sent across the Atlantic by the ethereal vibrations of the wireless telegraph.

The increase in methods of transmitting news makes it possible for the press to cover accurately and fully important events in all parts of the world, with such facility that long reports of happenings in London, Berlin, or St. Petersburg appear in the papers of American cities and are read in American homes some hours before the reported time at which they took place; this discrepancy being due, of course, to difference in time.

There was never a period when a news-

paper reader got so much for his money as now. Of a popular sporting event, of which the public demands full reports, the papers now print more columns than the old-time papers printed lines. For example, most of the leading New York and Boston papers devote from two to three pages to an America's Cup race. One Boston paper printed more than two hundred columns on the last series of races for the cup. On the other hand, when the cup was won by the *America*, at Cowes, in 1851, the New York and Boston papers were content to print, a fortnight after the event, insignificant paragraphs of from 250 to 500 words each about her victory. When Lincoln was nominated for the Presidency in 1860 one telegraph operator sent all the press matter filed at the Wigwam, in Chicago. In a national convention to-day one company alone has fully 100 operators.

The extension of facilities for news gathering, the demands of the public for all the news, and the printing of long and graphic news stories, illustrated, inevitably lead to big newspapers. Daily issues of twenty to twenty-four pages are common, and Sunday issues run up to more than one hundred pages, while sixty and sixty-four pages are considered a minimum in many offices. The large newspaper is the only bargain of which people complain they are getting too much for their money. Criticism of the size of our newspapers is constant. People think they would like the compact sheet of olden times. If the publishers should give them a sample of that kind of newspaper, indignation meetings would be held in every city, and a falling off in circulation would be noted at once. The newspaper, and especially the Sunday issue, covers so much ground to-day that people who have not carefully analyzed the situation have no conception whatever of the necessity for the enlargement which is coming year by year in the natural growth of American journals.

Fortunately the demand for large papers has been accompanied with commensurate development in mechanical appliances for producing them, and facilities for distribution. In war time, and even since, Boston publishers depended on wheelbarrows to carry their papers to the railway stations and outlying news stands. Now each large paper has a dozen or more delivery wagons, while special trains are used on many railroad lines to carry papers to distant cities and towns.

One newspaper train in New England makes a run of 303 miles every Sunday morning in the summer months.

The improvement in presses has, of course, had much to do with the growth of newspapers. The old flat press of the colonial period could turn off fifty small sheets an hour. The latest web press, known as an octuple, has the capacity of eight modern presses, and can print from 60,000 to 75,000 eight-page papers an hour, and deliver them folded. The color press, printing in all the hues of the rainbow, at high speed; the typesetting machine, which does the work of five men; the automatic stereotype machine, making plates for the press with wonderful speed and accuracy, are but a few of the accessories that make it possible for the great newspaper factory to deliver more than 300,000 copies of a sixty-four-page or seventy-two-page paper between midnight Saturday and daylight Sunday. The labor involved in such a task is little understood by the public, though some impression may be made on the newspaper reader when he learns that a paper with 200,000 circulation daily and 300,000 Sunday passes through its presses in a single week about three hundred tons of white paper.

The mechanical plant of a modern newspaper must be housed in a modern building. The old idea that any shabby, insignificant, dirty building would do for a newspaper has been exploded, fortunately for the employees and the newspaper makers. A newspaper

building should serve two purposes: it should be a credit to the city in which it is located, and it should also be large enough, as a factory, to produce an unlimited number of papers with due regard to the health and comfort of the employees.

Our papers are what the people make them. The public decides what it wishes to read; the editors and publishers, trained in their business, gather their raw material and work it into the finished product, news, to meet the demand. Controllers of newspapers are often criticised for what they print. Journalists have a much heavier and more direct responsibility than any other business men. The idle, the self-seeking, the untruthful, the vicious, beguile them at every hand, to use the powerful engine of the press to carry themselves a little way along their chosen road. The editor must watch ceaselessly for these unwelcome passengers, and eject them on sight. He appreciates the responsibility of his trust. He reaches his ideal as nearly as he can, and does far more for the morals of the community than he is usually given credit for. I believe firmly that the journalists of the country are just as loyal and patriotic citizens, just as true men, just as eager to build up their communities, to uplift and broaden and better the people, just as anxious to carry sunshine rather than sorrow and grief into the families which their journal visits, as are the same number of men in any other profession or any other line of business in the United States.



THE DUCHESS EXPLAINS

BY MYRA KELLY

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN



"I'm dying," announced the Duchess of Clontarf, piteously, "and no one is making the slightest effort to save my life."

"You distress me," said her sister, "by suggesting such a thing. And, meanwhile, may I have a cup of tea?"

The Duchess complied obediently before she continued:

"And there is no chance of relief or remedy for three or four weeks. One can't call earlier even if one be the landlord."

Miss Adelaide Lytton looked her bewilderment, but consumed a piece of bread and butter before asking:

"And what do you intend to die of?"

"Oh! it will be a natural death, a perfectly natural death. I shall go out into the garden, lie down in the least prickly of the rose beds, cross my hands—so—upon my gentle breast, and die—of curiosity."

"Oh!" said Miss Lytton, commiseratingly; "and did it come on gradually?"

The Duchess dried a fictitious tear and nodded a dejected head.

"It has taken two months to reach this stage. I was beginning to be uneasy about a tenant for Avonmere. It had been empty for six months—longer than it had ever been since poor George died, and we found that there wouldn't be money enough to allow us to keep it up properly and to have something left for the boys when they should come of age. Living here in the Dower House is all very well when the 'great house' is occupied and bringing in an income for us, but I was getting distinctly blue about it when, just two months ago, General Fitzgerald drove up from the station in a fly. He had just re-

turned from his long service in India. Jerry showed him all about the place. He liked it—as who wouldn't?—and then he asked for me. Jerry tried to make him understand the impropriety of that: told him that Burnside and Wolf were authorized to make all arrangements. But he insisted upon seeing me. Was quite stiff, almost rude, about it."

"Are you talking about 'Cross Fitzgerald' the mutiny man?" asked Adelaide.

The Duchess nodded.

"I told Jerry afterwards that he was probably one of the very few people in the world who had tried to browbeat General Fitzgerald and had lived to tell the tale. And, after all, he only wanted to say that he would take Avonmere for an indefinite number of years on condition that the boys and I would consider ourselves perfectly free to use the grounds, the gardens, even the stables."

"Decent of him," Adelaide commented.

"We had tea," the Duchess continued, "and he met the boys and John Lovell, who, for a tutor, is wonderfully presentable. You grant that?"

Adelaide nodded.

"Well, Lovell was at Cambridge with one of the young Fitzgeralds, so he and the General hobnobbed at once, if so imposing a person could be said to do anything so human. At any rate, they got on beautifully, and the General told us that he was expecting all his children to visit him: that neither he nor their mother had seen any of them since they were babies. He confessed in a confidential moment that he was not quite sure as to how many there were, because one or two had died since they were sent home from India to the care of different aunts and uncles and he did not care to distress Lady Fitzgerald by discussing the matter with her."



"'Perhaps,' suggested the Duchess, 'perhaps the roof will leak or the chimney take fire or one of the floors fall in.'"

"You're inventing," Adelaide accused her.

"It's true. So I accepted the freedom of the grounds and gardens, and he agreed to take the place. Caravans of furniture poured into it, servants swarmed over it, and a week ago they arrived—the father and mother. She looks like a darling. And the servants tell me that yesterday all the children arrived *en masse* and that the General refused to see them until they had dressed for dinner, and that he locked Lady Fitzgerald into her dressing room when she wanted to speak to her daughter. Think of living next door to a household like that and seeing nothing of it!"

The enthusiasm of the Duchess communicated itself to Adelaide. Her eyes, and they were admittedly fine eyes, grew keen.

"And we can't call for three weeks," she agreed. "And by that time all the novelty will have worn off and they will be chattering together like anything, and calling one another by their Christian names as though they had grown up together. Can't you think of some excuse for going up to-day? You're the landlord. There must be some possible reason."

"In Ireland," said the Duchess, "as the papers might have told you, the landlord class never approaches its tenants except for

the purpose of eviction. I, having only this one house to let, am denied that relaxation."

"I'm ashamed of you," cried Adelaide Lytton. "Here you have dragged me away from the frivolities of town and, when you could provide an amusement like this to lighten the tedium of the empty hours—"

"Perhaps," suggested the Duchess, "perhaps the roof will leak or the chimney take fire or one of the floors fall in. In any of those cheerful circumstances I should be, *ex officio*, the comforter."

"And there are always the Plunketts," reflected Adelaide. "How soon will you take me to see your high-handed, charming, bailiff-eating outlaw and his Saint Elizabeth of a wife? I like those incredible friends of yours."

"To-day, perhaps," her cheery young Grace of Clontarf responded. "To-day, certainly, if they are still at Mount Eagle. But Jerry tells me that there is a rumor of their going away. The boys will know."

And she proceeded to consume strawberries and cream all unconscious of the fact that even then a hot-faced Mercury was toiling through the Park of Avonmere to summon her and the attendant Adelaide to an audience with the newly arrived Fitzgeralds.

Somewhat earlier on that same morning, Tim O'Connell, the young and untrained footman, had looked importantly in at the door of the coach house at Avonmere, which, like everything else in that establishment, was twice too large for any reasonable household.

"Peter Carey, Peter Carey!" he cried with all the importance of his new position.

But Peter Carey, the coachman, was inspecting the General's carriages with the disparaging eye proper to his profession, and he gave no sign that he heard the eager summons. He opened the door of Lady Mary's brougham and felt its cushions, shaking his head resignedly the while. These tactics were intended solely to impress "that long young bosthoon of a Tim O'Connell." For Peter Carey knew good carriages when he saw them and he saw them now.

His respect for the General's horses and carriages was colossal, but the family he held in light esteem, loudly repudiating all allegiance to the General since he had one day "got the better of him in argyment." The difference had been of a strictly family nature and, as Peter explained to all the countryside:

"The Gin'ral had no call at all, at all to be putting in his word into it. He came down into the yard one morning smokin' one of his long quare cigars. An' says he wid a grin fit to crack his ugly face: 'How's Mrs. Carey and the child?'"

"'They're grand entirely, glory be to God,' says I. 'The little wan is terrible weeney, but we're glad enough to have her, weeney or big, after the long lot of boys we have.'"

"'Yes, indeed,' says the General pompous-like, 'and I have a very pleasant surprise for you. Lady Mary wishes to be godmother to the baby. She has heard most satisfactory accounts of you and your good wife.'"

Instead of the beaming pleasure with which a humble servant would have received this address, Carey had darkly inquired the name of Lady Mary's informant, and hinted at the physical alterations he would make in the face of anyone "that took it into his head to be makin' free with his character." They'd sup sorrow with a spoon of grief if he caught them laying their tongues on him or anyone belonging to him.

Somewhat nonplused but still benevolent, the General had resumed:

"Lady Mary, being interested as I have said, will call upon Mrs. Carey to-day to see her little namesake. We shall, of course, expect you to call the child after Lady Mary."

"I'll call her after me mother," Peter Carey had remarked.

The General stared. This was not at all what he had expected. It was probably stupidity; but it was nevertheless unpleasant, deuced unpleasant, to be forcing an honor upon the boor.

"But, my good man," he had explained with a patience which would have amazed any of his former officers, "Lady Fitzgerald's wishes are paramount here. If she is good enough to allow you to call the child after her, then after her it must be called."

"I'll call her after me mother," said Peter, whose conversational talent was forceful rather than varied.

"You will not," stormed the General, "and I'll stand none of your insubordination. You'll call her after Lady Mary."

Peter Carey had then detached his ruminative gaze from the far horizon and focused it upon the wheels of the dogcart which one of the grooms was washing in the sleepy, sunlit yard. He seemed in search, not of an

idea, but of the words to phrase it in. Presently he found them. He inserted his thumbs in the pockets of his waistcoat, planted his feet more firmly upon the inclined approach to the holy of holies of his domain, and spoke.

"I'll call her after me mother," said Peter

his neighbors to hear of this ridiculous reason of his action. "Call her any damned name you please. What was your mother's name?"

"Me mother's name was Mary," Peter Carey had observed, with his unfathomable gaze once more fixed upon the distant mountains.



"I'll call her after me mother," said Peter Carey.

Carey. "I'll call your horses what *you* please and I take the liberty to call me children what *I* please. I'll call her after me mother."

"Call her what you like, and be damned to you," the General had snorted, having too much vanity to dismiss Carey and to allow

Had the General been provided with a walking stick he would have struck that ruminative face. But Peter was too clever to allow one feature of it to show forth the intense enjoyment which was bubbling within his roomy bosom as he went on:

"It will be an aisy name for the crathur to

write if ever she comes to be that size at all. I can't make an offer at anything but a big black cross for me mark. But me mother had schoolin' wid the quality she was wid an' she could write her name finely. God rest her soul! Many's the time I seen it in the front of the ould prayer book at home. 'Spell it, ma'am,' we'd say to her. 'Spell Mary Carey.' An' she would. 'Mary Carey,' she'd say. 'M-y-ary: Mary, C-y-ary: Cary. Mary Cary.' She was a great scholar, me poor mother was."

When he had finished this soliloquy the audience was fuming up the avenue and Carey went upstairs to tell his disconcerted wife and afterwards his admiring neighbors of how he had "down-faced the Ginerall in argy-ment."

He closed the door of the brougham now, at Tim O'Connell's twentieth summons, and stooped to examine its handle. He spoke no word, but every wrinkle in his large red face called upon heaven to witness that he doubted the silver plating and entirely disbelieved the neatly emblazoned crest. Still elaborately doubtful and disparaging he turned to Tim O'Connell.

"Peter Carey," cried that hot-faced Mercury, "you're to bring 'round the b'roosh this instant minute."

"The b'roosh. How are ye?" said Peter, managing to pack into the last three seemingly irrelevant words a wealth of scorn, defiance, and anger.

"Thim's the Ginerall's orders," retorted Tim O'Connell, who would long ago have given up his position with its irksome confinement and its puzzling formalities if it were not for the vicarious authority it entailed.

"You're to bring the b'roosh 'round to the door," he stolidly repeated. "An' you're to drive yourself," he added, ambiguously. "Them's the orders. You can take thim or lave thim."

"You can go an' till him I won't," was Peter's answer. "You can go an' till him I'm not here to be dragged out of me warm bed at this time of the day to be gallivantin' off wid myself in b'rooshes."

Tim was not unprepared for some such rebellious utterance. He walked backward a few paces into the sunlit yard and accosted the windows over the coach-house door.

"Mrs. Carey, ma'am," he called, and a replica of Peter in all save whiskers presented

itself with the suddenness of a Jack in the box over the red geraniums and fuchsias of the center window.

"An' what's botherin' you, Tim, avick?" asked Mrs. Carey.

"It's Peter, ma'am. I'm after givin' him orders and he's goin' on fit to be tied here below in the coach house, ma'am. An' wantin' me to be goin' on scandeelious messages, he is."

"And what call has the likes of you to be puttin' yourself and your orders where ye're not wanted?" cried Peter's loyal consort.

"Sure no call at all, ma'am," he responded, pacifically. Taking a rise out of Peter was all very well, but it might be carried too far. "Will you step down and spake to him, ma'am. Lady Mary and the Ginerall is up beyont on the terrace ready to go off with themselves for a drive and here's Peter sayin' he'll not take them. So for the love of heaven come down and spake to him. The Ginerall'll have me et if an'thing goes contrairy like."

Mrs. Carey's head vanished from among the geraniums and was presently seen looming in the back regions of the coach house. It surmounted a body surprisingly like that of her lord. The likeness was heightened by the fact that she was in livery. A red flannel petticoat served as the basis of her costume, but with it she wore a coat of the livery of General Fitzgerald's immediate predecessor and boots of a yet earlier period. Her wardrobe boasted an assortment of such liveries marking the families which had lived at Avonmere during Peter's tenure of office. And in such parts of them as were of no service to her she incased the junior Careys.

"Tim O'Connell," she now warned that anxious young man, "it'll be your best plan to be leggin' it away out o' this. What sort of ugly blatherin' have ye about yourself and your b'rooshes?"

The injustice of this attack reduced Tim to tears of rage and floods of vituperation. Through the uproar Peter was heard solemnly demanding of the encircling carriages:

"Am I a stick or a stone, which?" and haughtily informing the barouche, innocent cause of all this commotion:

"Divil a fut will I go. Now that's all. I'm not here to be brought out of me warm bed at this time o' the night."

"Thin glory be to God it's kilt we'll be, the whole of us," moaned Tim. "For it's



"'Lave go,' said Peter, grimly. 'Stop slootherin' and calootherin' me.'"

outrageous and outlandish entirely the General is this day."

"I'd see ye kilt with all the pleasure in life if it wasn't for that dacent woman, your poor mother," Mrs. Carey unfeelingly remarked. "But the crathur'd maybe be annoyed if ye was to get what ye well deserve. And that's no less than slaughter. So, Peter, maybe ye might as well be humerin' the General. Let the little man have his b'roosh."

"I will not," Peter maintained. "An' is it drive meself bedad? It's meself I'd be apt to be driving. Howsomer, I'm not goin'. An' if Tim O'Connell is afraid to tell him, then I'll tell him meself, bedad."

At this fierce threat Mrs. Carey changed color and her hand flew to that portion of her livery under which her heart was, as she described it, "leppin' in her shest wid the start it give her."

"Now, Peter, avick," she besought him. "Is it kilt on us all ye wants to be?" But Peter's brow showed no sign of clearing; it grew, in fact, even darker as he locked the door leading to the stalls and put the key in his pocket.

"I'll not go," said Peter Carey.

"It's as good as killin' us he is, ma'am," whimpered Tim. "'Tis massacred he'll have us all this day."

At this prediction Mrs. Carey dashed up to her own apartments screeching to the junior Careys that they were to "come down out o' that an' see how their father was ruinating them all wid his tantrums." The junior Careys needed no second bidding. They fell in howling torrents down the stairs and engulfed their sulky parent. The "long lot of boys" in their modified liveries threw themselves upon him with shrill cries and sharp pinches while Mrs. Carey loomed large in the background with M-y-ary in her arms and in purple-faced hysterics.

"Don't, don't, daddy," cried Michael Dwyer Carey, "don't be ruinin' of us with tantrums."

"'Lave go," said Peter, grimly. "Stop slootherin' and calootherin' me. For devil a fut will I go."

"Do, do, daddy," yelled Robert Emmet Carey, catching the cue from his mother.

"I will not," said Peter, morosely, rising like Gulliver from the toils of the Lilliputians, and shedding junior Careys as he moved.

"How can I?" he demanded, hotly, "when the Plunketts wint last night?"

"Wint!" echoed his wife. "Glory be!" and then with a quick glance at the locked door: "And what horses had they?"

"The best in the country. Was the horses ever bred that's too good for 'Herself'?"

"But the General!" gasped Tim. "Up there on the steps with Lady Mary waitin' for the b'roosh."

"You're to go an' tell thim I'm not goin'," said Peter. "Tell thim anythin' you like, but I'll break every bone in your body if you tell thim the truth. Go on now," he concluded, taking a long-lashed four-in-hand whip from its hook and unfurling it grimly. "Be off wid you."

"And bad cess to you," added Mrs. Carey, shutting M-y-ary into the brougham and picking a wet sponge out of a dirty bucket with sinister intent. "What call has the likes of you to be coming over your betters with your orders? 'Tis heart scalded your poor mother will be one of these fine days."

The Duchess was still busy with her strawberries and cream when a shadow fell upon the carpet, and she, looking up to find its cause, encountered the pleading face of Tim O'Connell pressed so eagerly against one of the tall French windows that his nose and his prominent cheek bones showed green and ghastly against the glass.

"Well, Tim," said the Duchess, opening the window, and passing out into the clear sunshine, "you're in trouble? What can I do?" and Adelaide wondered for the hundredth time at the sympathy and enthusiasm which her sister brought to bear upon the affairs of the neighborhood. The rise and fall of Tim's recital came unintelligibly through the window, and presently the sweet voice of the Duchess, saying:

"It is very wrong of all of you, and after I stood sponsor for you with the General. However, I shall come up and try to explain. Go and find Jerry and tell him that I want the pony carriage at once."

And then the Duchess reappeared in the dining room, her pretty face half amused, half anxious.

"Adelaide," quoth she, "if you will get your hat we will drive up and call upon the Fitzgeralds."

"What is it, Ducky?" cried Miss Lytton. "The roof or chimney or floor?"

"None of these," responded the Duchess, "but a worse and much more difficult thing. Jerry was right about the Plunketts. They went last night, and Peter Carey, whom I recommended to the General, lent the General's four carriage horses for the expedition. There

is nothing in the Avonmere stables except saddle horses and Lady Mary's ponies, and the General has ordered the barouche! Would you like to support me when I explain this situation to 'Cross Fitzgerald'?"

"I should love it! I should love it!" cried Miss Lytton. "Do you think they will ask us to stay to lunch? Do you think we shall see all of them?"

As the ponies trotted around the last bend of the avenue Miss Lytton's hope was partially fulfilled. She saw four of them: the General, Lady Mary, the eldest son, Desmond, and the only daughter, Shiela, uneasily grouped upon the wide terrace.

Tim O'Connell, having outdistanced the relief expedition by some miraculous means, rushed forth and threw himself upon the ponies' necks. Lady Mary and Shiela welcomed the heaven-sent interruption to the General's tirade, but when the party had been readjusted and augmented he resumed his fuming, though in a new key.

"If one had any control of one's servants in this ridiculous country I should ask you and Miss Lytton to drive into Dublin with us this morning. I ordered the carriage five hours ago——"

"My dear General," remonstrated Lady Mary.

"Well, an hour ago then. Of what use are those horses to us? I am firmly convinced that that coachman—a surly brute—spends his days in intoxicated stupor. I spoke kindly to him once, and his manner was most extraordinary."

"He is difficult to understand just at first," the Duchess admitted. "But he was excellently trained by Mr. Plunkett of Mount Eagle. I wonder if you have met him," and cheered by the approbation in Adelaide's eyes she went on: "The Plunketts are our greatest celebrities."

"Tell us all about them," said the comfortable Lady Mary. "We shall be sure to meet them."

"I might," the Duchess responded, demurely, with a challenging eye upon Adelaide; "but I fear you might be shocked."

"Don't think it for a moment," urged the gallant General. "I am sure we shall be most interested."

"Yes, Ducky, dear," Adelaide put in. "They are sure to be interested."

Thus urged, the Duchess began to prepare the minds of her hearers for the disclosure



"And then, suddenly, without the slightest sign or warning, everything went."

she had come to make. Her manner as she told the story of the Plunketts was perfect. Her low-pitched voice, her eloquent gestures, her quick tears, and her thrilling laugh added a hundredfold to the already whimsical and pathetic story.

"Twenty years ago," she began, "the richest, the gayest, the happiest household in all this countryside was 'Mount Eagle,' the home of the Plunketts. One son and two daughters, innumerable cousins and aunts, an occasional uncle, and a permanent grandmother formed the nucleus of the family. To these were added friends, visitors, retainers, poor relations, sycophants, traveling gentry, and servants galore. Every known or inevitable form of gayety kept the household in a whirl of activity and excitement and made 'Mount Eagle' the gathering point for anyone on pleasure bent for miles and miles around. And not only those in search of pleasure were welcome there. In sickness, sorrow, and disgrace, the peasants' first thought and surest help was 'Herself up above at Mount Eagle.' There were tales of her having risen up and left her table when 'all sorts of quality was at it' to assist Father Dan in the cheering of some poor soul's last moments in this hard and dreary

world. And many a pair of closing eyes were prepared to look undismayed at the angels in heaven because the last vision they saw upon earth was 'Herself' in her glory of satin and jewels with the light of love in her face.

"And then, suddenly, without the slightest sign or warning, everything went. First the son, killed in the hunting field and brought home to 'Herself' on an improvised litter of green branches. I remember that day and that night. I had never heard the Irish 'keening' before. It was terrible!" The Duchess shuddered. "Then the money went quite as suddenly, and everything was very quiet up at 'Mount Eagle.' 'Herself' was never quite the same again, but before a year had passed she laid hold upon life not for herself but for others. And for all the years since then she has sustained and cheered the spirit of her husband and her children and is still the Lady Bountiful of the village."

"But upon what?" asked Desmond. "You say they lost everything."

"Absolutely everything. . . But if you are so fortunate as to be asked there to dine when they come home you would never guess it. They are as bright and busy as it is possible to be. And now comes the funny part," she laughed. "Mr. Lovell tells me," she broke

off, "that you, Mr. Desmond, are a Queen's council. Are you ready to hear how we, in Ireland, treat the majesty of law? As your keen mind has already grasped, there are difficulties in getting on comfortably on nothing at all a year. The solving of these difficulties has been Mr. Plunkett's constant diversion, and, as they have always shared everything with their neighbors, we share in this diversion, too. He gave a dinner once where all the men had revolvers at their plates, because the bailiffs had come to take possession that morning and he had coerced them into livery—his livery—but he was not sure of their waiting properly at table.

"It was a delightful dinner," sighed the Duchess. Mr. Plunkett is a very handsome old man and once we all hoped he would shoot the bailiff who had charge of the wine and whom he suspected of appraising the coolers."

"Very proper of him, too," boomed the General. "I respect that man. I shall endeavor to make his acquaintance."

"Well, and so times grew harder," the Duchess continued, "and bailiffs more frequent, until they began to bore Mr. Plunkett. It was very unpleasant for Mrs. Plunkett and the girls to have these common men sitting in the hall. Of course, the servants wouldn't have them in the kitchen."

"Servants?" queried Desmond. "How do they manage to pay servants when their affairs are in such a deplorable condition?"

"They don't. How should they? But only a very inferior sort of servant would leave on that account. And where would they go to? Where could they be more comfortable or more kindly treated than they are at Mount Eagle? It is the ambition of every boy and girl in the village to be 'taken on by Herself.' The people who had Avonmere last year could hardly get workmen enough to keep the grounds up, and over at Mount Eagle, Mrs. Plunkett told me, they had more than they really wanted or could afford to feed."

"I think it's all beautiful and perfectly natural," Shiela maintained.

"But go on about the bailiffs," Adelaide commanded. "I'm ever so much interested in them."

"They're at Mount Eagle now, if you would care to call," said the Duchess, mischievously. "But the Plunketts are staying with the Frosts over in Wexford. They will

go about from place to place until they hear that the bailiffs have gone away. And all their friends will be overjoyed to have them. For there never was, since the world began," the Duchess insisted with a fine enthusiasm, "a visitor like 'Herself,' and I assure you that very few things can give one of us more pleasure than to see their dear old coach turning in at our gates. By the way, they always travel in their coach, which, as it is not legally theirs, cannot be attached by the bailiffs. It was given to their gardener, in lieu of wages, by the people he was with before going to them."

"It must be some time," commented Desmond, "since that man has been flush with ready money."

"It must indeed," the Duchess acquiesced, laughingly. "And by the way, he will be staying here with Jerry, my man, for the next few weeks. The servants go to visit their friends while the 'quality' is away."

"And the bailiffs?" queried Adelaide.

"Are boycotted, of course. They go the sooner on that account."

"It is all very delightful," said Desmond, "but I fear it may end badly one of these days. Suppose that, in the absence of 'Herself' and the family, the creditors should sell the contents of Mount Eagle at auction."

"To whom?" queried the Duchess, blandly. "They tried it once. But the expensive auctioneer from Dublin spent a few quiet hours with the bailiffs and they went home again. None of us went, of course. Who would buy the table about which one had so often sat? Who would buy the chair from which 'Herself' had dispensed pleasure, comfort, and help to all of us? A few outsiders were attracted by the advertisements, but they got no farther than the gates. They were met there by peasants and blunderbusses, and they changed their minds. And, after all, it was of great benefit to the Plunketts. Everything was mended and polished and patched for the auction. We hardly knew the place when we went up for the next housewarming."

"And the horses for these expeditions?" queried Desmond of the legal mind. "Are they furnished by invisible agency?"

Before the Duchess could bring herself to perform her mission a window was thrown open, and the voice of Katy, parlormaid, rent the air:

"Mrs. Dwyer, ma'am," it shrilled from a

great altitude. "I was afraid you'd get away before I'd see you. I'm up here doin' Miss Shiela's room. Is there any news below in the village?"

"The worst of bad news for the poor in the place," a cracked voice answered. The owner of it was invisible, and oblivious of the "quality" gathered within earshot. "The Plunketts is gone again."

"Och, glory be to God! The saints be good to thim!" said Katy, while Adelaide and the Duchess, scenting danger, tried to monopolize the General's attention. But at the name of Plunkett, a courteous interest had animated the Fitzgeralds: they listened, alert and smiling, while the question dropped from the clouds:

"An' had 'Herself' all she wanted?"

"The best of everything," responded the gossip. "I was up to bid thim Godspeed and to give 'Herself' an egg or two I was saving up this great while back thinking I'd maybe get enough for a clutch. An' there was Peter Carey—gran' he looked entirely—puttin' the General's chestnut four to the coach, an' warning the young boy what was drivin' to have them back in time to take her ladyship and the General out to-day. The boy wasn't back with them ten minutes ago whin I was down in the yard an' the little man takin' it into his head to go for a drive wid himself. He has Peter annoyed."

"The little man" also seemed to be annoyed. He stamped and swore in discreet Hindustani. His face was purple, even his ears were twitching, and the Duchess was wishing herself well away from her tenant when there trotted up from the stable a radiant vision. A resplendent carriage drawn by a pair of gleaming chestnut horses, high-headed, high-stepping, so fresh and restless as to require all the attention of the magnificent coachman on the box. The General sprang to meet them, and Peter Carey turned

upon him a smile of such devotion and good will as made him change his contemplated tirade to an amazed:

"What horses are these?"

"Romulus and Raymus, the leaders, your honor. An' I've had—beggin' your pardon—the devil's own time catching them. They were out in the paddock."

"And now that your carriage is here," urged her Grace of Clontarf, "you must not let us detain you. But if you take my advice, General Fitzgerald, you will not allow that foolish old Mollie Malone, whose voice I think I heard indistinctly a moment ago, to be talking to your servants. For she is," she explained in a confidential undertone, "quite mad, poor creature."

But the Fitzgeralds would not hear of abandoning their charming guests. Rather they would give up their drive. It was already, Lady Mary urged, nearly luncheon time; the other boys would soon be in. Would not the Duchess and Miss Lytton waive ceremony?

The Duchess and Miss Lytton allowed themselves to be persuaded, and the General almost apologetically turned to order Peter Carey back to the stables. That revolutionist accepted the command with a submission which might have surprised those not privileged to hear him remark to his wife:

"'Tis as well, maybe, we didn't go far. The craytures will be the better for a little sleep. I told that fool of a boy to go easy with the bottle, but he nearly emptied the whole of it down Raymus's throat. I give Romulus just scant of a pint an' he's feelin' the age of M-y-ary. O whisky! you're me darlin'!" cried Mr. Carey, who may have partaken of his own prescription, throwing an arm like a bolster round the shoulders of Mrs. Carey's livery. "O whisky! you're me darlin'! It's a pity ye ever done any harm!"



"PERKINS OF THE BURLINGTON"

BY FREDERIC A. DELANO

President of the Wabash Railroad, formerly General Manager of the C., B. and Q. R.R.



IN these days, when the ethics of corporate management are under such close scrutiny and have been receiving so much adverse criticism, it is well to appreciate that, despite what cynics may say, there are many corporate managers who have been tried and not found wanting in honesty and responsibility for their stewardship alike of the public's and their stockholders' interests. To praise the living is to risk having one's motives questioned, while to praise the dead may sound fulsome. Yet, when a man who has been representative of a class has finished his work, and when that work can be fairly said to live after him in the men trained by him and in the recognized soundness of his methods, then it is permissible or indeed advisable to consider what that life history was and what its bearing on our lives is.

Charles Elliott Perkins, who was for some twenty years president of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, was such a man. His was a strong personality with a marked and effective individuality. He was honored, respected, and beloved, and his character, which was typical of the age which produced him, is for all time inseparably connected with the history and the development of the Middle West during the past fifty years.

As a railroad builder he was perhaps as great a strategist as any man this country has produced; and yet his name will never be connected with those who, in undertaking daring things, have brought ruin to themselves and their associates. With all of his personal courage and his unwavering faith in the future of the West, he was a man who recognized his position of trusteeship for others. There was a very strong line of division, as he viewed things, between his rights as an individual and

his duties as a trustee and guardian for others' interests. This very quality made him a careful and safe guide, and made the railroad, the development of which he presided over, a wonderful example of careful and sound financing, and well able in times of stress and money panics to weather the fiercest storms.

Starting as a poor young man with domestic responsibilities beyond those which fall upon most men, he died wealthy; not enormously wealthy as wealth is now regarded, but still a wealthy man. And yet, be it said to his everlasting credit, never did he make a dollar from any manipulation of his railroad holdings. In fact he was careful that his private interests should be so separated and distinct from his railroad interests that there should be no connection. Being a great believer in the development of the country, and seeing more clearly than many others the great possibilities in the West and Northwest, he was a large investor in lands; but these were held in most cases remote from his railroad.

There has been told recently by a former Comptroller of the Currency, a story which, at Mr. Perkins's request, was kept secret as long as he lived, how in the panic of 1893 he went to the rescue of a bank in Lincoln, Nebraska, in which he was the holder of only one hundred shares of stock. Just on the eve of the rather troubled financial conditions he had been appointed a director without his knowledge, and almost immediately he became aware that he must step into the breach and save the situation. Realizing the seriousness of the case and believing that the credit of many financial institutions in the State where the Burlington road had large interests at stake were in jeopardy, he did not only his whole duty, but far more than his duty; putting in, in fact, more than a million dollars to save the institution. Major

Higginson, of Boston, in his speech of dedication of the "Harvard Union," November 13, 1899, and in a brief sketch enumerating those who had been his close friends in his early manhood, spoke of Mr. Perkins and this splendid act in these feeling words:

One man—only by adverse chance not a Harvard man—a great railroad president, who, in a very troubled time, quietly and cheerfully sacrificed one half the earnings of a long life in order to avert a severe catastrophe to our land—a deed close hidden under a bushel for all time.

In 1901, when the sale of the "Burlington" was made to interests representing the Great Northern and Northern Pacific roads, he showed not only his business sagacity, but his determination to protect to the fullest extent the interests of all the stockholders. Before negotiations had been opened for the purchase of the road he had learned that a considerable portion of the stock had been bought in the open market. In fact, to his surprise as well as that of other directors of the company, many of the so-called "widows and orphans" and little stockholders of the company in Massachusetts, who had held the stock for years, had parted with their holdings to the syndicate which was making the purchase. Hence, as soon as Mr. Perkins saw what was going on, he at once entered into negotiations with the syndicate, taking the position with his own directors that it would not do to let this syndicate acquire a majority of the stock and leave the minority stockholders to take what they could get. The result, as is well known, and now a matter of railroad history, was that a proposition was made by the purchasing syndicate and submitted to all stockholders alike, and finally accepted and ratified by upward of ninety-seven per cent. In other words, regardless of his own personal ambitions, for it must have been a keen disappointment to him to part with the control of a property with which he had grown up, he concluded an arrangement for the sale of it which was as fair and as liberal to the interests which he felt it his duty to protect as it was possible for such an instrument to be.

Mr. Perkins saw the State of Iowa grow from a population of some 675,000 in 1860 to a population of 2,232,000 in 1900; he saw the Burlington road develop, and actually and personally superintended the construction of much of its mileage, from a railroad of a few hundred miles to one of more than eight thousand, opening for development fourteen

States; and yet, such was his modesty and such was his insistence on remaining in the background that he was far less in the public eye than many men who have achieved only a fraction of what he did. He belonged to the class of men which, in the nature of things, must grow fewer as time goes on; men who have great constructive gifts and who have had the opportunity to develop and work in a new country, free and untrammelled by precedent or conventionality. Starting out from his small position in the railroad he became paymaster and assistant treasurer, and soon the general superintendent. But the road of which he had charge extended only from Burlington to Ottumwa, a distance of seventy-six miles, and as it grew and developed he grew and developed with it. It was natural enough that he should know all of the people in the communities with which he had to deal, meeting the men prominent in business, in professional life and in politics. Thus, for example, he was an intimate friend of Governor Grimes, afterwards Senator, Governor Kirkwood, Senator Allison, Governor J. Sterling Morton, who was later Secretary of Agriculture, General Manderson, of Nebraska, and many others.

When the road of which he had charge was merged with the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, then wholly an Illinois corporation with a mileage of some two hundred and ten miles, he was for a time put in charge, as vice-president, of the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad in Nebraska, which extended then from Plattsmouth to Kearney and was being developed in a wholly new country. This was only a temporary assignment and he retained his headquarters at Burlington. In 1881 he was made the president of the united company, the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy.

With the increased importance and responsibility of this position, he was one of the most influential and best known railroad men in the western country, and, during the prosperous years which followed, the road was extended to ramify a very large area of Nebraska and beyond it into the States of Colorado, South Dakota, and Wyoming.

The "Burlington," as it was called, became the leader of the granger roads and its stock became a favorite investment for trustees and others. The management of the road was successful and efficient, and the property well maintained. It was naturally so under such an

organization and under such a leadership. Indeed, to have grown up and to have done creditable service in the "Burlington school" was as good a diploma as a railroad man could ask for. The graduates of this school have carried its influence far and wide throughout the country. Included among them are four railroad presidents, of whom two are Edward P. Ripley, of the Santa Fé, and Howard Elliott, of the Northern Pacific; Paul Morton, of the Equitable Life, is a Burlington graduate; so is W. C. Brown, the senior Vice-President of the New York Central lines. Out of many men of prominence may be mentioned a few such as George B. Harris, now President of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, C. M. Levey, Third Vice-President, and H. C. Nutt, General Manager of the western end of the Northern Pacific; George W. Holdredge, General Manager of the Burlington lines west of the Missouri; T. E. Calvert, now Chief Engineer of the Burlington system. Among those who have passed on may be mentioned T. J. Potter, once the Vice-President of the Union Pacific, and Henry B. Stone, who left the Burlington to become the President of the Central Union and the Chicago Telephone Companies. All through American railroad service are to be found men trained by Mr. Perkins to be "thorough" railroad men.

Thoroughness was something that he insisted upon. Mr. Perkins never liked to hear a man spoken of as "a good operating man," "a track man," "a motive power man." He wanted "railroad men," that is to say, all around and efficient "business" men. He believed that fundamentally a railroad was a commercial proposition and should be governed accordingly both in its management and its relations with the public. He dealt with the fundamentals, with the underlying principles of railroading, and to serve under him and in close contact with him was an inspiration to any man. He was quick to form his judgment of men, and when he decided that he could place his faith in one his method of developing him was to give him large responsibilities. To those who knew him not he was at times brusque, for he could assume an almost fierce manner. He was a big man physically, and untiringly active. Both his father, the Rev. James Handasyde Perkins, and his mother, Sarah H. Elliott, were of Puritan stock, and he had many of the Puritan qualities, mellowed perhaps by the western environment in which he grew up, for in 1840

Cincinnati, where he was born, was pretty close to the frontier.

He received a common school education, and being the oldest son in a minister's family, it was necessary for him to go west at the age of nineteen, not only to become self-supporting, but, in the then familiar language of Horace Greeley, to "grow up with the country." He went to Burlington, Iowa, in 1859, serving under Charles Russell Lowell, one of that group of "play-fellows" in whose memory Major Henry L. Higginson gave Soldiers' Field to Harvard. The inspiration of young Lowell was potent with all his associates, and Mr. Perkins was always deeply sensible of his friendship and influence.

Leading business men in our larger cities often wondered that Mr. Perkins was content to remain in a small town, for he retained his residence in Burlington until the end of his life. They marveled that he did not come to live in some great city where he might be in closer contact with men of equal prominence and ability; but, in this particular, Mr. Perkins showed his character as clearly as in any other. It was his thought that a man could do his work better if freed from the diversions and distractions of the city life. He preferred to keep a little apart from these conditions and exactions of the city, and remained in his country home, a home where he was surrounded by every possible comfort, yet where he avoided every evidence of display and magnificence.

He was a profound student of the problems of every-day life, and, while not a university man, he was a man who, by close reading, had trained his mental qualities to an exceptional degree. There was scarcely a single broad question of policy concerning the duties of an officer of the railroad, the functions of the railroad or its relations to the public, upon which he had not prepared "memoranda"; papers which were comprehensive and thorough in the fullest degree. Then, again, he liked to associate with men who were thorough, painstaking, and forceful. He loved to have young men about him and to discuss or argue with them on every conceivable topic. He liked opposition if it was intelligent and backed up by sound reasoning. Many an article, speech or paper was prepared by him and passed to others for such uses as seemed to them best. As might be expected of a man of his type, he did not have much use for a dilettante, for he was too much in earnest; nor for a senti-

mentalist, for he was too practical; and, needless to say, he hated hypocrisy and demagoguery in any form.

A contemporary of Mr. Perkins in railway administration, himself a man of notable ability, said of him recently, that he knew of no man in the profession of better intellectual capacity and training, no man so well equipped to understand all the problems, technical, economical, and commercial. High praise this, for a man who had acquired this equipment wholly by his own labor.

People who knew him best in the community where he lived and along the line of the railroad which he managed for so many years, knew that he appreciated in a way that few railroad executives have appreciated, the true importance of the good will of the community with which he did business. He laid the greatest possible stress, in the organization which he developed, on the importance of local self-government. While he appreciated fully the advantage of the supervision by centralization of authority, he recognized and always preached the importance of letting the man on the ground have the authority, the tools, and the men to do with.

The railroad over which he presided was not only recognized as a model of honest management and careful capitalization, but it also enjoyed an almost unexampled popularity and even affection in the communities along its line. His idea of keeping a community satisfied was to give all the service which it could reasonably demand, and yet he did not tamely submit to harsh treatment or exactions. Indeed, few men ever fought more stubbornly for the rights of their stockholders against some of the senseless legislation resulting from the wave of popular hostility in the so-called "Granger Movement" and afterwards. He should have the credit, more than any other one man, of supplying the initiative and the arguments which finally secured a decision from the Federal Supreme Court in favor of the railroads in the "Nebraska Rate Case." His logical mind, his capacity for reasoning closely and clearly, and for analyzing complex questions made him alike a strong advocate and a powerful combatant.

It is not to be supposed that this man's career was one unbroken procession of triumphs. He had his trials and his sore dis-

appointments, as many another, bearing them so manfully withal that few ever knew of them; but in his railroad career, perhaps, his hardest experiences were the repeated disappointments in carrying out his ambitious plans for the development and extension of the Burlington road. Without criticising his associates and directors, who took what they thought to be a safer and more conservative course, he was keenly disappointed that he could not make them appreciate the grand opportunities which lay before them; first, in the purchase of the then bankrupt Northern Pacific, and later in the purchase of the Oregon Short Line. Finally, of course, the loss of control of the property by his friends was a severe disappointment, but, after all, to his reasoning mind, only a natural sequence of the failure to grasp opportunities which had been offered and had been allowed to slip.

With all of his great qualities as an administrative and executive officer, so successful in his achievements, Mr. Perkins was even more. He was a great, large-hearted, generous man, doing in a quiet way many things for his friends and neighbors.

He was capable of inspiring in his associates loyalty and devotion to a remarkable degree, and yet he was exacting in his demands for thoroughness and accuracy, while generous in his approval of work well done. Nor did his early life as a pioneer, and many rough and hard experiences, make him in any sense callous to beautiful things. He was a lover of the arts; for ear, as well as eye, was attuned to harmonious and well-chosen surroundings. His life work is a sufficient monument to him, but the business ideals and the inspiration which he gave to many a man who came under his influence will perhaps mean even more in the long run.

After all, the most encouraging thing that can be said is that Mr. Perkins's methods and his success were not absolutely unique, for he was a product of American civilization, a thoroughly typical American. In these days when sensationalism runs riot and public attention is constantly directed to everything unfavorable, it is worth while to remember that there are such men, and to realize that business methods are fundamentally sound, for the reason that men in business believe, and fortunately so, that corporations must be fairly conducted in order to survive.

THE BOX OF TRICKS

BY OWEN OLIVER



It is not easy for me to get angry, and my brother's wife is not easy to be angry with. She looks like a grown-up baby, and she is so innocent and surprised when I point out her misdeeds that I generally end by fancying myself the offending party. Bob chuckles on these occasions. He calls her "the box of tricks."

There are limits, however, to my amiability, and possibly—I don't feel sure!—to my sister-in-law's artfulness. When I found that she had inveigled me into a cruise in their yacht under entirely false pretenses, I resolved that all her wiles should not save her from my severe displeasure when I could catch her alone.

She eluded me, by attaching herself to her other guests, until we had passed the light-house. Then the yacht became very lively, and the other guests disappeared in rapid succession, except a tall, good-looking young lady in *pince-nez*. She seized Mrs. Bob by the arm and rushed her out on deck; and old Bob rubbed his hands gleefully.

"The box of tricks is going to catch it this time," he observed.

"She's going to catch it a second time," I stated, and started in pursuit, with a view to securing the next innings.

I discovered the two ladies standing in the lee of the smoking room. They were arguing with such animation that they did not notice me.

"It's abominable," the tall young lady protested. "Perfectly atrocious."

My sister-in-law looked at her with simulated innocence.

"It is a little rough," she said, catching at the handrail, and shaking her pretty head at the great green waves that greeted us at the harbor mouth. "Oh-h-h!" She threw her

hood over her head to fend off a shower of spray.

"I meant you," said the tall young lady, balancing herself like a sailor. "You know perfectly well that I don't mind the weather."

"I think I do!" my naughty sister-in-law confessed. "I"—the ship gave a lurch—"I'm sure I do." She made a dart for the hatchway and disappeared; white-faced, but smiling and unrepentant.

"Serves her right," the tall young lady muttered; but her tone was less unfriendly than her words; and she laughed, unwillingly. Then she turned and saw me.

"She will not be able to introduce us for a little while," I observed. "So perhaps you will allow me? I have the misfortune to be her brother-in-law." I do not remember that I had ever introduced myself to a lady before; but I felt that I had a good excuse in the circumstances—and the lady.

"Oh!" she said, "but surely you are not Professor Lorimer?" I am not old for a "professor," and I look younger than my age.

"Unless I have lost my identity!" I declared. "I gather that my bad little relative has kidnaped you too?"

The young lady smiled, slowly.

"I did not know that I had a companion in misfortune," she said. "But, of course, it is a consolation. I think we have been associated before, in a way. We had a long controversy in the *Academical Record*. I am Margaret Fane."

I stared at her like a boor in my surprise. She was very unlike my idea of a lady who had written a treatise on Conic Sections; and still more unlike my notion of an advocate of women's rights and female suffrage; the subjects upon which our controversy had taken place.

"You scarcely look the character," I confessed.

"How like a man!" she cried. "A woman who is not his humble slave must be a monster of course; and wear dowdy frocks, and short hair, and square-toed shoes!" She held out a tiny foot in a ridiculous, pointed, French shoe, defiantly. The yacht rolled heavily just then, and her balance suffered. Fortunately I caught her and deposited her on the seat. She watched me struggling not to laugh at her.

"That is like a man, too," she applauded me. "He doesn't triumph over the fallen. I concede that; and also his physical superiority. But mentally—now you are twice Lucy's size; and yet you have let her kidnap you; and you daren't even shake her!"

"I'm not sure that I won't," I said, "when she's well enough to be shaken. She told me that Bob and she were going for a quiet little cruise and asked me to come and finish my book in peace on board. The anchor was up when I put my foot on deck; and I found that she had a regular party, principally women."

"That's exactly my case," said Miss Fane. "Only it seemed to me that they were principally men! She knows that I object to men."

"And she knows that I object to women. At least I don't exactly object to them; they are an admirable, if illogical, sex. What I really object to is Lucy's intention to marry me to one of them."

"Oh-h! Does she?"

"She does, really!"

"Which one?" Miss Fane inquired.

"I haven't the least idea."

Miss Fane laughed, merrily.

"That's exactly my case, professor. She wants to marry me to some one. An enemy presumably—if the wretch has one!"

"Upon my word, I don't believe she has," I confessed.

"No. I really don't believe she has! We'll say to a friend who needs a little harsh discipline! But she has not informed me of her selection. However, I do not apprehend any danger."

"You may be able to defend yourself," I said; "but I am not so secure. Women are attractive creatures. A man is never safe unless he runs away!"

"There!" she cried, triumphantly. "And yet you claimed, in your articles, that men had more moral courage than women! Now I am only a poor weak woman, but I am not afraid that any man will marry me against my will."

"But aren't you afraid of being willing?" I inquired.

"Certainly not," she asserted. "In the present state of the laws—the man-made laws—I am very unwilling, and likely to remain so. I shall work in my cabin, and have no more to do with them than civility requires; or, if I do, it will only be to tantalize Lucy, and make her think that she is succeeding in her evil designs." Miss Fane laughed a laugh which did not strike me as that of a bluestocking. "She will be so mad when she is undeceived, the little monkey."

"That's a capital idea," I pronounced. "I think I might try it; but you mustn't."

"Indeed! Why not?"

"It wouldn't be quite fair to the poor man; unless he was in the joke."

"No-o; but I can't very well tell him."

"You've told me," I pointed out. "We might kill one bird with two stones, don't you think? Besides there are a lot of things that I should like to discuss with you."

She looked at me without the *pince-nez*. They were drenched with spray and she had taken them off and was wiping them. She looked still more charming without them.

"We shall quarrel violently, of course," she stated, "but—if you really mean it! We understand each other, of course."

"Of course," I agreed. "Decidedly."

"And she really does deserve to be taken in."

"Exactly," I said. "Precisely."

"It will annoy her so much because—yes, I really think we might, because she is so silly. I simply can't make her understand how utterly impossible it is for me to contemplate marriage—such an absurd thing—in the present state of affairs. She thinks that a woman is made only to be married. It is absurd!"

"Preposterous!" I agreed. "She thinks just the same about men. I've often tried to make her understand the position; but it's no use."

"And," said Miss Fane, impressively, "I believe, I positively believe, she's always extolling you to the skies. I'm almost sure that we are the snares which she has laid for each other."

Miss Fane laughed, ironically.

"Ah!" I said. "Umph! I shouldn't wonder! I took Lucy fishing once, I remember. She'd never make a fisherman. She's too loquacious; and she puts all 'the poor fish' back in the water! Still I observed that she selected her bait with excellent judgment!"

"You flatter yourself!" Miss Fane exclaimed.

"I assure you that I only alluded to you," I declared.

"That's just like a man," she cried. "They will swallow any amount of flattery themselves, and they never realize that women see through it in a moment. So you need not trouble to compliment me; except before Lucy; just as part of the play, you know. I am afraid she is rather ill. I think I'll go and heap coals of fire on her deceitful little head."

"Oh! Bob will look after her. You'd better stay and heap them on mine. About this question of moral courage, now?"

We argued about moral courage, the civic disabilities of women, the relative value of masculine reason and feminine instinct, why no lady ever buys a comic paper, and how Ellen Thornycroft Fowler came by man's prerogative of humor. We had passed on to the subject of hatpins when the dinner gong sounded. She had ten in her hat, and maintained that they were not for ornament, but for use; or that, if they were for ornament, men ought to be grateful to women for looking nice. "Frumps will never get women their rights," she added, emphatically.

"And if they would," I told her, "you wouldn't buy them so dear! And you couldn't!"

We had the saloon to ourselves for dinner. Everyone else was prostrated, except Bob; and he was 'having a peck with Lucy,' as he described it. They are preposterously attached to each other.

"A man's moral courage!" I observed.

"The courage is Lucy's," my companion contradicted. "She dares to let him see her when she is green!"

"She has plenty of moral courage," I confessed. "She vows that she proposed to Bob, because he stood off on account of her money." Lucy was a great heiress, and the big yacht was hers in fact. "I believe it's true to the extent that she surprised him into proposing to her. But her moral courage does not qualify her for a vote. She knows twice as much about politics as Bob does."

"Twice nothing," Miss Fane suggested.

"Exactly! But, if you gave her a dozen votes, she'd vote for anyone he told her to."

"And he'd tell her to vote just how he knew she wanted to! Besides they're not a fair case to argue from. They are absolutely suited to each other, and really in love."

"You believe in love then?" I inquired. I could not quite reconcile this with her articles.

"Yes," she said, briefly. "I never quarrel with facts."

"That isn't quite the point," I protested. "That the world is blessed, or otherwise, with a fact called 'love' we all know. The question is its reality and value. In their case you called it 'real,' and I gathered that you put some considerable value on it."

Miss Fane paused in her attack on a pink ice.

"I am putting a weapon in your hands," she said, "but—yes. In their case, I do. Their case is very exceptional. They are like people with a sixth sense, or a dual personality. I believe that such freaks of nature exist; but I refuse to base a theory of life upon such abnormal instances. If every married couple were a 'Bob-and-Lucy,' I shouldn't worry about woman's rights. Her Bob would see that she got them; and it wouldn't matter much if she didn't. So I should just look out for my 'Bob'!—and you wouldn't 'object to women.'"

"You have convinced me already that there is an exception to my rule," I stated.

"You were bound to say that. So it doesn't count." She renewed her onslaught on the ice.

"Yes," I agreed. "I was. I never quarrel with facts. And the exception does count; more than the rule sometimes!"

We spent the next day making exceptions to our rules about the opposite sex. The Channel was in a merry mood, and made a plaything of the two-thousand-ton yacht. Even the great liners were pitching like little boats, and white foam was jumping over their bows in torrents. No one else showed up on deck except Bob. He spent part of his time on the bridge. He was chief officer on a liner when he met Lucy, and he loves to do a little navigation. The rest of his time he was in his sick wife's cabin.

"There's nothing much the matter with 'the box of tricks,'" he assured us. "She's afraid to face you two, that's all. I propped her up with pillows for half an hour and played piquet with her; and she cheated me out of half a sovereign!"

"She's frightfully bad, really," Miss Fane told me, after she had paid her visit. "She only manages to put on a bright face to him, because she won't spoil his pleasure. A man couldn't do that."

"I believe you are feeling very bad, really," I said, chaffingly, "but your woman's moral

courage won't let you desert me, and spoil my pleasure."

"Well," she confessed, unexpectedly, "I'm not ill; but I feel just a little doubtful, since I went below."

"And I'm walking you about," I cried, remorsefully. "You poor thing!"

I went for cushions and rugs, and tucked her up in a long deck chair, and sat beside her.

"Now," I said, "if you're well enough to talk, own that a man has his uses."

"I'm quite well enough to talk. I feel very comfortable and cheerful now. Thank you!" She smiled very pleasantly. "Yes. A man has his uses. That's the worst of it. A man is a man, and a woman is a woman."

"My dear Miss Fane," I said. "You have put the whole truth in a nutshell."

"No, no! It is true; but it is only part of the truth, nowadays. I don't suppose it was ever all the truth; not even in prehistoric savagery. I suspect there were always women like Lucy!"

"Eve," I instanced.

"She is Eve-ish, isn't she?" We both laughed. "Still in early times it was perhaps seven eighths of the truth; and in the classic days, three quarters, later Rome excepted. In the Middle Ages it was more than half the truth. If a woman had power it was not by rights, but by her Eve-ishness."

"The way appointed by nature," I asserted.

"But you forget. Nature doesn't stand still. Men and women are different from what they were."

"I doubt it," I demurred.

"Well, their relations are different, anyhow. There is less 'domesticity' and more 'business'; less 'love' and more friendship; but friendship is unripe yet. Marriage is only one of many careers for a woman now. The relations of men and women have altered; altered more than the world recognizes. That is what woman's rights mean; not a change, but the recognition of a change; of the equality of women with men. Dependence is no longer possible to a woman who has been independent, who has earned her living, as I do. The relation should be equal. Well, approximately equal."

"Ah!" I cried. "Never mind the fractions. The question is what relation. You can't make the main tie of human life a mere matter of business. It isn't so even between man and man, or woman and woman. What is the relation to be?"

"Well! It ought to be friendship if—" She paused.

"If," I said. "Isn't that the point?"

"If they would forget the 'man and woman' nonsense."

"If they could," I corrected. "And they can't. Miss Fane, you are a very clever young lady; the only woman's-rightist I have ever met who had common sense; or who remained absolutely womanly. Is Platonic friendship possible?"

She crossed her hands over the rug on her knees and looked at me.

"It is possible, I think," she stated; "but—you never know."

"Then," I said, "you and I are sailing in uncharted seas!"

"I think—" She looked thoughtfully at the waters. "It is getting calmer, I think. Shall we walk?"

"No," I said. "We'll take our bearings in these dangerous waters where we are sailing."

She was silent for a little while.

"We are sailing toward uncharted seas," she said at last. "And I want you to understand why I cannot sail there. I particularly wish you to know—to know perfectly clearly—that it is not because I undervalue the prospect of your friendship. It would be pleasant to me to be friends with you, but I—I have vowed never to take the risk of such a friendship, slight though it may be."

"I do not undervalue the risk," I said; "but I could not overvalue your friendship."

She looked at the sea again.

"The argument has taken a rather personal turn," she remarked; "but I don't quarrel with facts, as I told you. It is a personal question between us; and you have a right to know my mind. I knew a man and a woman who tried it once; knew them well." She caught my eyes. "No. I was not the woman. She was a fellow-student. She wasn't so good at scribbling about woman's rights as I, but she believed in them more. I don't mean that I am not an honest believer; but I am less of a recluse; more a woman of the world; more inclined—too much inclined—to see both sides of a question. I try to be practical and tolerant. I will give you an example. She would regard Lucy as a slave, because she hasn't a vote. I recognize that Lucy has her rights. You see that I am a sensible suffragist, professor."

"My dear Miss Fane," I said. "If I told

you all that I see in you! You are most sensible and most practical; and I don't believe there is any real difference between us."

She laughed, suddenly.

"And so, of course, I am sensible! That's a man all over! Well, she wasn't very sensible, and she was utterly impractical. The Rights of Woman were a sort of religion to her. Platonic friendship was an item of the creed. With him it was only a means to an end. When she found out that she was the end, she dropped the friendship. He went to the bad. People said that it was her fault." She clasped and unclasped her hands. "It was."

"You think that she ought to have married him! To have sacrificed her—your principles?"

"I think the sacrifice was called for. She didn't care for anyone else; and she had been his intimate friend. She had sailed with him on 'the uncharted seas' for five years; taken the risk of those who sail there. And she was fond of him in her cold way, she admitted it to me; but there was a clear understanding, she said, and marriage was contrary to her principles. Oh! What's the good of 'understandings' and 'principles,' when you ruin a man's life! Your dearest friend! I couldn't have done it. I *couldn't* have done it, liking him as she did. You are very generous, professor; and very straight. I like that man's word. However remote, however unlikely, friendship means the risk of spoiling a man's life. Can I take it?"

"You cannot take it," I pronounced, "unless you are prepared to insure him against the risk; and unless he is prepared to insure you."

"But I don't want to be insured."

"Then you meet the case by insuring him. Let's be concrete and practical. You can meet the risk of our friendship by insuring me."

"Or by not embarking upon it," she observed; not, I thought, with emphasis.

"You have told me that you never quarrel with facts," I reminded her. "Have we not in fact embarked, and set sail as friends?"

"A—little way," she confessed, with a delightful flush.

"Very well," I said. "We will drop

metaphor. You are my friend. Do you wish to discontinue the friendship?" She shook her head. "But you don't like the risk to me; there isn't any to you of course?" I waited for an answer; but I did not obtain one. "Will you spare me the risk? Insure me?"

"I don't see—" she began.

"Oh, yes, you do! The insurance is that, in a contingency which you regard as very unlikely, you would not 'ruin my life'; that, if you liked me well as a friend; and did not like anyone else as anything more; and I asked you to marry me you would say 'yes.' I understood that you would feel bound to do so."

"Rather than ruin anyone's life. That was what I meant."

"I should not ask you unless it meant everything to me. Is it a bargain?"

"I—I suppose it must be. If we are to be friends."

"And we are."

She adjusted her rugs and struggled with a pillow. I lifted her head and put the pillow right.

"Are we?" I insisted, as I laid her back.

"You know we are," she said. Her voice trembled, and her eyes blinked. I drew her to me.

"Will you marry me?" I begged. "Not because you promised, but because I love you, and you love me. You know you do."

"Yes," she said with a choke. "I know I do."

We were sitting hand in hand watching the sea grow smooth, and the red sun drop below the horizon, when a white little face peeped between our shoulders; and my sister-in-law's coaxing voice whispered in our ears.

"God bless you and make you very, very happy," she said. "I wonder if you know how much I wish it, dears?"

"I wonder if you know what a good woman you are, Lucy!" I said.

"Come and sit beside us," Margaret told her. "We couldn't bear anybody else; but we shall love to have you with us, dear."

Old Bob grinned when he saw us.

"So you've scored again," he remarked, "you box of tricks!"

ACROSS THE TRACK OF SHERMAN'S ARMY

BEING EXTRACTS FROM THE WARTIME JOURNAL OF A
GEORGIA GIRL

BY E. F. ANDREWS

THE following article is an extract from a very remarkable manuscript diary which has just come into the possession of Appleton's Magazine, and which will shortly be issued in book form. Miss Andrews has been persuaded to allow it to be published after she has extracted a certain amount of purely personal matter. In her charming manner she writes in her introduction that it is appalling for the gray-haired woman of to-day to read the hot-headed writing of the young girl of seventeen who was once herself. She apologizes as Philip sober for giving to the world the diary which, as Philip drunk, she wrote from day to day in Georgia during 1864 and 1865. She is the daughter of a Southerner who sympathized with the North. Her own sympathies, however, were entirely with the South, and she has recorded in her diary the events, large and small, with which the troublous times were colored, doing this with a sprightliness of narrative and a quality of literary grace as sincere as it is remarkable. Much of this diary suffered through the fortunes of war; much of it Miss Andrews, from motives of personal consideration, has seen fit to suppress. In this article, no attempt has been made to change in any way the value of the material as the personal expression of a girl of seventeen who wrote from her heart at a time when heart and head were very much in earnest. The intimate quality of the private diary introduces the reader without formality to the characters, members of her family and friends, who formed with the author a part of the stirring drama which mingled with its tragic course so many veins of delightful humor. Nowhere have these richly varied human emotions found a more sensitive narrator than in the Georgia girl of this diary.

The extracts here given will be followed by others, telling of the passing of the Confederacy and the arrival of the victors.—EDITOR.



WEDNESDAY, March 8, 1864. I went up to Americus yesterday, with Flora and Captain Rust, to see Cousin Bolling about my eyes, expecting to return to Gopher Hill on the afternoon train, but Cousin Bessie insisted that we should stay to dinner, and her attempt to have it served early was so unsuccessful that Captain Rust and I got to the station just in time to see the train moving off without us.

I occupied Flora's room that night. Cousin

Bessie lent me one of her fine embroidered linen nightgowns, and I was so overpowered at having on a decent piece of underclothing after the coarse Macon Mills I have been wearing for the last two years, that I could hardly go to sleep. I stood before the glass and looked at myself after I was undressed, just to see how nice it was to have on a respectable undergarment once more. I can stand patched-up dresses, and even take a pride in wearing Confederate homespun, where it is done open and aboveboard, but I can't help feeling vulgar and common in coarse underclothes. Cousin Bessie has

brought quantities of beautiful things from beyond the blockade, that make us poor Rebs look like ragamuffins beside her. She has crossed the lines by special permit, and will be obliged to return to Memphis by the 2d of April, when her pass will be out. It seems funny for a white woman to have to get a pass to see her husband, just as the negro men here do when their wives live on another plantation. The times have brought about some strange upturnings. Cousin Bolling is awfully blue about the war, and it does begin to look as if our poor little Confederacy was about on its last legs, but I am so accustomed to all sorts of vicissitudes that I try not to let thoughts of the inevitable disturb me. The time to be blue was five years ago, before we went into it.

March 13th, Monday. Mett, Mecca, and I took a long drive to look at some new muslin dress goods that we heard a countryman down near Camilla had for sale. They were very cheap—only twenty dollars a yard. Mett and I each bought a dress and would have got more if Mrs. Settles, the man's wife, would have sold them. How they came to let these two go so cheap, I can't imagine. I felt as if I were cheating the woman when I paid her five hundred dollars in Confederate money for twenty yards of fairly good lawn. We stopped at Gum Pond on the way back and paid a visit. Albert Bacon gave me a beautiful redbird that he shot for me to trim my hat with.

March 31st, Friday. Mrs. Callaway gave a large dinner, and I wore a pretty new style of headdress. Cousin Bessie told me how to make, that was very becoming. It is a small square, about as big as my two hands, made of a piece of black and white lace that ran the blockade, and nobody else has anything like it. One point comes over the forehead, just where the hair is parted, and the opposite one rests on top of the *chignon* behind, with a bow and ends of white illusion. It has the effect of a Queen of Scots cap, and is very stylish. The dinner was rather pleasant.

April 1st, Saturday. There was fooling and counter fooling between Pine Bluff and Gum Pond all day. Jim Chiles and Albert Bacon began it by sending us a beautiful bouquet over which they had sprinkled snuff. We returned the box that had held the flowers, filled with dead rats dressed up in capes and mob caps like little old women. Then Albert tried to frighten us by sending a pan-

icky note saying a dispatch had just been received from Thomasville that the Yankees were devastating the country round there, and heading for Andersonville. We pretended to believe it, and sister wrote back as if in great alarm, inquiring further particulars. Albert got his father to answer with a made-up story that he and Wallace had both gone to help fight the raiders at Thomasville. They must have thought us fools, indeed, to believe that the enemy could come all the way from Tallahassee or Savannah to Thomasville, without our hearing a word of it till they got there, but we pretended to swallow it all, and got sister to write back that Metta and I were packing our trunks and would leave for Albany immediately, so as to take the first train for Macon; and to give color to the story, we sent word for Tommy, who was spending the day with Loring Bacon, to come home and tell his aunties good-by. They were caught with their own bait, and Albert and Jimmy, fearing they had carried the joke too far, came galloping over at full speed to prevent our setting out. We saw them coming across the field, and Mett and I hid ourselves, while sister met them with a doleful countenance, pretending that we had already gone and that she was frightened out of her wits. She had rubbed her eyes to make them look as if she had been crying, and the children and servants, too, had been instructed to pretend to be in a great flurry. When the jokers confessed their trick, she pretended to be so hurt and angry that they were in dismay, thinking they had really driven us off, though all the while we were locked in our own room, peeping through the cracks, listening to it all, and ready to burst with laughter. They had mounted their horses and declared that they would go after us and fetch us back, if they had to ride all the way to Albany, when old "Uncle" Setley spoiled our whole plot by laughing and yawning so that he excited their suspicion. They got down from their horses and began to look for wheel tracks on the ground, and at last Jim, who missed his calling in not being a detective, went and peeped into the carriage house, and saw the carriage standing there in its place. This convinced them that we had not gone to Albany, but where were we? Then began the most exciting game of hide-and-seek I ever played. Such a jumping in and out of windows, crawling under beds and sliding into corners, was

never done before. The children and servants, all but old fool Setley, acted their parts well, but Jimmy was not to be foiled. They bade sister good-by several times and rode away as if they were going home, then suddenly returned in the hope of taking us by surprise. At last, after dark, we thought they were off for good, and went in to supper, taking the precaution, however, to bar the front door and draw the dining-room curtains. But we had hardly begun to eat when Jimmy burst into the room, exclaiming:

"Howdy-do, Miss Fanny, you made a short trip to Albany."

We all jumped up from the table and began to bombard him with hot biscuits and muffins and whatever else we could lay hands on. Then Mr. Bacon came in, a truce was declared, and we sat down and ate supper—or what was left of it—together. After supper we made "Uncle" Aby hitch up the carriage and drive us over to Gum Pond to surprise the family there. They were all so delighted at finding they had not frightened us out of the country that we had a grand jubilee together. We counted up before returning home, and found that forty-four miles had been ridden back and forth during the day on account of this silly April-fooling. I don't think I ever enjoyed a day more in my life.

December 24, 1864, Saturday. Here we are in Macon at last, and this is the first chance I have had at my journal since we left home last Monday. At Camack, where we changed cars, we found the train literally crammed with people going the same journey with ourselves. Since the destruction of the Georgia, the Macon and Western, and the Central railroads by Sherman's army, the whole tide of travel between the eastern and western portions of our Confederacy flows across the country from Mayfield to Gordon. Mett and I, with two other ladies whom we found on the train at Camack, were the first females to venture across the gap—sixty-five miles of bad roads and worse conveyances, through a country devastated by the most cruel invasion of modern times.

As soon as we entered the crowded car, two young officers gave up their seats to us and saw that we were made comfortable, while Fred was looking after the baggage. Near us sat a handsome middle-aged gentleman in the uniform of a colonel, with a pretty young girl beside him, whom we at once spotted as his bride. They were surrounded

by a number of officers, and the bride greatly amused us, in the snatches of their conversation we overheard, by her extreme bookishness. She was clearly just out of school. The only other lady on the car was closely occupied with the care of her husband, a wounded Confederate officer, whom we afterwards learned was Major Bonham, of South Carolina.

It is only eleven miles from Camack to Mayfield, but the road was so bad and the train so heavy that we were nearly two hours in making the distance. Some of the seats were without backs and some without bottoms, and the roadbed so uneven in places the car tilted from side to side as if it was going to upset and spill us all out. We ate dinner on the cars, that is, Fred ate, while Metta and I were watching the people. The weather was very hot, and I sweltered like a steam engine under the overload of clothing I had put on to save room in my trunk. At three o'clock in the afternoon we reached Mayfield, a solitary shanty at the present terminus of the railroad. Fred had sent Mr. Belisle, one of his men, ahead to engage a conveyance, and he met us with a little spring wagon, which he said would take us on to Sparta that night for forty dollars. It had no top, but was the choice of all the vehicles there, for it had springs, which none of the others could boast. There was the mail hack, which had the advantage of a cover, but could not carry our trunks, and really looked as if it were too decrepit to bear the weight of the mail bags. We mounted our little wagon, and the others were soon all filled so full that they looked like delegations from the old woman that lived in a shoe, and crowds of pedestrians, unable to find a sticking place on tongue or axle, plodded along on foot. The colonel and his wife were about to get into a rough old plantation wagon, already overloaded, but Fred said she was too pretty to ride in such a rattletrap, and offered her a seat in ours, which was gladly accepted. We also made room for Dr. Shine, one of the officers of their party, who, we afterwards found out, was a friend of Belle Randolph.

About a mile from Mayfield we stopped at a forlorn country tavern, where Fred turned us over to Mr. Belisle and went in to spend the night there, so as to return to Augusta by the next train. I felt rather desolate after his departure, but we soon got into conversation with the colonel and his bride, the gentlemen who were following on foot

joined in, and we sang rebel songs and became very sociable together. We had not gone far when big drops of rain began to fall from an angry black cloud that had been gradually creeping upon us from the northwest. The bride raised a little fancy silk parasol that made the rest of us laugh, while Metta and I took off our hats and began to draw on shawls and hoods, and a young captain who was plodding on foot behind us, hastened to offer his overcoat. When we found that he had a wounded arm, we tried to make room for him in the wagon, but it was impossible to squeeze another person into it. Ralph, the driver, had been turned afoot to make room for Dr. Shine, and was walking ahead to act as guide in the darkness.

Just after nightfall we came to a public house five miles from Sparta, where the old man lives from whom our wagons were hired, and we stopped to pay our fare and get supper, if anybody wanted it. We stopped at this place nearly an hour, while the horses were being changed and the drivers getting their supper. There was a fine grove around the house, but the wind made a dismal howling among the branches, and ominous mutterings of distant thunder added to our uneasiness. Large fires were burning in front of the stables and threw a weird glare upon the groups of tired soldiers gathered around them, smoking their pipes and cooking their scanty rations, and the flashing uniforms of Confederate officers, hurrying in and out, added to the liveliness of the scene. Many of them came to our wagon to see if they could do anything for us, and their presence, brave fellows, gave us a comfortable feeling of safety and protection. Dr. Shine brought us a toddy, and the colonel and the captain would have smothered us under overcoats and army blankets if we had let them.

When the horses were ready, we jogged on again toward Sparta, which seemed to recede as we advanced. Dr. Shine, who was driving, didn't know the road, and had to guide the horses by Ralph's direction as he walked ahead and sang out: "Now pull to de right!" "Now go straight ahead!" "Take keer, marster, dar's a bad hole ter yo' lef," and so on, fill all at once the long-threatened rain began to pour down, and everything was in confusion. Somebody cried out in the darkness: "Confound Sparta! Shall we never get there?" and Ralph made us all laugh again with his answer:

"Yessir, yessir, we'r right in de *subjues* er de town now." And sure enough, the next turn in the road revealed the lights of the village glimmering before us. We drove directly to Mr. William Simpson's, and when Metta and I had gotten out, the wagon went on with its other passengers to the hotel. We met with such a hearty reception from Belle and her mother that for the moment all our troubles were forgotten. A big, cheerful fire was blazing in the sitting room, and as I sank into a soft easy-chair, I felt my first sensation of fatigue.

Next morning the sky was overcast, everything outside was wet and dripping from the past night's rain, and a cold wind had sprung up that rattled the naked boughs of a great elm, heavy with raindrops, against our window. As soon as the house boy had kindled a fire, Mrs. Simpson's maid came to help us dress, and brought a toddy of fine old peach brandy, sweetened with white sugar. I made Mett take a big swig of it to strengthen her for the journey, as she seemed very weak, but not being accustomed to the use of spirits, it upset her so that she couldn't walk across the floor. I was frightened out of my wits, but she soon recovered, and felt much benefited by her unintentional spree, at which we had a good laugh.

We had a royal breakfast, and while we were eating it, Mr. Belisle, who had spent the night at the hotel, drove up with a four-mule wagon, in which he had engaged places for us and our trunks to Milledgeville, at seventy-five dollars a piece. It was a common plantation wagon, without cover or springs, and I saw Mr. Simpson shake his head ominously as we jingled off to take up our passengers at the hotel. There were several other conveyances of the same sort, already overloaded, waiting in front of the door, and a number of travelers standing on the sidewalk rushed forward to secure places in ours as soon as we halted. The first to climb in was a poor sick soldier, of whom no pay was demanded. Next came a captain of Texas Rangers, who asked me to take care of his jacket and haversack while he went to look after some other business. Then came a young lieutenant in a shabby uniform that had evidently seen very hard service, and after him, our handsome young captain of the night before. He grumbled a little at the looks of the conveyance, but on finding we were going to ride in it, dashed off to se-

cure a seat for himself. While we sat waiting there, I overheard a conversation between a countryman and a nervous traveler that was not calculated to relieve my mind. In answer to some inquiry about the chances of hiring a conveyance at Milledgeville, I heard the countryman say:

"Milledgeville's like hell; you kin git thar easy enough, but gittin' out agin would beat the devil himself."

I didn't hear the traveler's next remark, but it must have been something about Metta and me, for I heard the countryman answer:

"Ef them ladies ever gits to Gordon, they'll be good walkers. Sherman's done licked that country clean. D—n me ef you kin hire so much as a nigger an' a wheel barrer."

Just beyond Sparta we were halted by one of the natives, who, instead of paying forty dollars for his passage to the agent at the hotel, like the rest of us, had walked ahead and made a private bargain with "Uncle" Grief, the driver, for ten dollars. This "Yankee trick" raised a laugh among our impecunious Rebs, and the lieutenant, who was just out of a Northern prison, and very short of funds, thanked him for the lesson and declared he meant to profit by it the next chance he got. The newcomer proved to be a very amusing character, and we nicknamed him "Sam Weller," on account of his shrewdness and rough-and-ready wit. He was dressed in a coarse, homemade suit, but was evidently something of a dandy, as his shirt front sported a broad cotton ruffle edged with homemade cotton lace. He was a Rebel soldier he said: "Went in at the fust pop and been a-fightin' ever since, till the Yankees caught me here, home on furlough, and wouldn't turn me loose till I had took their infernal oath—beg your pardon, ladies. The jig's pretty nigh up, anyway, so I don't reckon it'll make much differ'nce."

He told awful tales about the things Sherman's army had done; it made my blood boil, and when the captain asked him if some of the invaders didn't get caught themselves sometimes, stragglers and the like, he answered with a wink that said more than words:

"Yes; our folks took lots of prisoners; more'n'll ever be heard of agin."

"What became of them?" asked the lieutenant.

"Sent 'em to Macon, double quick," was the laconic reply. "Got 'em thar in less'n half an hour."

"How did they manage it?" continued the lieutenant, in a tone that showed he understood Sam's metaphor.

"Just took 'em out in the woods and *lost* 'em," he replied in his jerky, laconic way. "Ever heerd o' *losin'* men, lady?" he added, turning to me, with an air of grim wagery that made my flesh creep, for after all Yankees are human beings, though they don't always behave like it.

"Yes," I said, "I have heard of it, but think it a horrible thing."

"I don't b'lieve in *losin'* 'em neither, as a gen'l thing," he went on. "I don't think it's right principul, and I wouldn't lose one myself, but when I see what they have done to these people round here, I can't blame 'em for *losin'* every devil of 'em they can git their hands on."

"What was the process of losing?" asked the captain. "Did they manage the business with firearms?"

"Sometimes, when they was in a hurry," Mr. Weller explained, with that horrible grim irony of his that was more expressive than the bitterest curses, "the guns would go off an' shoot 'em, in spite of all that our folks could do; but most giner'ly, they took the grapevine road in the fust patch of woods they come to, an' soon as ever they got in sight of a tree with a grapevine on it, it's cur'ous how skeered their hosses would git. You couldn't keep 'em from runnin' away, an' they never run fur before their heads was caught in a grapevine, and they would stand thar dancin' on nothin' till the breath left their bodies. Did you ever hear of anybody dancin' on nothin' before, lady?" turning to me.

I said he ought to be ashamed to tell it; even an enemy was entitled to protection when a prisoner of war.

"But these fellows wasn't honorable prisoners of war, lady," said the sick soldier; "they were robbers and house-burners," and I couldn't but feel there was something in that view of it.*

* In justice to both sides, it must be understood that the class of prisoners here referred to were stragglers and freebooters who had wandered off in search of plunder, and probably got no worse than they deserved when they fell into the hands of the enraged victims who were, naturally, not inclined to view the expropriation of their silver and jewelry in the light of a "military necessity." There were doubtless many brave and honorable men in Sherman's army who did not stoop to plunder, and did what they could to keep war from being the "hell" their commander had defined it, but we Georgians were not in a temper, at that time, to discriminate.

About three miles from Sparta we struck the "burnt country," as it is well named, and then I could better understand the desperation of the people. I almost felt as if I should like to help hang a Yankee myself. There was hardly a fence left standing all the way from Sparta to Gordon. The fields were trampled down and the road was lined with carcasses of horses, hogs, and cattle that the invaders, unable either to consume or to carry away with them, had wantonly shot down to starve out the people and prevent them from making their crops. The stench in some places was unbearable; every few hundred yards we had to hold our noses or stop them with the cologne Mrs. Elzey had given us, and it proved a great boon. The dwellings that were standing all showed signs of pillage, and on every plantation we saw the charred remains of the gin house and packing screw, while here and there, lone chimney stacks, "Sherman's Sentinels," told of homes laid in ashes. Hayricks and fodder stacks were demolished, corncribs were empty, and every bale of cotton that could be found was burned by the invaders. I saw no grain of any sort except little patches they had spilled when feeding their horses and which there was not even a chicken left in the country to eat. A bag of oats might have lain anywhere along the road without danger from the beasts of the field, though I cannot say it would have been safe from the assaults of hungry man. Crowds of soldiers were tramping over the road in both directions; it was like traveling through the streets of a populous town all day. Nearly all were on foot and I saw numbers seated on the roadside greedily eating raw turnips, meat skins, parched corn—anything they could find, even picking up loose grains that Sherman's horses had left. I felt tempted to stop and empty the contents of our own provision baskets into their laps, but the dreadful accounts that were given by the people coming from that direction, of the state of the country before us, made prudence triumph over generosity.

Our next halt was near a dilapidated old house, where there was a fine well of water. The Yankees had left it, I suppose, because they could not carry it away. Here we came up with a wagon, on which were mounted several of the people we had seen on the cars the day before. They stopped to exchange experiences, offered us a toddy, and brought

water to drink in a beautiful calabash gourd, with a handle three feet long. We admired it so much that one of them laughingly proposed to "capture" it for us, but we told him we didn't care to imitate Sherman's manners.

Before crossing the Oconee at Milledgeville, we ascended an immense hill, from which there was a fine view of the town, with Governor Brown's fortifications in the foreground, and the river rolling at our feet. The Yankees had burned the bridge, so we had to cross on a ferry. There was a long train of vehicles ahead of us, and it was nearly an hour before our turn came, so we had ample time to look about us. On our left was a field where thirty thousand Yankees had camped hardly three weeks before. It was strewn with the *débris* they had left behind, and the poor people of the neighborhood were wandering over it, seeking for anything they could find to eat. We were told that a great many valuables were found there at first, but the place had been picked over so often by this time that little now remained but tufts of loose cotton, piles of half-rotted grain, and the carcasses of slaughtered animals. Some men were plowing in our part of the field, making ready for next year's crop.

Night closed in soon after we left Milledgeville, and it began to rain in earnest. Then we lost the road, and as if that were not enough, the bride dropped her parasol, and we had to stop there in the rain and look for it. A new silk parasol that cost four hundred or five hundred dollars was too precious to lose. The colonel and the captain went back half a mile to get a torch, and, after all, found the parasol lying right under her feet in the body of the wagon. About nine o'clock we reached Scotsborough, the little American "Cranford" where the Butlers used to have their summer home. Like Mrs. Gaskell's delightful little borough, it is inhabited chiefly by aristocratic widows and old maids, who rarely had their quiet lives disturbed by any event more exciting than a church fair, till Sherman's army marched through and gave them such a shaking up that it will serve them with something to talk about the rest of their days. Dr. Shine and the Texas captain had gone ahead of the wagon and made arrangements for our accommodation. The night was very dismal, and when we drew up in front of the little inn, and saw a big light-wood fire blazing in the parlor chimney, I

thought I had never seen anything so bright and comfortable before.

When Mrs. Palmer, the landlady, learned who Metta and I were, she fairly hugged us off our feet, and declared that Mrs. Troup Butler's sisters were welcome to her house and everything in it, and then she bustled off with her daughter Jenny to make ready their own chamber for our use. She could not give us any supper because the Yankees had taken all her provisions, but she brought out a jar of pickles that had been hidden up the chimney, and gave us the use of her dining-table and dishes—such of them as the Yankees had left—to spread our lunch on. While Charles and Crockett, the servants of Dr. Shine and the colonel, were unpacking our baskets in the dining-room, all our party assembled in the little parlor, the colonel was made master of ceremonies, and a general introduction took place. The Texas captain gave his name as Jarman; the shabby lieutenant in the war-worn uniform—all honor to it—was Mr. Foster, of Florence, Ala.; the Baltimorean was Captain Mackall, cousin of the commandant at Macon, and the colonel himself had been a member of the Confederate Congress, but resigned to go into the army, the only place for a brave man in these times. So we all knew each other at last and had a good laugh together over the secret curiosity that had been devouring each of us about our traveling companions for the last twenty-four hours. Presently Crockett announced supper, and we went into the dining-room. We had some real coffee, a luxury we owed the bride, but there was only one spoon to all the company, so she arranged that she should pour out the coffee, I should stir each cup, and Mett pass them to the guests, with the assurance that the cup was made sweeter "by the magic of three pairs of hands." Then Mrs. Palmer's jar of pickles was brought out and presented with a little tableau scene she had made up beforehand, even coaching me as to the pretty speeches I was to make. I felt very silly, but I hoped the others were too hungry to notice.

Mrs. Palmer had contrived to spread us a scanty breakfast of hot waffles, fresh sausages, and parched wheat coffee, but the bride, as is the way of brides, was so long in getting ready, that it was nearly ten o'clock before we started on our journey. It had stopped raining by this time, but the weather was so cold and cloudy that I found my two suits

of clothing very comfortable. A bitter wind was blowing, and on all sides were to be seen shattered boughs and uprooted trees, effects of the past night's storm. The gentlemen had had all the baggage placed in front, and the floor of the wagon covered with fodder where we could sit and find some protection from the wind. I should have felt tolerably comfortable if I had not seen that Metta was feeling ill, though she kept up her spirits and did not complain. She said she had headache, and I noticed that her face was covered with ugly red splotches, which I supposed were caused by the wind chapping her skin. We put our shawls over our heads, but the wind played such antics with them that they were not much protection. The bride, instead of crouching down with us, mounted on top of a big trunk, the coldest place she could find, and cheered us with the comforting announcement that she was going to have pneumonia. It was beautiful to see how the big, handsome colonel devoted himself to her, and I half suspect that was at the bottom of her pneumonia scare—at least we heard no more of it. I offered her some of our brandy, and the doctor made her a toddy, but she couldn't drink it because it was grape and not peach.

About noon we struck the Milledgeville and Gordon Railroad near a station which the Yankees had burnt, and a mill near by they had destroyed also, out of pure malice, to keep the poor people of the country from getting their corn ground. There were several crossroads at the burnt mill and we took the wrong one, and got into somebody's cornfield, where we found a little crib whose remoteness seemed to have protected it from the greed of the invaders. We were about to "press" a few ears for our own hungry mules, when we spied the owner coming across the fields and waited for him to come up. The captain asked if he would sell us a little provender for our mules, but he gave us such a pitiful account of the plight in which Sherman had left him, that we felt as mean as a lot of "chicken-stealing dogs" ourselves, for having thought of disturbing his property. He was very polite, and walked nearly a mile in the biting wind to put us back in the right road.

The cold and wind had increased so that we could hardly keep our seats, but the roads improved somewhat as we advanced, and the aspect of the country was beautiful in spite of all that the vandalism of war had done to disfigure its fair face. Every few hun-

dred yards we crossed beautiful, clear streams with luxuriant swamps along their borders, gay with shining evergreens and bright winter berries. But when we struck the Central Railroad at Gordon, the desolation was more complete than anything we had yet seen.

At last we found our train in the midst of a big swamp, and crowds of people waiting around on little knolls and islands till the cars should be opened. Each group had its own fire and tents were improvised out of shawls and blankets, so that the scene looked like a gypsy camp. There was a great scramble to get aboard, and we were all crowded into a little car not much bigger than an ordinary omnibus. Metta and I were again indebted to the kindness of soldier boys for a seat. We had about the best one in the car, which is not saying much, with the people jostling and pressing against us from the crowded aisles, but as we had only sixteen miles to go, we thought we could stand it with a good grace. Metta's indisposition had been increasing all day and she was now so ill that I was seriously uneasy, but all I could do was to place her next to the window, where she would not be so much disturbed by the crowd. We steamed along smoothly enough for an hour or so, until just at nightfall, when within two miles of Macon, the train suddenly stopped, and we were told that we should have to spend the night there or walk to town. The bridge over Walnut Creek, which had been damaged by Stoneman's raiders last summer, was so weakened by the storm of the night before that it threatened to give way at any moment, and it was impossible to run the train across. We were all in despair. Metta was really ill, and the rest of us worn out with fatigue and loss of sleep, besides being half famished and ravenous for our supper. Our provisions were completely exhausted; the fine grape brandy mother had put in the basket was all gone—looted, I suppose, by the servants—and we had no other medicine. Metta had a high fever, and we both spent a miserable sleepless night.

It was eight o'clock before our transfer, consisting of an engine and a single box car, arrived at the other end of the trestle, and as it had to be unloaded of its freight for Gordon before we could get aboard, it was nearly ten when we reached Macon. But as soon as the train was heard approaching, we were so glad to get out of the prison where we had spent such an uncomfortable night, that we

immediately put on our wraps and began to cross the tottering trestle on foot. It was eighty feet high and half a mile long, over a swamp through which flowed Walnut Creek, now swollen to a torrent. Part of the flooring of the bridge was washed downstream, and our only foothold was a narrow plank hardly wider than my two hands. Captain Mackall charged himself with my parcels, and Mr. Belisle was left to look after the trunks. Strong-headed men walked along the sleepers on either side to steady anyone that might become dizzy. Just behind Metta, who followed the captain and me, hobbled a wounded soldier on crutches, and behind him came Major Bonham, borne on the back of a stout negro porter. Last of all, came porters with the trunks, and it is a miracle to me how they contrived to carry such heavy loads over that dizzy, tottering height.

Across the bridge we disposed ourselves wherever we could find a firm spot—a dry one was out of the question. When Metta drew off her veil and gloves, I was terrified at the looks of her hands and face. We were both afraid she had contracted some awful disease in that dirty car, but the captain laughed and said he knew all about army diseases, and thought it was nothing but measles. When we got to Macon, Dr. Shine further relieved my mind by assuring me it was a mild case, and said she needed only a few days' rest.

We reached the depot just ten minutes after the southwestern train had gone out, so we went to the Lanier House, and I at once sent Mr. Belisle for Brother Troup, but only to learn that he had gone on the very train we had missed, to spend Christmas at his plantation.

It was delightful to get into clean, comfortable quarters at the Lanier House. Metta got into bed and went right off to sleep, and I lay down for a while, but was so often disturbed by friendly messages and inquiries that I got up and dressed for dinner. I put on my pretty flowered merino that had been freshened up with black silk ruchings that completely hid the worn places, and the waist made over with Elizabethan sleeves so that it looked almost like a new dress, besides being very becoming, as the big sleeves helped out my figure by their fullness. I frizzed my hair carefully and put on the headdress of black velvet ribbon and gold braid that Cousin Sallie Farley gave me. I think I must have looked nice, because I heard several people inquiring who I was when I went into the dining room.

MADEMOISELLE OF THE CROSS

BY LEO CRANE



HE village was proud of Old Pierre, but there were times when he became tiresome. There should be an end to the recitals of the most picturesque of veterans. Ulysses himself, had he recounted his adventures often enough, would have been a bore. Therefore, when Old Pierre commenced: "I was at Lodi when—" the man nearest the door always slipped away.

Old Pierre had two rare anecdotes. He would lead off with Lodi and end with the affair of Austerlitz and the cross. Now, though everyone had heard of Austerlitz, which was a matter of the day before yesterday, and the village was familiar with every word of Old Pierre's famous exploit, no one had ever seen the cross itself. There was some doubt in the minds of the elders as to whether or not Old Pierre had not manufactured it as a fitting climax. The age of the man justified a suspicion as to the story's truth. All that was known of Old Pierre was that he had a soldierly bearing, and that he had lost a leg, which compelled his retirement to the little house at the end of the village street, that he possessed two excellent stories well worn in the telling, and that his daughter was the prettiest girl in the countryside. Marie was tall, willowy, and fair. There was about her a certain grace of poise which kept the best of the young men at a respectful distance. She was a woman to be deserved and desired. She was the idol of Old Pierre.

But the veteran of Lodi came at last to a bridge, the crossing of which is made in silence and without pomp. Old Pierre approached this quiet place one evening in the early summer. The doctor had long since rendered his verdict. Hastily were the closest friends summoned and the priest. They assembled at the old man's bedside.

"Nanon," he called feebly to a middle-aged woman, "I give my treasure into your hands. You will see that no harm befalls Marie."

Then the priest gave the old veteran the last sacrament, and he wandered off into a period of muttering, only half conscious of those around him. About sunset he suddenly revived, and with a seeming fresh strength, though with rapidly failing words, directed that they bring to him a certain drawer from his cabinet. From this Old Pierre drew out a much soiled and crinkled ribbon.

"Marie," he whispered. As she knelt at his side he managed to place this ribbon around her neck. From it swung a pendant of some sort. Old Pierre's weakening hand slipped down the ribbon and closed over this object.

"The emperor said to me—he said: 'Have you a child?' he said—'Yes,' I said, 'a daughter.'—'She will be proud of you,' he said—'proud—like France—'"

No one of them slipped out at the door. This was the last telling. Suddenly Old Pierre opened his eyes, and looking at his daughter, said distinctly: "Marie! you will wear it always—" and his hand dropped down from her breast, uncovering the cross.

Some of them wanted the cross buried with him, saying it was an honor and that the dead should bear its decoration. But Marie kept it inside the yoke of her dress.

When a year had rolled around and summer was again on the village, the memories of this prelude had dimmed into a peaceful perspective, and the gossips began to whisper among themselves that it was high time Marie, Old Pierre's daughter, was decently married to some good young fellow. There was not a good young fellow but who wanted her, for she was full of the grace of simplicity and of sweet beauty. She and Nanon lived quietly, their lives placid and serene, in the little

house at the end of the village street, and it seemed they bothered about no one. When suitors boldly sought Marie, civil and kind was she to them, but no one of them earned her kiss. So, two years slipped away.

While life in the village was rather dull at times, the rest of the world was busy. Bonaparte's star had climbed the farthest skies. Emperor he was of the French, omnipotent, terrible, and glorious. His shadow had lengthened until it reached across the world. The glow of the sun of Austerlitz was yet around him, an iridescent splendor. No one had as yet dreamed of defeat.

The village wherein Nanon and Marie lived was just off the highroad of this glorious conquest. Many were the soldiers, officers, couriers, footmen, and horsemen streaming through it, at the opening of the fateful Russian campaign. Bonaparte himself had gone through its single street in his great road carriage, and Marie had seen his face at the window as he passed. It was a stern, immutable, yet noble face, calm, with the majesty of the law upon it. The eyes were alight with destiny. But she had not found the face absolutely without mercy. And she concluded that he was not pitiless; perhaps grand, regal, and ambitious, but not ruthless, for there was a touch of sorrow in the face she had seen at the carriage window.

About this time there came to the village a young officer. He was covered with the grime of the road, and needed a few days' rest. Permission for this much-needed repose had been granted him, since he had completed a very hard ride to the front with dispatches, and this was his return. He went through the village seeking a place of accommodation. The inn was filled with a motley collection of fellows, and he sought quiet. Then he came to the garden of the last house in the village and saw a girl. Handsome was this soldier who had carried his dispatches in a way to earn the respect and pleasure of his superiors.

"I must stop here," he said to himself, noting the beauty of the girl. An old woman came to the door of the house and stood looking at him. "Madame," he addressed her pleasantly, diplomatically, "I am a soldier."

"We have seen many soldiers," observed the woman; dryly.

"I am a soldier of France," he replied, with some tone of authority in his voice.

"A soldier of France is always welcome

here," she said, "but there is more room and better accommodation at the inn."

"I want to rest quietly. The inn is filled with drunkards and boasters who have never fired a shot or smelled powder. I thought you might have the means to help me. Haven't you an odd corner?"

"Scarcely—" she hesitated.

But then the girl looked up from the flowers. Slowly she turned to see the soldier, as if for the first time she had noticed him. Her large eyes regarded him grandly, and a great deal of the arrogant manner he had assumed wilted.

"We can manage it for a soldier of France, and a gentleman," she said, quietly. "Nanon, let him stay."

So the thing was settled, though Nanon sighed.

The proposed two days' stay of the soldier crept away into three and the beginning of four. As yet he had had no chance to see the girl alone. Always was this grave-faced old woman close by, and he cursed to himself, for the girl was very beautiful, and he had an idea born of some little experience that all fine-looking peasant girls appreciated the advances of equally fine-looking officers who had ridden hard and fast with important dispatches. Then came an opportunity for speech at last. It was morning and he had been loitering before the house. She came out to the road and seemed as if about to start on some woodland venture.

"There are rough soldiers about," he said to her. "Aren't you afraid to go alone?"

"Why should I be afraid? They are French soldiers."

"The men I have seen are apt to be rough and rude."

"I am not going far—" she hesitated, looking into the basket she carried. "Only to the wood for ferns. The garden is getting ragged and we need ferns for the church."

"May I go with you, mademoiselle?"

"Do you think you would care to look for ferns?" she inquired, with a smile.

"I am sure I should like to help you."

So he walked along at her side. They had to talk of something, and the war presented itself as an ever-important topic. Naturally this drew forth something of himself, his life, his adventures. This young French officer was not loath to recite his modest achievements, though in truth he did this modestly.

"Have you fought in battles?" the girl

asked with some interest. Often had she heard her father speak of battles, but his tales had been the crude and uninteresting stories of the ranks, while this man's words were of deeds and the men who planned them.

"Of course I have seen fighting. This emperor of ours does not give one much rest."

"He is wonderful!" she exclaimed, her eyes reflecting all the admiration she felt. "Have you seen the emperor?"

There came a momentary temptation to the mind of the young soldier to hoax this village girl. Why not relate a series of clever, exciting, and grandiloquent adventures, himself the foremost figure, and the emperor a shadow at command. He quite began to frame the first sentence, when he turned to look at her. Perhaps there was something in the calm sweetness of her face, for the words faltered on his lips, and for the moment he was confused. Then he commenced again, anew, his words evidencing his regret:

"Only once have I seen him. It was in a rainstorm. The road was muddy and filled with rivulets of water. I had had a hard ride that day, and my horse was weary and covered with slime. Sloughing along we came. Suddenly I observed a great carriage ahead. The road was very narrow and I did not care to lame my mount by going into the ditch, so I, who had no idea this was the emperor's carriage, hallooed for the driver to pull his lumbering old rattlebox aside. He was somewhat slow in performing this little feat, and I called out that important news, orders, commands, and the French army were all waiting while he blocked the road, and so on. Then I heard a voice, commanding, yet pleasant, and withal a voice to which one paid heed:

"A wet day, my comrade."

"Then I saw the emperor. I made the salute, so—my face was burning in spite of the rain. It is not given to everyone to order the Emperor Napoleon out of the road."

"I could see that his face was weary, careworn, but that he was kind."

"What is your mission to-day?" he asked.

"Orders for the officer in command at Vigot," I said.

"Success to him, and to you," he called out, before closing the carriage window. As I saluted again, I could see his pale face like an ivory carving against the dark interior. So—I have been fighting his battles for two years, and that is all I have seen of the emperor."

The young soldier laughed, but there was

some touch of bitterness in his merriment. She looked up at him wonderingly.

"I saw him—once," she said. "And in the same way, in his carriage as he was passing. He looked my way, at me—that was all."

"You have been quite as fortunate as myself, without fighting," commented the man. For a few moments he walked on without saying more; then he suddenly broke out petulantly:

"War is a jade of a mistress! I had hoped to see this emperor many times since that day—to hear of some success of the sort he wished me."

"Why, has he denied you anything?"

"A dangerous service called me here, and there, and—well, I performed each service. My name was in the dispatches. This one and that one thought I should have the cross. I had hoped for some recognition, but there was none for me."

"Did you deserve the cross?" she asked.

"I had thought so."

They entered a little patch of wood, following a well-worn path. Now the trees laced together above them and the way grew dusky.

"Does it mean that a man has performed great deeds when he has the cross to show?" she began, seeking to continue their former conversation, for the officer had grown moody and silent. He hurried into some explanation:

"Very great. Every soldier longs for the cross, you know. I had thought I had earned it, but I was mistaken. A man must be worthy, and I suppose every man at some time or other thinks himself worthy. Oh! war is a deceitful queen! Let us be happy in the midst of it—"

The girl started, for she found he was very near to her, that his sleeve touched her shoulder, that his arm was about her. She tried to elude him, her eyes showing fear.

"Do not be afraid, sweetheart," he said, lightly. "Your kiss I would not trade for the cross, and I love you—"

She had dropped her basket, and with all her strength she sought to prevent his caresses.

"You are a soldier without honor," she cried.

"I love you—I love you," he replied, kissing her. "Why, do not be frightened—you are very sweet, and I love you."

Suddenly she felt herself released, free, and she saw him wide-eyed, almost fearing. There

was a supplication in his face. His lips moved in silent questions. His hand had caught in the ribbon about her neck, and had dragged from the bosom of her dress the cross.

"You—the cross!" he gasped, holding the decoration in his hand. Then he dropped it to the end of the ribbon, after he had bent over to kiss it. She saw his hands were trembling, his lips apart.

"Mademoiselle, forgive me—" he said, stammering, confused, pale. He stepped back two paces and raised his hand in the salute, even as he had saluted his emperor. Then he spun about and left her.

When Marie reached home, Nanon told her of the soldier's departure.

"He left this for you," she said. Marie opened the folded scrap of paper and read:

MADemoisELLE OF THE CROSS.

I beg of you to forgive and forget one who has failed to show respect to what he should have held sacred.

And, strange as it may seem, the Mademoiselle of the Cross preserved this bit of paper very carefully.

Marie could not forget the soldier. She told herself over and over again that he was a man without honor, but the handsome face of him, the abject misery of his countenance as he had saluted her that morning in the wood, she could not banish. So, as the months went on, and the salve of time blotted out many little details of that day's happenings, she found that her dreams of him increased. Had he only remained a little longer to prove himself truly penitent, she could have forgiven, she thought. And the cross was doubly dear to her now.

Then came the horrible day of the French defeat, the day of misery, to be followed by other days of tumult and depression, as the news of the Russian campaign filtered its way back through the broken lines. France mourned her dead and her bedraggled glory. And Marie sobbed more than once for the soldier who would never come back now, since France was ruined and all the soldiers of France were dead in the Russian wilderness.

But soon the remnants of the once grand army came straggling back along the highroads, worn out by the demands of that last awful campaign. Some of them struggled along far enough to see French soil, there to drop, some dying, some eagerly living for

death, now that France was dead. But soon they revived with the unconquerable spirit of their country. The emperor lived.

Into all the faces passing through her village Marie looked, watching for the soldier. He will have the cross by now, she told herself. And then she would feel certain of his death, as the faces came before her with never one that could even be imagined to be his. But ever the hope that he might have been spared as these others were spared lived anew in her breast, and she watched the faces, worn, tired faces, seamed with defeat and bitterness, lean from hunger, whipped in the scars of the wind, and sore with the bites of the frost.

One day Nanon burst into their living room and said, breathlessly:

"Do you remember the young officer?"

Marie's face became white as the wall.

"He is here—in the village," said Nanon.

And the girl gave a cry of great joy.

"But he is a prisoner," continued Nanon, sinking into a chair.

"A prisoner—of the French?"

"They have him—he is a prisoner," Nanon struggled to explain between painful breaths. "He—he was taken by his own men. They say, some of them, that he will be shot. I do not know why, since some say he was brave, but they all say that he will be shot. And they are waiting for the emperor to give his word to it—that he may be shot—"

Pale and trembling, Marie went into the street. Going to the inn, she asked for the officer in command. After some delay, she again insisted on seeing the commandant, and showed to the aide the cross she wore. This speedily arranged matters.

"You have a prisoner?" she asked the officer.

"Yes—he is to be executed, if the emperor so wishes."

"With what is he charged?" she asked.

"That is a fine point. Some declare that he attempted desertion in the face of the enemy; others, that he sought to help a skillful movement of the retreat with the troops at his command. He did this without authority. I am afraid it is a bad case for him, mademoiselle."

"I wish to see him."

"That is impossible, mademoiselle."

A moment she took for consideration. Then, determined by her pity for the man, she said:

"Where is the emperor? I may see him."
The officer laughed.

"I suppose he is in Paris. It is reported that he hurried ahead of the troops."

"I cannot go to Paris," she said, almost in tears.

"There is no time left to you, mademoiselle, since we expect a courier in the night, and, should a message come, the young officer will be free to rejoin his command, or else will be shot at sunrise. There would not have been even this delay were it not for a little affair in which he figured once on a time. His name has been mentioned in dispatches for excellent service. The emperor has not forgotten this, we know. It was thought at one time he should have the cross, but failing that"—the officer shrugged his shoulders—"he has come to this."

She saw in the man's face the inexorable obedience, the blind mechanism of the martial law's demand. What mattered anything to this merciless system, wheel within wheel, moving viciously. A man more or less, an atom, after the decimation of an army, seemed even to her a foolish quibble. Marie shuddered, and was about to go, when a cry resounded through the street. There could be heard the rumble of a carriage. She saw the size of this vehicle, and recognized it as that she had seen long ago with the wondrous face at its window.

"It is the emperor," she said.

"Very like his carriage it is," muttered the officer.

The escort of cheering men halted at the inn door. A man descended from the carriage and entered the place, walking with a quick, nervous step. Scarcely would Marie have recognized this to be the same face. The misery of greatness in defeat was now written all over it. His eyes glowed in a fever of eternal vigilance, and his manner was of the intensity of one who watches, desires, and yet has begun to fear the world. A guard walked at his side. Marie stepped forward. The soldier was about to thrust her back, when the little man turned nervously. This was a day of petulance with him. He noticed her, probably because she was a woman and pretty, probably because he saw the faded ribbon and the cross upon her breast. He stopped.

Then with a playful gesture, he lifted the cross, and with it held in his fingers, said:

"What right have you to this?"

"My father earned it," she answered.

"What right have you to wear a father's cross?"

"He is dead. I came here to place it on the breast of the man who is to be shot."

"How! What! He deserves no cross. He deserted his post." These words came crisply and decisively.

"There are those to say as much of you, sire," she replied.

"What! What!" He raised his eyes, looking into her face shrewdly.

"This man desired the cross of France," she went on, her lips almost refusing to speak the words, but her courage increasing, goading. "He tried many times to earn it. No man, sire, ever desired the cross and lived to desert his country."

The little man shook his head as if this pierced him with its truth.

"Bring in the prisoner," he ordered, brusquely.

Marie felt the blood in her grow cold at the returning tread of the guard. And what manner of man was this they led? Pale, haggard, with no trace of his once debonair carriage, no remnant of his hauteur. He had been bowed by the weight of waiting. There was on his forehead a scar, half healed.

"A grave charge," greeted the emperor.

"A false charge," said the prisoner, looking about him. His eyes took in each face, pausing when they encountered the glance of the girl. Stepping to the side of Marie, the emperor lifted again the cross from her breast. The prisoner's face flushed.

"Had I the man who earned this, I could spare you," said the emperor, sternly. "You may be worthy of it yet. I cannot deny the possibility. You are free to go."

Without another word the great man crossed the room, his head bowed down, the handicap of victories weighting him, and with his guard he passed. Marie stood a moment, facing the man she had sought to save.

"We have room at home for a soldier of France—and a gentleman," she said, with a pale little smile, as she pinned the cross upon his breast.

HAVE WOMEN A SENSE OF HONOR?

BY MARY HEATON VORSE



It would perhaps be well to explain in the beginning what is meant by the title of this article and just what kind of honor is meant. I mean that small personal honor in everyday relations which governs the business world of men, without which business could not go on on the same basis it now does throughout the countries of the civilized world.

There is an unwritten code which prescribes that a man shall keep his word; that having been told anything under the seal of confidence, his word shall be permanently binding; that the property and letters of another person are not to be scrutinized with a curious eye. These are some of the elementary forms of honor, on which is built an elaborate structure of a thousand niceties of conduct. The list of things that are not done by a gentleman is a long one; the list of things that a mere common or garden variety of man doesn't do is a long one, though perhaps not quite so subtle in its variations.

Until a little while ago, if I had been asked the question: "Have women a sense of honor?" I should have replied unhesitatingly: "Why, of course they have!" If I had been asked further: "As great a sense of personal honor as men?" without stopping to think I should have replied: "Why, more!"

There came to my notice a little series of events which made me pause; then, as my interest in the subject grew, it broadened out more and more. I observed among the people about me so many details which, though all of them insignificant in themselves, piled up into a fairly large sum of evidence. How conclusive it is I shall leave you to judge.

My interest in the subject began while I was visiting friends of mine. We were discussing our morning papers after a late Sunday break-

fast, when Betty, the daughter of the house, a pretty girl of twenty, dashed into the room.

"Do you know what Nan has done?" she said. Nan, I may explain, was a friend of Betty's, visiting in the family. "She's looked all through my bureau drawers, mamma—looked through every one of them!"

"Through your bureau drawers?" asked my friend. "Why, what for?"

"I don't know what for," said Betty. "I know she did it."

"I never heard of such a thing," said Betty's mother. "Sophie's daughter, too, brought up as she's been! But," she went on, "bureau drawers seem to have a fatal fascination for some people. Don't you know that your Aunt Eleanor always locks all the bureau drawers when she's going to have a reception, all but the top one, and she puts a towel over the things in that, and leaves on top some handkerchiefs and a few little things that might be wanted. She said she had to. Why do you suppose, though, Nancy did this?"

Mr. Gilman looked up from his paper.

"I suppose she did it," he said, "just for the reason that the other women look through Eleanor's drawers; their curiosity is stronger than their sense of honor. It's all because women haven't any standard of personal honor."

We exclaimed at that; we said the things most women would under the circumstances. When the noise of battle had cleared off a little, Martin Gilman went on, amiably:

"It's no use making such a fuss about it. That kind of honor isn't one of woman's virtues. I don't mean all men have it, either; but, if they belong to our class and haven't it, we call them cads; if they belong to another class and haven't it, they're not thought 'square.' A man can't afford not to have a sense of honor; a woman can; that's all. I

don't mean that men are better than women—they just have their own vices. Roughly speaking, you may call drunkenness a man's vice, and lack of honor a woman's vice."

"I'm sure," Elizabeth protested, "you're quite wrong. Think how men graft. You don't call grafting honorable, do you?"

"I wasn't talking," explained Martin, "of stealing. But when you come to grafting, I've known plenty of women grafters in my business. Frequently they graft from a charitable motive. They wouldn't call it grafting. They'd be shocked and grieved at the name. I come across it all the time."

"That's the sort of vague thing," Elizabeth protested, "that men are always saying. When you ask them for an instance, they can't give you one. They make wide general statements without anything to back them up."

"Well, if you want a case in point," my friend's husband replied, "I can tell you one that happened yesterday. There came to me some women who wanted me to give some furniture for a bazaar for charity. It's against the rules of the firm to give anything in this way. We do a good deal of donating of that kind—we've a certain sum set aside for it—but we can't give promiscuously to everything. I told them this, politely. Then pressure was brought to bear—oh, delicately, very delicately—and it was hinted to me that a certain lady was about to furnish her house, furnish it very elaborately, and that if I would 'cough up,' influence would be exerted that my firm should get the contract."

"Did you do it?" asked Elizabeth.

"Of course not!" he answered. "I can't exactly be bribed, can I, to break the rules of the firm?"

"Was it a very big contract?" asked Elizabeth.

"A pretty big thing, I guess," he replied, negligently.

"Well," said Elizabeth, "I don't see, if you give to some things—"

"You think I ought to have done it?" he said.

Elizabeth hasn't been married to her husband for over twenty years for nothing, and she wouldn't commit herself.

"Look here," said her husband, "I'm the head of this firm, and I've laid down certain rules which in the long run are for the good of the firm, and I'm not going to be bribed by anyone to break them. That isn't the end of the story, either. They wanted this dona-

tion from me badly. They had planned for it. Nobody else makes the same sort of things we do, and selling only wholesale, they're expensive in the market. After they had tried to bribe, they tried bullying. One dressy lady—they sent them by relays, three installments, from the church—was quite disagreeable. They had saved her for the last card. Her husband has a good deal to say about the furnishing of some pretty big things, and she wanted me to think that some contracts not yet signed might be canceled if I didn't look out. It was handed out to me very politely of course."

"Who was she?" asked Elizabeth.

Martin smiled the irritating smile of a husband, and seeing she'd lost the trick, Elizabeth retracted hastily:

"Oh, I suppose you don't think it would be honorable of you to tell."

"Don't you think," said Betty, "that people have a right to go around and ask for contributions for charitable objects? How would they get any if they didn't ask?"

"Yes, yes, Betty," said her father, with more gravity than before, "I think that's all right; but just what I don't think's square is when a woman brings any pressure to bear, when she uses her influence or position or money to make a business firm contribute what it would not have done if she had not had any of these things to offer. That's what I call grafting, in plain terms. And," he went on, "I don't think it was nice of you to come rushing in here to tell what Nan had done. I think you ought to have told your mother in private. Nan's your guest."

Betty blushed.

"Cousin Susan's like one of the family," she argued.

"Nan might have heard you, anyway," said Elizabeth.

"Oh, no," said Betty, "she's gone to church. And I don't think, anyway, papa, that it made any difference, my telling."

But Martin had had his share of virtuous conversation, and retired behind the barrier of the morning paper, feeling, I have no doubt, mighty superior; for men and women have little charity for each other's vices, and there is no time when either one sails to a pinnacle of virtue on surer wings than when discussing the other's shortcomings, though as a rule I notice it is women who soar most frequently.

In spite of being irritated by Martin's superior manner, I thought the little scene

over afterwards. There is a general consensus of opinion that women are, as a sex, nobler, more moral, and better than men, a finer article in every way. Without going into the matter much, I had vaguely agreed with the popular theory. I know that every little while a scientific book is written which shows one that the scales don't tip so heavily toward the balance of woman's virtue. Every little while we have it brought to our notice again that we have never counted in the world of art or invention; but I had always, as I said, had an unthought-out belief that in a number of larger virtues and in many of the minor ones—honor for instance—we deserve the crown.

I happened, in the next few days, to have occasion to talk with a tenement-house commissioner, a twinkling-eyed old Irishman.

"Women's all right," he said, "as tenement-house inspectors. They do all they knows. Women don't know nothing about plumbing—'ain't natural they should—and sometimes they're stupid; but all they do see, they tell straight. They don't shut the eye and shove the ten-dollar bill in their pockets. No, ma'am, women inspectors is all right."

I gathered not a little similar testimony for my own private amusement concerning women in positions of public trust. That they did "all they knew" and did not shove away ten-dollar bills for not performing their duties was a general testimony. I also happened to have a talk with a conductor on one of the suburban trains, on the subject of women trying to beat their fares.

"It's the men that beats them," he said. "Now and then a woman'll try, but she gets rattled generally. It's the men that's the cool hands."

I brought the question up not long after with an old judge, a kind old man who had long years of experience in the devious ways in which human nature expresses itself. The talk fell upon the subject of women as witnesses.

"Rarely," he said, "have I pushed women into a corner in cross-questioning as I would a man, because I learned early in my experience that almost all women would inevitably perjure themselves."

I asked him if this applied to women of all classes.

"Yes," he replied, "few women can be trusted to tell the truth. When they come on the witness stand, they have something that

they want to prove, something they want to hold back, or else they want to state more than the truth."

"I suppose you mean by that that women haven't a sense of personal responsibility toward telling the facts of the case the way the average man has? That women, in fact, have no exact sense of honor. Still it seems to me there is another side to the case."

I told him the story of the tenement-house inspectors, and the other things that have come to my notice. He thought it over.

"I think," he told me at last, "that most of these imperfect women witnesses whom I have noticed would have been able to justify themselves perfectly for their lack of truth telling. They would have all felt their lies were told for some exemplary reason. They 'felt inside themselves' that the accused was innocent, and they were willing to lie to prove he was, or they 'felt' that the accused was guilty, that he had wronged some innocent person, and they were willing to stretch the truth or misrepresent it, so justice might be done. In no case did they regard themselves as simply truth-telling machines, who were there for the purpose of giving the facts as they had seen them."

"Women," he went on, "as I have seen them, will always prove to you at length how they were perfectly justified in having pursued the course which they did. I have had women come up 'drunk and disorderly' who would be glad to tell you, if you would let them, a long story as to how it was some other person's fault that they took to drink. The idea that women are morally superior to men is ingrained in them, and they like to keep up this appearance even to themselves, so they begin by not telling themselves the truth as to why they have done anything that they should not; that is why they can perjure themselves and not call it a lie. On the other hand, taking a bribe is a concrete thing. The woman most accustomed to justify herself high-mindedly for small dishonorable acts could not find another name by which a bribe would smell sweet; the fact stares you large in the face; when you beat your fare, you beat your fare. I knew one woman, however, who told me frankly she beat her fare whenever she could, because, she said, the company was treating the public badly, and she seemed to feel, therefore, that beating her fare was a noble act. If women could be led gently to the feeling that beating fares was

in reality giving back in part to the people what the railways have stolen from them, we should soon have them riding free whenever they could.

"In the old days of railroad passes," he continued, "the tricks to which many a pure mother of a family resorted to get one were astonishing. Every congressman knows what unscrupulous lobbyists women are. They'll use everything that they have, from the frank feminine appeal to their poverty, in order to accomplish their ends; they will do it all with a cheerful *naïveté*. Nor is it possible to point out to them that their procedure has any element of crookedness in it. A man, in his heart of hearts, knows when he is crooked; he will admit to himself that he is 'working for his own pocket all the time.' But women are far too high-minded to admit, even in the privacy of their own rooms with the door shut, that their acts are anything but commendable, and if not commendable, then justifiable."

"I think you put it a little strongly," I protested.

"Would you leave your private letters around in the houses of most of your friends?" asked he, suddenly, "especially among your relatives?"

"I confess I wouldn't," I admitted.

"Don't you know many a woman who reads her daughter's correspondence under the plea that it is her business as a mother of a family to know what's going on?"

I did; and I know women who read their servants' letters for the same reason.

"Well," said the judge, "a woman reads her daughter's letters so that she may keep a watchful eye upon her child; she may also read her son's letters for the same end, and from this to her husband's private papers is only a step. Why," he said, "in any case in court where there are letters involved, it comes out over and over again that these letters have been tampered with. And there is always some exemplary reason why the letters should have been read. A man doesn't read letters not belonging to him without knowing it's a dirty trick. That's what it is, under any circumstances; there may be cases where a dirty trick is justifiable, but then, for Heaven's sake, let's call it by its right name.

"I think," he concluded, "that all this lack of small personal honor that we have been discussing in women finds its root in the

fact that women do not tell themselves the truth about themselves. No one has ever made them. A man, from the schoolroom up, is forced to look his own mean acts in the face. If he won't do it, his fellows will make him; but there is no such salutary training in the education of women. Quite the contrary. They are bred to think themselves, just because they are women, intrinsically better than men, and this is what starts the long process of self-deceit."

I sorted out my evidence. It was a pretty long list of indictments. I had been brought to see women grafting for benevolent purposes, perjuring themselves for the sake of justice, using what we euphemistically call "the feminine appeal" for gaining their ends in politics and in business, using unscrupulously their influence or position to further their own personal ends or the ends of their friends; and all with a beautiful simplicity. I had to admit their lack of honor in regard to letters, and now I came to think of it, there were other things I had to admit. It had happened to me many times in my life that I had had friends come to me, religious women of exalted piety, who had betrayed the trust that their friends had placed in them, and repeated things they should not have repeated, because they felt that it was their "duty" to let me know what was going on. In the man world, as I have seen it, if a man gives his promise to another man to keep his confidence on a certain subject, this promise is considered binding beyond the time of friendship. There are women who will keep their friends' secrets, but let the friendship cease and the secrets given to their trust are anyone's property.

I recalled only too clearly a little family tragedy of which I happened to be the witness. The brother had told his sister certain facts of his life. He wanted her advice. They quarreled, and the sister immediately told the mother and father all about it. She had long felt it her duty to do so, she said; in fact, she seemed to think that her better nature had struggled with her all along to make her tell the scrapes the boy was getting into. As soon as they quarreled, the better nature triumphed, and she told everything, and made a great deal of trouble doing it.

I know many women who automatically pump their servants who come from some friend's home. They do it without knowing what they have done. If one were to accuse

them of gossiping with the servants, they would deny it indignantly. I have had a woman take down a telephone receiver and listen unperturbed in my presence. Many a woman who will scorn to listen at a key-hole has no such scruples in regard to a telephone.

I have a relative who is a country doctor. There is one single telephone wire between him and a little village three quarters of a mile away. All the houses in the whole community give on that wire. When he was called up from any of the houses along this line, he would go to the telephone and say:

"Now, everybody but my patient put up their receivers." For well he knew that every woman who had heard the doctor's ring had flown to the telephone, to learn who was sick and why and how. Next he would say:

"There are several of you who haven't rung off yet. Ring off now, before I talk to my patient—there's three that are listening yet," he would pursue; "I shall tell their names if I don't hear the clicks of the receivers."

He would wait a minute. Then he would say:

"Anna Smith, put your receiver up so I can talk to my patient."

After this he would proceed.

I present this little investigation I have made for what it is worth. I do not for a moment mean to say that all women are lacking in personal honor, or that all men abound in it, but I do think that there is a code among men which does not exist—certainly to the same extent—among women, and where men break this code they are discredited as a woman is not. From my own personal experiences, the professional women who have been trained with men share the man's code to a far greater extent than many women of equally high ideals and purity of life who have lived only in their own homes, cherishing the notion that because they are women their acts are good.

My own conclusion is that of my friend Martin Gilman, that lack of honor in the restricted sense I have specified is a woman's vice. And again, I must agree with my friend the judge, that this will continue to be so as long as women give themselves virtuous reasons for breach of confidence of every kind.

THE GIRL AT THE WINDOW

BY JAMES BARR

ILLUSTRATED BY G. C. WILMSHURST



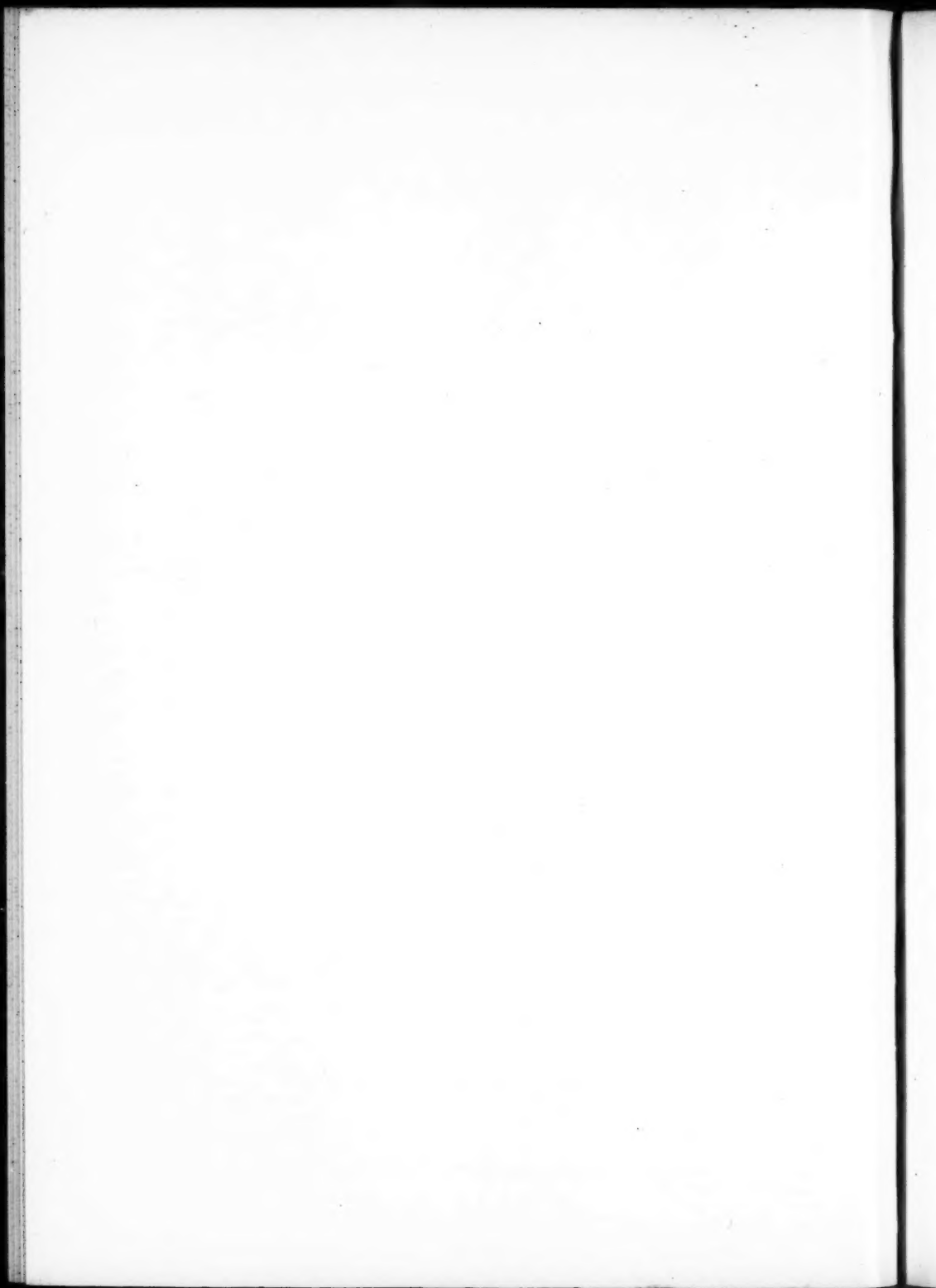
WHEN the boat express, flying to London with the passengers of the Atlantic liner *Aurora*, missed the points near the wayside station of Thornholt, Algar Livingstone crawled through the window of his third-class compartment, and finding no one seriously injured and nothing for him to do but wait, shoved his hands into his pockets and waited. Having contemplated the wreck for a time he turned to a fellow-passenger:

"Hospitable people the English. I didn't imagine they would go to all this expense to make us Americans feel at home."

Turning from the wreck, Livingstone's glance lighted upon the station standing a couple of hundred yards Londonward, the grounds surrounding the tiny red-brick building splashed in many vivid colors. Without removing his hands the young American strode along the line and soon stood among the flaming flowers. Wallflowers, Nancy Pretty, daisies pink and white, pansies, hyacinths, violets were all about him, and Livingstone noticed that the wild primrose and bluebell crept out from beneath the green hedge and ventured down to meet their tame sisters, as wild animals steal from woods to field for company. Turning to survey the station he found the deep red brick support-



"He found his sister seated in the old garden."



ing yellow jasmine, while at one corner stood a mighty clump of lilac in fragrant bloom and at another a laburnum tree, a fountain of living gold. Along the platform were placed tubs each holding a rosebush destined to develop into a tiny paradise of color.

"This beats the Dutch!" muttered Livingstone, gazing about him in ecstasy. "This beats the Dutch! I have three wonders to wonder. First, I wonder what the station-master at Sawdust City, Michigan, would say if he suddenly found himself tending this place? Second, I wonder what eminent botanist earns eight dollars a week regulating traffic here, and lastly, I wonder what a Baldwin locomotive would do if it came around a bend and suddenly saw these flowers! I wonder!"

From the vantage-ground of the platform Algar Livingstone surveyed the country round. Great chestnut trees held aloft myriad candles to light them from the sun, on every hand were laburnum trees raining gold upon the green grasses, daisies grew in scurries of white, and buttercups made acres look like fields of beaten gold. A white, firm highway wandered between thick, fragrant hedges, and afar, against the blue of the sky, stood the battlemented gray tower of a church.

"Now this is what I have read of in many books and gazed upon in many pictures, yet never until this moment realized. Here is rural England. Here is the England that cried me across the Atlantic. Here I stay."

His ticket said "London," but London had waited him a thousand years. Let the sprawling metropolis wait a little longer. Bricks and mortar or this land of colors and flowers? There was no choice. London must wait.

Guided by that practical level-headedness which distinguishes artists the world over, Algar Livingstone traveled with nothing more than a letter of credit in his pocket and a portmanteau in his hand. One half the bag contained a change of linen and utter necessities, the other half water colors, brushes, and blocks of Whatman paper, for he intended to buy his oils in London. The portmanteau he would fish out of the compartment in which he had traveled, and he would swing off along that white highway to see what he should see.

At the moment he came to this sudden resolution and when on the point of quitting the platform to seek his baggage Algar Living-

stone's eye was attracted by the appearance of a dogcart, splintering the sunbeams from its spinning wheels. A girl drove, and behind sat a precious Tiger, each brass button of him shining like a miniature sun, the tips of his fingers just touching their opposing arms, and his elbows squared in front stiff as a curb hawker's tray. Livingstone took the tiny fellow in at a glance, then, turning his attention to the girl, beheld her whip 'round from the road and bring her impatient horse to a standstill near the station platform.

"English as the landscape! Not quite so austere as I expected, yet proud and certain of herself! By George, what a face! What a figure! What a girl!"

Tiger took the head of the horse; the girl leaped lightly to the ground and came straight to the American.

"There's been an accident?" she asked, her eyes sparkling with excitement.

"I wouldn't go so far as to say that," he answered, quietly, his eyes taking in each particular of her rosy face. "There has been a mechanical misunderstanding."

"A what?" she asked, for an English girl is not on the outlook for a pleasantry at the first time of asking.

"There's been a lapse in the continuity of intention, but I would hesitate to dignify it with the name of accident. A resistible force, our engine, met a movable body, a switch, and each is thinking it over, that's all."

The smile upon her face quickly changed to a look of aristocratic hauteur approaching to scorn. This look should have wilted the artist to the shriveled state of a leaf in December, but it did nothing of the kind. It caused him to smile for the first time since he crawled out of the car window, and he watched the girl abruptly but majestically sweep the length of the platform, leap to the peremptory way, and hurry on to the pathetic train.

"That's the first face I shall paint in England," he vowed, as he slowly followed to the wreck.

Already the guard had his handbag out of the compartment and, picking it up, Algar Livingstone walked briskly back to the station, passed in front of the spirited animal attached to the dogcart, and struck out for the highroad.

The artist had taken but a dozen steps when a sound of plunging caused him to glance over his shoulder. The next instant

his bag went flying into the hedge and Livingstone found himself in the vortex of a mad struggle with a horse in a panic. At the first grab American luck favored him by securing for him a firm grip with both hands on the reins immediately behind the bit, and there, on the crunching gravel between station and road man and beast fought out a frantic struggle. Thrashed about from side to side, seldom finding the ground with his feet, his arms at every jerk threatening to part from his body, Livingstone remembered and sympathized with the poor fellow who had hold of the tiger's tail. The dogcart swung round like a hammer in the hands of a champion thrower, the hard gravel was scarred as though paved by a challenging bull, and a smother of dust enveloped the well-matched strugglers. Grimly, resolutely the two fought out a panting contest, and in the end the greater intelligence won. Seizing an opportunity Livingstone clamped his right hand firmly on the animal's nose, shutting off its breath, and soon after the horse stood still, trembling and sweating at every pore. When Livingstone looked about him there stood Tiger white as a ghost.

"You're a useful ornament, now, aren't you?" said the American, running a glance over the little fellow. "Next time you take charge of this nag throw him down and sit on his head. It was the horse you were told to watch, not the train."

The moment he had finished dusting his clothes and putting his collar and tie to rights Algar Livingstone, for the second time, came face to face with the girl. She was quite out of breath, having run as fast as her feet would carry her, and for a moment or two could not utter a word. Then she said:

"You should not have risked yourself so seriously, really you should not. You should have let him go, for he is dangerous. It was awfully plucky of you to fight it out with him."

"It was nothing," Livingstone replied, lightly. "I have waltzed with a worse partner."

"Then there's little wonder that dancing is unpopular with men," she laughed. "I thank you so much. It was disgracefully careless of the boy."

She darted an angry glance which made Tiger tremble in his boots.

"He's had a lesson, and if you really feel under any obligation to me you can pay it off by not blaming the boy."

Impulsively the girl held forth her hand.

"Train smash and bolting horse! You must look upon England as a place of sudden calamities?" she said, as they shook hands.

"The calamities have led only to pleasantnesses," he said, gallantly; and she was gone.

He watched her drive away. The horse at once made a sudden, mad plunge, but the girl quickly brought it to its senses with half a dozen square-shouldered, sawing tugs, and before girl, horse, and Tiger disappeared, no doubt remained as to which of the three was master.

"The road that girl travels is good enough for me," said the artist as, routing out his bag, he tramped off.

Along the hard, clean highway Algar Livingstone tramped, reveling in the scenes, scents, and sounds of May in England, and before he had gone much more than a mile he came upon a wayside inn recessed from the road and fronted by a semicircle of green grass across which a string of white geese waddled and gaggled. The place looked so wonderfully Old Worldish to the artist's New World eyes that he opened his portmanteau, sat upon it, and gazed at the inn in wonder and delight. There it stood, palpably hundreds of years old, a low, rambling collection of red-brick original and additions, and clinging to its walls great ropes of wistaria, the blossoms hanging in bewitching tassels of blended mauves. Between the door and a small window, whose sashes crisscrossed the panes into tiny diamonds, swung a pictured sign—a man in deadly green followed by a bright red dog—for this inn was known as *The Green Man*. The artist fell in love with that sign and the window and the majestic wistaria.

"What a chance that window offers to a modern Gerard Dou! Why not be the modern Gerard? By George, I'll do it. Instead of one of the old Dutchman's ugly Fraus my girl of the dogcart shall look out of that window. The wistaria, the ancient sign, the laughing, lovely girl, they are worth crossing the Atlantic to paint. I'll do it this very afternoon as ever was."

No diamond-bedecked clerk confronted Livingstone when he entered this hostelry. Instead, in the low-ceilinged parlor, he found a landlord so great of bulk that the puzzle was how he managed to quit or enter his own inn. The request for a room rather flabbergasted the honest alehouseman, but after a

momentous confab with "The Missis," a woman, ponderous as her spouse, Algar Livingstone found himself shown to a room the ceiling of which was the red-tiled roof. By keeping to the center of the room he discovered that he could stand upright, for then his head fitted into the roof peak. The artist lost no time in setting to upon the picture, and working hard and working successfully he, while yet the light shone strong, was able to lean back in his chair and metaphorically pat himself on the head. In his water color the window stood open; the girl of the dog-cart, her lovely arms laid along the sill, leaned well out, her laughing eyes set upon a yokel who swigged ale out of a huge, double-handled pewter pot. Above hung the great spikes of wistaria, while past the girl one caught a glimpse of pewter mugs and shining glasses. Algar Livingstone vowed he had never before done such good work.

"New faces, new scenes are tonic to an artist," he confessed.

The innkeeper was delighted. He called "The Missis," tipping her a wink bidding her to keep her own counsel, a wink that the artist, unfortunately or fortunately, did not see. "The Missis" was delighted. The delight of the worthy couple delighted the artist and he readily consented to their hanging the picture on the parlor wall until such time as the artist moved on. This done Algar Livingstone set off for a walk along a country lane.

Eagerly mine host watched his guest out of earshot, then clasped his two fat hands on his two fat sides and roared a roll of thick laughter. "The Missis" joined.

"If the old Squire caught a squint of it!" bellowed the alehouseman. "If the old Squire saw his daughter handing out a gallon o' ale to a 'ostler! What would 'e say! What would 'is friends, 'is teetotal friends say! What would everybody say!"

The thought of what would be said was altogether too much for the innkeeper. He sank into a chair, his great face pathetic from suppressed mirth.

"Is it a accident?" asked "The Missis."

"A accident? Of course it's a accident. Do you think 'e would dare put Miss Katharine in that picture if 'e knowed 'er family? Why, old Squire 'Olt is in London this blessed minute taking the chair at the great temperance conference and, and, 'is daughter is 'ere in *The Green Man* serving out beer to

'ostlers! Of course it's a accident, but *what* a accident."

The kitchen drab came shuffling in for a squint at Squire Holt's daughter. "'Andin' out ale," the hostler stood before the picture and rubbed from his close-scraped chin the one wrinkle that served him as a smile, and, as though spread by wireless telegraphy, the news flew. All that evening and throughout the next day *The Green Man* was a focus point for a perambulating population. Algar Livingstone marveled at the artistic intelligence possessed by agricultural laborers and rural tradesmen. Not a soul of them spoiled sport by confessing the real attraction.

It was early afternoon of the American's second day under the eaves of *The Green Man*. The landlord sat in all his glory, yea, more than all his glory, for he found himself surrounded by such a company as seldom graced the inn parlor. The postmaster himself was there, having furtively slipped in by the garden gate and had joined the blacksmith, the verger, and the rest of them, so that the room reeked blue smoke at its every chink. And there hung the picture of *The Girl at the Window*.

On a sudden the door was thrust open and the horrified cronies found themselves confronted by the last man on earth they desired to see, Starr Holt, the tall, broad-shouldered, boxing, fox-hunting, sporting son of the teetotal Squire Holt of Holt Hall. In his hand the young squire carried a hunting crop, its handle impatiently rapping against his right calf. Every soul in that parlor snatched pipe from mouth and got upon his feet.

A few seconds the young squire stood, attuning his eyes to the dull atmosphere, then, having singled out the alehouseman, he demanded:

"Where's the picture?"

The landlord's girth wilted several inches as he pointed the stem of his pipe to the wall. Starr Holt kicked a chair sprawling out of his way, then strode across to the fatal wall. Savagely he raised the crop to strike, but on a sudden held his hand. A long time he gazed at the water color, gradually shifting farther back as his eyes grew more accustomed to the gloom. At last he snatched the painting from the wall.

"I intended to destroy this impertinence; instead I'll confiscate it. Squire Holt will want to see it. Tell that Red Indian dauber

from me that I have taken his picture; moreover, that if I set eyes on him hereabouts after to-morrow I'll give him the finest dressing down he ever had for the liberty he has taken. Tell him that from me."

He stalked to the door, then whirled upon the landlord.

"Bloor, Squire Holt will be interested to hear of your patronage of the Fine Arts."

Poor Bloor of *The Green Man*! He wrung his fat hands and rolled his eyes over the company, searching for comfort and finding none, for all knew what it might mean to incur the displeasure of the folk at Holt Hall. The company dispersed, silent as mist before the sun.

Returning from a sketching tramp Algar Livingstone met the hostler standing on the inn green.

"Your picture's gone, zur," said the man, genially.

"Gone?"

"Yes, zur. Young Squire Holt comes and says you have no right to be a-paintin' hereabouts, and he seizes the picture and takes it to the Hall and orders you to clear out, zur."

Remembrances of Tudor days flashed across the American's mind, and he flew into as effective a passion as was to be found in that part of England.

"He seizes my picture, does he? Whose reign does he think we're living in?"

"Didn't say, zur."

"A one-cent squireen of this belated bit of the Middle Ages confiscates my picture and tells me to clear out, does he? I have no right to paint where I please, haven't I? We'll see. Where is this Hall?"

"A bit over a mile along there, zur," pointed the hostler.

Livingstone handed his sketchbook and paint box to the fellow and without entering the inn struck off for the Hall.

Before he had gone a mile his ignorance of England played him a scurvy trick. He mistook the noble vicarage for the lordly Hall. Coming to the gates of a broad-faced Elizabethan house of proportions, and surrounded by splendid grounds, the artist jumped to the conclusion that here stood the Hall of the Holts. Striding to the door he knocked with peremptory distinctness. After a rather long wait the door was flung open by a boy in buttons with a face as whimsical as a monkey's.

"Where's the organ grinder?" demanded the American with appalling bluntness.

"Beg your pardon, sir?" gasped the boy, so genuinely swept off his feet that Livingstone repented.

"I mean is the owner of the place in?"

"Have you an appointment, sir?" asked the boy, pulling himself together.

"I have, and an important one."

The boy showed the artist into the library, then made off to find the vicar, an aged gentleman whose family had held the living for a century and a half or longer. The clergyman dozed in his summerhouse, and Buttons found a difficulty in making him understand that a caller waited.

Livingstone's anger was too great to allow of him sitting down. He began pacing the room, glancing unseeingly about him. On a sudden he was brought to a standstill by a painting over the mantelpiece. A white-wigged, reverend gentleman of the eighteenth century looked down upon the American with stately, serious face. At the second glance Algar Livingstone recognized the divine touch of Sir Joshua Reynolds. A few moments he stood in open-mouthed wonderment; then there flashed across his brain an idea.

"I'll do it," he exclaimed, aloud. "I'll do it. Here is a picture that would enhance a national and create any other gallery. I'll take it. Picture for picture is fair swapping. I hope the squireen will appreciate the exchange."

Two minutes later Algar Livingstone was striding out along the highway, the Sir Joshua under his arm, having let himself out of the vicarage unnoticed while Buttons was still assisting the aged parson to his feet.

When the vicar entered the library with a querulous, "Well, well, what is it?" for he resented disturbance in the afternoon, there was no response to his query.

"Boy, boy," he shouted, beginning to peer about him, and to thrust his stick into dark corners. "Boy, boy, where did you put the visitor?"

Flabbergasted, Buttons dropped into the vernacular.

"He's did a bunk!" he gasped, then noticing the vacant place on the wall he added: "And he's, he's pinched the old guv'nor!"

Not until he had run his wrinkled palms over the wall left bare by the removal of the painting did the aged owner of the place

realize that in truth the pride of his life, his grandfather's portrait, was gone from the place where it had hung for nearly a century. The Reverend Mr. Scarlett collapsed into his great armchair and closed his eyes to numb the pains that throbbed in his brow. The boy in buttons first alarmed the household, then legged it for the rural police station faster than those legs had ever carried him.

"I wondered what was the Yankee's little game," said the constable, wisely. "I knew 'e was up to somethink. I 'ad my eye on 'im. Fancy a man coming all the way from America to paint things 'ereabouts! What's there worth painting 'ere? Nothink."

The constable, a reservoir of deep, dark wisdom, mounted his bicycle and darted off for *The Green Man* from "information received." Before reaching that interesting hostelry he overtook the American, catching him red handed. There and then the constable "pinched" Algar Livingstone, as Algar Livingstone had "pinched" the Sir Joshua.

"If a squireen can confiscate a picture I don't see why I can't do the same," said the indignant artist.

"You'll get arguing that point with their worships all in good time," answered the self-complacent policeman.

To the station marched the celebrated three, the constable, the American, and the Sir Joshua. The last was carefully hung on the wall to await its reverend owner; the second was carefully locked up to await the arrival of the justices.

When Starr Holt reached home with the confiscated *Girl at the Window* he found his sister seated in the old garden, thinking of her recent adventure. Dramatically, the young squire confronted her with the picture.

Katherine sat silent in front of her own portrait, and as she gazed upon it an expression of keen pleasure stole into her face. Presently she turned an inquiring look upon her brother. Instead of an answer she received a demand.

"When did you give the artist fellow this sitting?"

Her lack of anger made him the more angry.

"I gave no 'artist fellow' a sitting," she replied, spiritedly.

"This is plainly you," he continued, pointing with the hunting crop. "How comes it that it is you?"

His tones were hectoring and she resented.

"How comes it? That I cannot say, but this I can and do say, I am proud to be there. It is a glorious water color."

"Every sodden toper at *The Green Man* agrees with you. Between drinks this picture has been the center of admiration for the last two days."

"Then associate me with the toppers of *The Green Man*. Their admiration does them credit. If it had been an oleograph of a pugilist, the toppers might have found themselves in association with another member of the Holt family."

The girl spoke with frank defiance. She continued:

"May I ask how it comes that you have possession of this picture?"

"You may. I forcibly confiscated it, that's how. Moreover, I left word for the impertinent Yankee dauber that if I clap eyes on him in this district after to-morrow, I'll break his thick head for him."

"Yankee? Was this painted by the American who is staying at *The Green Man*?"

"It was."

Then Katherine understood. From servants' gossip she had heard that the young American who so gallantly held her horse at the station was putting up at *The Green Man*, but till this moment she had not learned that he was an artist. She saw through it all. He had studied her face and, recollection fresh in his mind, had painted her.

"You must send this picture back instantly," she said, with emphatic determination.

"What treatment for a stranger to receive at the hands of a Holt! What treatment for an artist! Impertinent? He has done me honor, and if it can be managed I shall buy this picture and keep it as a precious possession."

"Katherine, the precious possession remains my possession until father returns from London. It will then pass into his hands to do what he pleases with it. I shall not return it."

Katherine Holt wasted no other word. Ordering out the dogcart, she drove for *The Green Man*.

"I will tender the artist my personal apology. I will tell him how much I admire the picture and I will ask him to take no action till father returns, when the wrong shall be righted."

Consternation! Action had been taken

and reaction followed. The artist was already under lock and key. Others had not fathomed the American's intentions in taking the vicar's picture; Katherine divined it instantly. Turning her horse's head toward the police station, she called to the animal: "Now bolt if you like."

When the policeman beheld the lady of Holt Hall bring her dogcart to a standstill before the station he recognized that Fame, tardy of heel, had come to him at last. The first great one of the countryside stood anxious to congratulate him. As the girl entered the police station, bobby stood at stiff attention, the soul of Lecocq shining in his eyes. He would accept his laurels with becoming modesty.

Could he believe his eyes? The girl passed him by with not so much as one glance of recognition and confronted the sergeant.

"You have an American in custody?" she asked, her voice trembling with ill-suppressed emotion.

"Yes, Miss Holt. We have him secure."

"A great mistake has been made."

The sergeant glanced at the Sir Joshua on the wall.

"Yes, yes, I know all about the vicar's picture, but I also know that the whole matter is a deplorable mistake, rather a ridiculous accident. Has the American told you how he came to take the painting?"

"He said a picture had been taken from him and he returned the compliment."

"He has told you the truth, and I have come to ask you to release the prisoner. You have the power?"

"It is in my discretion to release on bail, yes," admitted the sergeant, hesitatingly. "I do not usually exercise that discretion in cases of theft."

"Neither do I usually ask you to. Now, do I? This is an exceptional case. I will furnish bail to any amount."

"Bring in the prisoner," curtly commanded the sergeant, and from Lecocq the constable sank to plain bobby. His soaring hope of distinction fell to earth like a stricken eagle.

Forgetting, for the first time in his official life, to answer "Yessir," he stumped off and soon returned with Algar Livingstone, who wondered what new outrage was intended. The artist was about to speak, and speak to the point, when he caught sight of the girl of the dogcart, and held his peace.

"Miss Holt has gone bail for your appearance when called upon," said the sergeant, quietly.

Algar Livingstone turned to the girl and found her hand held forth to him again.

"You held my frenzied horse. I have taken impetuous justice by the bit for you," she said, smilingly.

"And I shall not bolt," he answered, his indignation scattering to the winds.

"Thank you, sergeant." The girl bowed, then, turning, led the way to the dogcart and jumped up.

"For a change will you give yourself in charge of me?" she asked, making room for the artist.

"There are limits to my Declaration of Independence," he said, swinging himself up beside her.

Chatting with great animation, and laughing heartily now and then, the two drove to *The Green Man*. Next day Squire Holt, just down from London, looked in at the inn, an unprecedented condescension, and the same evening the American's baggage, that one precious bag, went up to Holt Hall and was deposited in a large well-lighted room not quite so near the roof as the room at the inn.

Two months later and Algar Livingstone had finished the portrait in oils of Katherine Holt, which attracted great attention at the next year's Royal Academy, and within the year the aged and Reverend Mr. Scarlett officiated at the last marriage service it was destined he should celebrate, the wedding of Algar Livingstone to Katherine Holt. And when the will of the vicar came to be read, the American artist found himself the possessor of one portrait by the immortal Sir Joshua. He hung it over against *The Girl at the Window*.

THE IMPOSSIBILITY OF LIVING ON ANYTHING A YEAR

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN



IN nothing a year, we know it is possible to live, provided the circumstances are favorable and the wit to do it adequate. Becky and Rawdon managed it, and a famous chapter in fiction tells how. In the newspapers, from time to time, we read marvelous stories of its being done, and hear other stories that the papers don't get. As a rule the stories don't end well, either those we read or those we hear; but that is only a detail. The thing can be done, sometimes for long periods of time, and the living, while it lasts, may be very luxurious and expensive. Very commonly, indeed, it is pyrotechnic; a rocket flight, admired of beholders: *sisssss*—a long reach skyward; boom!!!—a glory of stars; *ahhhh!!!*—and somewhere a stick falls in the night, and perhaps a reporter picks it up.

It can be done, but it is not quite normal, and therefore not a very important subject for thought. The great mass of folks, if they live, must have something to live on; and their success, complete or partial, in living on what they have, or their failure to do it, is among the vitally important concerns of life: immensely important, economically, morally, spiritually, every way. The times have been good and now are bad. What ails them? Mainly this: the impossibility, demonstrated by the practical experience of enormous numbers of us Americans, let alone residents of foreign parts, of living on anything a year. We have all, practically all, had something a year to live on. Many of us have had more than we ever had before in all our lives. But whether we have had more or less, a much too large proportion of us have found it impossible to live on it.

Consequently, instead of accumulating capital we have accumulated debts; and have gone on accumulating them until the other day—*ahhh!!!*—there was a far-off sound in the blue empyrean, and something dropped.

Moralists tell us that we human creatures never stand still; that we are always moving either up or down, getting better or getting worse; gaining ground heavenward, or progressing the other way. Cities do not stand still. Either they gain in wealth and population, or they fall behind. A business, we are used to hear it said, must be either growing or diminishing. There is no keeping at the same point in business. So it is, I dare say, with people and their incomes: they are either spending appreciably more than they have, or saving money. Which of the two it is depends a little on how much the income is, but a great deal more upon the attitude of the mind. Thrift, that brilliant virtue, is the condition, become chronic, of liking money enough better than other objects to retain the money, and get along without the other objects, or defer their acquisition. The consequences of this condition are such details as getting along without superfluities, and making what we have go as far as we can. People whose minds are hard set on thrift, save at almost all times, and under almost all circumstances, and find their pleasure in it; and though their expenditures increase, very properly, with their incomes, their margin of savings increases still more, until, so progressing under the control of reason, they arrive at last at the ecstatic condition of having everything they want and getting richer every day.

Of course there are hazards about this way of doing. Over-enthusiasm in it may lead to such a pinching off of wants in the bud that not enough may develop to make life

interesting; for to come to a solvent maturity without wants must be almost as annoying as to arrive at old age without any children. This is liable to happen to people of ability, who, starting very poor and economizing perforce in early education, grub along hard and thriftily and ably until with good luck they find themselves with plenty of money but an aching dearth of profitable wants, and too old and set in habits to develop some. Examples of this miscalculation are not rare, but they are not as comforting to philosophical observers as they ought to be, because the victims, being disciplined persons and trained in a hard school, usually plod along with unconscious stoicism, either ignorant that anything ails them, or consoled by indulgence on a larger scale than ever of the habit of acquisition which it has been their life's work to perfect.

Thrift may overreach itself, but it usually happens the other way. It is the development of wants that is overdone. To the majority of us, as day after day we look first at our money and then at the importunate desires that the money could help to allay, the satisfaction of the desires looks better than the money. It is not at all that we are afraid we shall not develop wants enough to make our old age happy, for when we worry about our declining years it is for fear we shall be in the poorhouse, wanting everything. If having ordinary prudence we let go of money that we ought to keep—of all our income and something more—it is apt to be either because we expect to have a larger income presently, or a more convenient chance to save. That neither of these expectations is well founded makes little difference. Our expenditure depends partly on what we have, but largely on how we feel, and that is why in prosperous times extravagance soon outruns even prosperity. In such times people actually have more to spend and spend it; but besides that they have inflated expectations and they spend them too. Get a large proportion of the people of the country to doing that, spending what they have—much more than usual—and part of what they expect to get besides, and of course the demand for what they want quickly begins to strain the supply. Prices go up, everybody has to pay more for everything; and folks on fixed incomes who used to save money can only keep up the habit by increasing self-denial.

One would think that money would be saved in prosperous times when there is plenty of it about. But no, that is not the time when it is saved. It is then that it is spent. Everybody spends it—governments, railroads, corporations, capitalists, housekeepers, house builders, collectors. People expand their wants in such times, and satisfy some of them, and then is when it is most of all impossible to live on anything a year. But after all the money has been spent a few times over and has begun to be scarce, and borrowing has come to be a serious matter, and folks have much less to spend and no expectations; then everybody groans and begins to save, not only trying desperately to squeeze back inside of the bounds of income, but to pay back what was spent in expectation of a time when saving would have become convenient.

To most of us that time never comes. And yet there are things for which we spend more than we can afford, that really do justify our expenditures, so that after the money has been spent and we are pinched for the lack of it, we would still rather have what it bought than have the money back.

It does not appear that Ebenezer Webster and his courageous wife ever regretted the excesses of expenditure which they incurred in buying education for their sons Ezekiel and Daniel. If they had been willing to get what they could out of the two boys, and limit them to such advantages as they could reasonably afford, they might have had a vastly easier approach to old age. But Daniel seemed likely in his mental parts, and Ebenezer—coming into the profitable employment of side justice of the Common Pleas, with a three- or four-hundred-dollar increase of income just as Daniel reached school age—succumbed miserably to temptation and sent Daniel off to Exeter to school, and later to Dartmouth College. And Daniel, no thrifter than his father, no sooner got a fair bite of education himself than he insisted that his dear elder brother, Ezekiel, should also partake of the expensive dainty. The whole family went on into further extravagance and resulting debt and hardship to qualify the other boy to rise in life. It made very hard work for Ebenezer and his wife. Neither they nor the boys themselves ever got over it. Ebenezer died at sixty-seven a worked-out man, bequeathing to his son Daniel, then a country lawyer, who supported him in his

closing years, a legacy of debts. But he had had the gratification of seeing Daniel's progress through school and college and to the bar, and had heard him make his first speech in court. He seems never to have wanted back the money he had expended on him. The mother lived ten years longer. When she died in Ezekiel's house, Daniel had come to be a member of Congress. Neither did she want the money back. By the time Daniel inherited his father's debts he already had debts of his own, for having nothing to start with, he was a borrower from the beginning. He finally paid the father's debts, but getting used to debt early in life, he formed a habit of it, which he kept up to the end of his days, and which was a great sorrow and expense to his friends, though not entirely without consolations to himself. But not even this distressing habit or the embarrassing propensity to have what he wanted at all times whether he could pay for it or not, availed, so far as appears, to make him regret that expensive taste for education in his father which was the root of the whole difficulty.

So sometimes it does seem to pay to plunge into expenditures that one's income does not really warrant. The chance to educate young Daniel was a now-or-never opportunity. Education can be deferred, but not very long, and the need of catching it while it is still attainable is one of the commonest reasons why anything a year is impossible to live on. The other reasons are apt to be akin to this one. If we are decently provident we are slow to commit excesses of expenditure for things we can postpone, but much readier to commit them to secure what looks like a great investment, or a great bargain, on which we have only a fleeting option. We want the things which we shall lose forever if we don't strain a point and get them now: the house that will be indispensable in a year or two, and is so much cheaper now, and then all the things that go with it and that belong to living in it. The having things to match and making the details of living conform to the general scale and scope

that we affect are astonishing allurements to the expenditures that exceed income.

Most insidious of all is the perfectly natural propensity to want and to cultivate associates and friends that suit us, to keep in touch with old friends whom we like, and to gather unto ourselves such new ones as day-to-day life may offer. That comes to having a place in the world and keeping it, and when one has, or thinks he has, a place worth keeping, and one that his children may like when he has finished with it, he does not immediately let go his hold on it because beef goes up five cents a pound, or eggs ten cents a dozen. It is worth a good deal to be a social being with habitual relations with one's fellow beings, and command of machinery to facilitate them; life is pleasanter so; but it tends to restrict liberty and promptness of action, and to retard changes and economies that may in themselves be clearly advisable.

If we have perched too high, and must come down, it is much less rasping to have company in the descent. When a flock of birds leave a tree and descend upon a field, it is a pretty sight and cheerful; but when one poor bird is knocked off a limb by a missile, it hurts, and is depressing. It was said in perfect soberness six months ago that there was acute discomfort among folks who had been reduced from affluence to fifty thousand a year. But it helped them, no doubt, to feel that they had so many companions in economy. When everybody is shaken down by the same jolt, all keep their relative positions, and that is a profound solace.

Ah, well, when incomes all around cease to be adjustable to the scale of living, the scale of living has to be adjusted to incomes. Diamond dealers in New York are in trouble because nobody is buying diamonds, and Washington says that champagne is about to be marked down twenty per cent. Vainly the snare is set in the sight of the bird. We have all repented, and what we want now is not cheaper diamonds or cheaper champagne, but cheaper milk and eggs and meat and cheaper Bibles.

JEBB: AND THE LIGHT-DEVILS

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH



T was beginning to spit rain out of a sky of velvety blackness when Engine-man John Jebb, still rubbing the sleep from his eyes, stumbled across the many-tracked Castle Cliff yard to the roundhouse. It was past midnight. The switching engine, with fire banked, and a leaking throttle singing softly through an open cylinder cock, stood in the shadow of the coal chutes; the night crew had finished its work and had gone home, and the yard circuit of masthead electricis starred an area of silence and desertion.

Time was when Jebb, crossing the yard to take his engine for the night run, dwelt normally upon the sizzling arcs overhead; which is to say that only their absence would have recorded a conscious impression. Of late, however, since he had been promoted to the "Flyer" run and had been given the new, electric-headlighted 1013, he was becoming unpleasantly aware of them in the yard crossings. Their scintillating stars dazzled him, and he found himself looking purposefully elsewhere as he dodged the blockading cars on the sidings; preferably into the soft upper blackness which answered to the eye plunge as a cooling bath to a parched skin.

The night repair gang, idle between engine arrivals, was lounging on the tool-room benches when Jebb reached the roundhouse and went in to light his torch. In the smoky dimness of the place he kicked the "doper's" clumsy wooden stool and sent it flying.

"Why in blazes don't you fellows light up in here?" he barked angrily.

"Sure, we would if we could," said McGlanahan, the little Irish boilermaker. "'Tis a dom poor light these teapot lamps do

be giving, and that's the truth, Misther Jebb."

There was a momentary hush in the tool room when Jebb lighted his torch at one of the "teapot" lamps and crossed to the pit track where the 1013, a huge compound "Pacific type," stood crooning the low overture to the steam song of the black mountain passes.

"Jebb's gettin' cussedder at every trip, now," remarked Ettrick, the air-brake repairer. "What's eatin' him, 'ye reckon? Miss Josephine been givin' him the back of her hand?"

Stevens, the fat boss machinist, wagged his beard. "'C'n search me," he offered. "Bloodgood and some o' the others lay it on the new time card. Jebb's been on the carpet, with 'Little Millions' dancing on his collar, twice for not makin' his schedule with the 'Flyer.'"

Larkin, the second machinist, removed his pipe to say: "I hain't got much use for a runner that's lost his sand. Now, when I was pullin' the 'Limited,' on the old I. B. and W.——"

A chorus of groans, in which even the wipers and the "dopey guy" joined, cut the tale short.

Jebb heard the groaning chorus and seemed to take it as a personal affront. Struggling into his overclothes, he bullied his fireman for not having the oil can ready to his hand. Afterwards he went slowly around the big compound, prying and peering and testing as if looking for trouble which could be charged to the neglect of the repairers. Failing to find it, he climbed to the cab and sent the 1013 clanking out upon the turntable.

It still lacked twenty minutes of the fast



"You're good to me, John—too good. But I must earn the money myself."

train's scheduled arriving time when the compound, stabbing the soft darkness with the white beam of its electric, purred up through the yard to its waiting stand at the eastern end of the station.

The station dining room was closed; but the waiting rooms were open and lighted, the usual few who eat and drink at all hours perching on the stools at the lunch counter. Jebb left his engine and went in to become himself a percher on one of the high stools; the one nearest to the cash-register desk. A pretty, sober-faced young woman came down from her place at the cashier's wicket to get him his cup of coffee.

"You no need to be waiting on me," said Jebb, when she had served him. "It's tough enough for you to have to sit up and punch them keys at this time o' night."

"Oh, I have plenty of time off," she answered cheerfully. "I can sleep between the day meals."

"But you don't," he complained sourly. "When are you going to take your time check and let me put you where you belong, Jo?"

She shook her head slowly, a little sadly, perhaps. It was at such times as this, when Jebb had the midnight run out, that she found her fortitude least responsive.

"Not yet, John; you know I can't—not yet."

He took a gulp of the scalding coffee.

"How much is it now?" he asked.

"It's two hundred and eighty-five dollars; only a little more than half."

"And how long've you been chewin' on it?"

"Six months."

"Six months!" he exploded. "And it'll take six more, and then some."

"Yes; but it's all right, John. I shall never be able to thank Mr. Upham enough for giving me a chance to work it off."

As on any one of a dozen previous and similar occasions, Jebb dug into an inside pocket, fished out a coal-grimed and well-thumbed savings-bank pass book, and pushed it across to her.

"There's four times as much as you need in there: take it and square the deal. I'll never believe your daddy took it; but that's past and gone, and he's gone, and you're dead set on payin' it back. All right; pay it back. It'll only mean that we don't get quite so many chairs and bedsteads and chicken fixin's for one o' them little houses that Doc Wester's building to rent up on Butte Street."

The young woman flushed, shook her head, and returned the pass book.

"You're good to me, John—too good. But I must earn the money myself."

"But why?" he argued. "It ain't paying a debt, Jo. For you to pay it back is mighty nigh like admitting that your daddy took it."

For a moment she hesitated, and the flush deepened painfully. Then she leaned toward him with the light of utter honesty in her eyes.

"Listen," she said. "I've never told anybody else—I haven't admitted it even to myself. But John: he was staking a man named Giddings, who has a mine back of Chrysolite. Giddings wanted more money: I heard him tell father it was five hundred dollars down, or they'd lose everything."

Jebb nodded gravely. "And five hundred dollars was just what your daddy checked up short. In spite o' that, I'm all in on the other side, Jo. Your daddy got me my first job—wipin' engines in the old Chillicothe roundhouse back in Mizzoo. I don't forget that."

The gray eyes were loyal bright when they met the glow of the brown ones under the visor of the shop cap.

"I'm on that side, too," she rejoined. "I should die if I couldn't be. But the cloud is on his name, just the same, and I must take it off—with my own money."

He let it go at that and absently put a second spoonful of sugar into his coffee. It was a well-trampled battlefield between them. Barton, the father, had been agent at Oro what time Jebb was running ore trains on the branch, and Josephine was her father's day operator and assistant. Their courtship had grown as naturally as courtships do in real life: Jebb was big and strong and handsome; the agent's daughter was pretty and sensible, with ambitions domestic and housewifely.

So they had come together as inevitably as the birds mate; unhastily, and with definite plans well considered. They would wait until Jebb had a main-line run, and had demonstrated his ability to earn good money and to save it. Then they would marry and settle down and live happily ever after.

Thus ran the river of hope through the pleasant vale of anticipation in the happy summer of ore-train pullings. In September Jebb had been advanced to a fast-freight run on the main line. In November he had

made the passenger rank, and was in line with the best men on the division; a little in advance, perhaps, since, in addition to the steadiness born of his engagement to Josephine, he had the high mechanical gift of making a poor tool do good work.

It was early in the spring that the blow had fallen at Oro. Barton had one day checked up in his station accounts short by five hundred dollars. The shock of the auditor's discovery had struck the old man dumb. To all questions he could only reply that the money had been locked in the safe. The end had come quickly—a few days of misery, the payment of the shortage by the insuring bond company, a threat of prosecution, and an old man found dead in his bed. "Heart failure" the doctors had said, but Josephine knew that the heart was broken.

Upham, the superintendent, had found a place for the orphan as cashier for the hotel department at Castle Cliff, Jebb disapproving. Having a good run and money in the bank, Jebb thought proudly of Josephine's determination to square accounts with the bond company, and less well of "Little Millions" for allowing her to do it. As to this, even Josephine was in doubt. If the snappy superintendent knew, he made no sign; and as time rolled on, Jebb had troubles of his own.

It was of these troubles that Josephine spoke when a boy from the dispatcher's office chalked the overdue "Flyer" up as ten minutes late.

"Is the new time card any easier to make now, John?" she asked, noting his scowl for the bulletin-board announcement.

"Not for me," he denied. "I was twenty minutes off again last night, and 'Little Millions' had me in the sweat box for it. It's the mail contract; it costs the company one hundred dollars every time we miss getting that train to Denver on the dot."

"Perhaps it's the 1013," she suggested.

"No, the engine's all right; it's me," he frowned. "I'm losing my nerve."

She smiled incredulously.

"When that happens, you'll be in the hospital, and I'll be nursing you," she asserted. And then, with a sudden note of apprehension in her voice: "You are not sick?"

"I guess not," he laughed. "I eat and sleep as well as ever. Just the same, Jo, I tell you I'm losing my sand: I can't hit 'em up with the 1013 like I used to."



"If you can't make your time, I'll have to give your run to somebody who can."

There was a cash-registering interruption, and when Josephine came back, the mellow chime of the incoming train was vibrating in the air.

"That's me," said Jebb, sliding down from the high stool. "So long, little woman; be good to yourself," and he was gone.

A "Pacific type" one-hundred-and-ten-ton compound, pulling a heavy train uphill on a quick card, does not give its fireman much time for reflective side issues. None the less, on this night of velvety skies and spitting raindrops, Gifford, Jebb's understudy, saw things not connected with his proper business of keeping the steam-gauge index at two hundred pounds pressure.

The unconnected things centered in the singular behavior of the big man humped on the right-hand box. On the new card the "Flyer" made few stops and was practically given the right of road. Station after station the signals stood at "Clear"; each an unwinking eye of white with the red below it. Gifford, swinging rhythmically back and forth between tender and fire door, saw Jebb crouch and grip throttle and air-brake lever as each pair of signals sprang out of the darkness ahead; and not infrequently the throttle went home with a sudden shove, only to be

jerked open again hastily as the signals hurtled past.

Gifford kept his own counsel, as an understudy should; but when the 1013 stormed out of the upper portal of Black Rock Canyon to deliver her train at Chrysolite to the engine of the Mountain Division, he was not surprised to find that the "Flyer's" loss had increased from ten to twenty-five minutes.

As a matter of course, Engineman John Jebb found his third summons awaiting him when he reached Castle Cliff on the return run. He went up to the superintendent's office just as he was—in his overclothes, and with wide-staring eyes showing in the coal grime on his face like two burned holes in a blanket.

"Little Millions" was rocking gently in his swing chair when the door opened to admit Jebb; rocking and twirling his eyeglasses by the cord, signs which the rank and file had come to recognize as the precursors of a storm. But this time the storm lacked the usual accompaniments of thunder and lightning. The superintendent merely held up three fingers and said, with something of the coldness which in the beginning had made him the most hated official on the line:

"'Three strikes and out' has been the rule

on this road, Jebb, and you've had your third whack at the ball. What's the matter?"

Jebb was crushing his cap in his big hands. "I don't know, Mr. Upham; and that's God's own truth," he said slowly.

"But you must know. The other men are saying that you have lost your nerve. Is that it?"

Jebb, eyes on the carpet at his feet, shook his head. "I don't know," he repeated.

were the bitter penalties wrapped up in the superintendent's sentence. The big engineer was inarticulate, after his kind; but even the dumb can suffer.

At the door the master halted him.

"There is just one possible excuse for you," he said, less harshly. "Are you sick?"

Jebb, with his hand on the door knob, paused long enough to consider. "No; I ain't sick," he said, and he went out.



"All clear, John!"

"Then find out!" snapped the superintendent, losing patience at the unresponsiveness of the culprit. "I'll be plain with you, Jebb: if you can't make your time, I'll have to give your run to somebody who can."

There was the look of a tortured animal in Jebb's eyes when he turned away and felt for the gate in the counter railing. To lose his run and his engine; to take the fatal step down and backward on the steeply inclined ladder of promotion; to become the butt and gibe of the roundhouse and the road: these

Twelve hours off and a day's work on was the unwritten law of the D. and U. P.; though the other rule of "first in, first out," sometimes cut the lay-over short; and Jebb had his full allowance of sleep before the call-boy summoned him to take the midnight run east on the day of reproving.

As at other times, he turned out promptly and stumbled across to the roundhouse, rubbing his eyes and testing them reluctantly against the glare of the masthead electrics.

"They're devils," he muttered, with a half-

fearful glance up the yard pricked out like an illuminated map by the scores of switch lights: "Big devils and little devils, white-eyed and green and red. I wouldn't care so much if the damned little imps would quit winking and changing colors on me!" Then he shut his fists and swore hardily. "God Almighty! I'll keep on saying that till I believe it, and I *know* it ain't so!"

The night gang was working on a disabled engine, and there was no one to remark it when he blundered and stumbled in the dark tool room in search of a torch. Gifford was on hand as usual, silent and helpful, and presently the big compound bumped out over the turntable. In the yard Jebb did an unprecedented thing.

"Take her up to the station, Billy," he said; "it's time you was learnin' how to handle her," and when the 1013 rolled past the passenger platform, he dropped off and went in to the lunch counter for his midnight cup of coffee.

Josephine came down from the cashier's wicket and served him herself, as she always did. There was troubled joy and unjoyous trouble in the gray eyes when she gave him the cup and let his big fingers close for an instant over hers. A personal telegram from the superintendent, whose service car was at Chrysolite, accounted for the anxious joy; and for the sorrow, there was the gossips' story of Jebb's third summons to the "sweat box."

"What was it this time, John?" she asked, going at once to the heart of the matter.

"Same old sore," he returned. "Only this time I got the 'P. Q.' If I can't make my time, I can come off the perch and let some other fellow make it—pretty quick."

She was plainly shocked. As a member of the great railway family, born and bred in the service, she knew well what the carrying out of Mr. Upham's sentence meant. Her big, handsome lover, her tower of strength, would be a broken man.

"John, I believe it would break my heart," she said quietly.

"Mine's busted now, Jo. 'Little Millions' wasn't fierce at me; he just laid down the law. If I couldn't make the 'Flyer's' schedule, it was up to me to come off. I didn't have a blessed thing to say."

"But why, John?—why?" she insisted.

"It's just as I was telling you; and as I couldn't tell 'Little Millions': I'm losing my

sand, 'r my mind, one o' the six. Even Billy Gifford's onto it."

Again she begged for his confidence, striving in loving despair to be at the reason of the reason; but in the field of details he confessed defeat.

"If I could name it and chase it down, I'd break its neck and that'd be the end of it," he declared; then, abruptly: "You knew old Bob Yarnell, up at Oro? Maybe you've heard him tell about seeing things—after one o' his high-winders?"

She nodded. Yarnell had been one of her father's purse burdens.

"That's me," he said gravely. "I don't drink old Yarnell's kind o' liquor; but I see 'em, all the same."

"What are they?" she asked, awe-sobered.

"Devils," he rejoined calmly; "devils sittin' on the switch stands and climbin' up on the semaphore arms. I see a 'clear' signal, and I *know* it's a 'clear'; white over red. Then, just for the crazy half of a second, one o' them imps'll chase up the pole and make me see two reds; and by that time I'm shuttin' her off and grabbin' for the air. You don't need to be told what a few breaks like that means for a train speeded up to the last wheel turn. I *can't* make my time!"

The young woman glanced up at the clock on the opposite wall, slipped away to lock the tiny safe under her cashier's desk, and appeared again to Jebb in coat and hat and drawing on her gloves. There was a purposeful light in her eyes when she said:

"I meant to tell you: I have a lay-off and a pass, and I am going up the road—to Chrysolite. Take me on the 1013 with you."

At first he said no, having the devils and their possible doings in mind. Then, when she insisted, he thrust his arm under hers, walked her out to the stub track, and lifted her to the footplate of the compound just as the "Flyer" thundered in from the west.

"What you going to Chrysolite for?" he demanded, beginning to make Gifford's box comfortable for her.

"I'm going on a wire that came just after supper. I'll tell you all about it when we get there. I shall want you with me." Then, when she saw what he was doing: "I don't want to sit on Billy's box. I want to ride with you."

"Why, of course you do," he said; and he lifted her to his own cushioned seat behind the reversing lever.



"Ob! please, Mr. Upham! May I go and tell him now—this minute?"

By this time the main line was clear for Jebb to pull down and couple to his train. Opening the starting valve of the compound, he gave the engine steam ahead. A yard-man stood at the switch, and the eye of the signal light flicked from the main track "white" to the stub track "red" to let the 1013 out. The compound was halfway down the stub when Jebb suddenly leaned forward to stare at the switch light. Josephine saw, and caught his hand as he was about to jam the throttle shut.

"It's all right, John," she said steadily. "Did you think it wasn't?"

He made no reply in words, but she saw his face in the light of the gauge lamp. It was a moment of terrible revelations, and while it endured her world crashed into chaos. But the fine fortitude which was her best gift had come steadfastly to its own when she said, without a tremor:

"You can't see anything out ahead with

me sitting here in your way: let me call the signals for you, John—for this one time," and when the switch was passed, she was leaning out of the open cab window to give him the word to back to the waiting train.

That was the beginning of the record run of the "Nevada Flyer." When the conductor's cry of "All aboard!" lifted itself above the clamor of trucks and the shouts of the express checkers, Josephine glanced at her watch. The train had been given to the D. and U. P. at the west end fifteen minutes late; it was still fifteen minutes late.

"Go!" she cried from her lookout window; and when the first shuddering exhaust from the stack sobbed into the night, she faced about quickly to add: "All clear in the yard!" Jebb, from sheer force of habit, would have looked to see for himself, but she pushed him aside in mock petulance. "I'm on this part of the job," she reminded him. "You run the 1013, and make it go!"

Gifford, spreading his fire judiciously against the time when speed and grade would combine to make him the brother to a wet rag, saw a curious change come over the man who had latterly seemed to be running on bare nerves. Jebb appeared to forget the track ahead, giving himself wholly to the goading and coaxing of the 1013. A compound is delicately responsive to skillful driving; "woman engines" they called them on the D. and U. P. when they first came in; and when it came to getting the final wheel turn of speed and efficiency out of the sensitive mechanism, Jebb had few equals and no superiors on the Canyon Division.

From time to time Gifford would see the great white beam of the electric pick up a semaphore in the void ahead; and instantly he would hear the clear tones of the young woman on the opposite box crying, "All clear, John!" Whereupon the purring of the stack would go on without cessation, and Jebb's grasp of the throttle would be only to send a little more of the quickening life breath into the pipes and cylinders of his roaring monster.

So it went on through the small hours, with the Boiling Water valley narrowing mile by mile, and at Broken Arrow there was a stop for water. Jebb made it, almost mechanically, as it seemed to his companion, "spotting" the tender under the tank spout, and taking the word from Gifford without looking. In the momentary interval of tank filling he drew his watch from the pocket of his blouse and scowled down at its face.

"Sufferin' Jehu!" he muttered. "That blame' gauge lamp gets worse and worse every trip! What time is it, Jo?" and he thrust out the watch for her to see.

A sudden lump swelled in her throat, threatening to choke her if she might not cry out; but she mastered the impulse and answered him calmly. "It is three-fifty-two," she said, and the sound of her own voice terrified her afresh.

He flung his head up with a laugh.

"We're doing it, Jo; you and me and Billy and the old '13. We've made up twelve of the fifteen minutes, and by grabs! we'll grind the other three out in the canyon, 'r bend a side rod!"

Josephine turned away and wiped the tears from her eyes. It was needful that they should be clear and keen-sighted for those thirty-six final miles through the great gorge.

A minute later the big compound was storming through the portal of Black Rock Canyon, and Josephine caught her lip between her teeth when the huge engine struck the first of the curves, careening like a ship in a seaway. It was not her first locomotive ride by man; but never before had she been called upon to share even constructively the responsibilities of the man at the throttle. Now she knew that the responsibility was all hers, Gifford having reached the wet-rag stage. If sudden peril should spring up in the black-walled chasm, could she be quick enough to see and act through the nerves and muscles of the man at her side? It was hers to dare, and she braced herself for the trial.

So, during the terrible hour and twelve minutes that followed she never once let her eyes swerve from their task of track watching. Up the crooked crevice of the mountain torrent the "Flyer" raced, thundering over the culverts, swaying to right and left around the curves, roaring over the bridge in mid-canyon almost without a perceptible slackening of speed. Time and again the black shadow of an overhanging cliff transformed itself into a seeming obstruction on the track; and at such moments the conquering of the impulse to scream a warning to Jebb left her gasping and weak and ready to sob and cry—only there was no time.

Small wonder, then, that she was stiff and sore and strained almost to the collapsing point when, in the dark hour preceding the autumn dawn, the train shot out of the Black Rock upper portal and the welcome signal lights of the division end flashed into the suddenly widened field of vision. Jebb made the stop at Chrysolite station with artistic accuracy, and the night hostler climbed aboard.

"By G—gracious," he changed it to, when he saw Josephine, "you've busted all the records, Jebb! A fifteen-minute make-up's never been made before on the uphill run!"

Jebb nodded absently and helped Josephine down from her cramped seat, lifting her in his arms when he felt how helpless she was. When they stood on the platform together, Josephine saw the superintendent hurrying toward them. Mr. Upham's first word was for the breaker of records.

"Good man, Jebb! You've wiped out all the old scores on this run," he said, in hearty

commendation. Then, more hurriedly, to Josephine: "You are in time, though Dr. Wester, who is here with me, says the man can't live more than a few hours. He has confessed that he stole the combination and opened the Oro safe. He says he can't die till he has seen you. I have a buckboard ready to drive you."

Jebb had turned toward them, and he was pushing his cap to the back of his head with a hand that shook curiously.

"It's—Mr. Upham—isn't it?" he asked uncertainly; adding, in awkward apology: "It's so blame' dark here that somehow 'r other I can't—"

The hostler was moving the 1013 up to make way for the Mountain Division engines, and Jebb broke off to gaze blankly at the great compound moving slowly up the track, with its searchlight orb flooding the platforms with blinding radiance. The big engineman stared with unwinking eyes full into the focus of brilliancy.

"My God!" he gasped. "Have I been runnin' all night with that headlight short circuitin' that way?" Then, all at once, from Josephine's touch on his arm, from her sobbing cry of despair, or from the superintendent's startled exclamation, he realized, and went down like a man with a bullet in his heart.

Wester, chief surgeon of the D. and U. P., was ready with his verdict when Upham and Miss Barton returned from the cabin of the man Giddings, who could not lose his soul until he had craved forgiveness of the daughter of the man he had robbed.

"It's a pure case of eye strain brought on by the man's chasing night after night behind one of your cursed electric headlights," said the man of science. "It means Johns Hopkins, or some other good hospital, till he's cured; and even then he'll probably never be able to distinguish colors at night."

Having thus done his worst, and set Josephine to crying afresh into her handkerchief, the surgeon went back to his patient, who was in bed in a carefully darkened state-

room of Upham's private car; the verdict having been given in the open compartment of the same. The superintendent stood up and addressed himself to the girl.

"What do you think I ought to do to a man who deliberately went on running a fast passenger train when he knew he was half blind, Miss Barton?" he asked crisply.

It was the needed fillip, and it brought Josephine to her feet with the gray eyes flashing through the tears.

"How can you say such a thing as that?" she demanded hotly. "He didn't know—can't you understand? He never knew till that awful minute when he thought the 1013's headlight had gone out!"

"Ha!" said the superintendent; "that's better. I don't like to see a woman cry. But you've got to be disciplined, both of you," he went on in a fine affectation of rage. "You're discharged from the hotel department, Miss Barton—and you'll be reëngaged in the capacity of trained nurse at the same salary from the moment when you can legally call yourself Mrs. Jebb. Then you'll take your patient to the wise men of the East, and when you come back——"

"O Mr. Upham!"

"I say, when you come back, we'll find something that John can do. Possibly he might teach some of these other fellows how to handle the compounds. As traveling engineer, now, for example, he wouldn't have to read signals, you know; and——"

"Oh! please, Mr. Upham! May I go and tell him now—this minute?" she pleaded.

"Certainly; why not? Just turn Wester out, neck and heels: he's only a doctor; and doctors don't count."

When the door of the stateroom closed behind her, "Little Millions" chuckled softly to himself and sauntered to the rear window, jingling the keys and the coins in his pockets.

"The brave, white-souled little fool!" he observed to the plate glass. "To think of her making that handsome young giant eat his heart out waiting until she had paid a debt that she didn't owe, and didn't believe she owed!"

WASTE; WOMAN'S OPPORTUNITY

BY WALTER REECE EVANS



O other charge has been brought against American women so frequently as that of extravagance. Every foreign observer who has written a volume based on impressions gained from a four weeks' tour in the United States has repeated the assertion. The method of these writers is always the same. They begin with a glowing tribute to the American woman and end with a doleful shake of the head over the amount of money she demands for her dressing, her travels, the maintenance of her household, and her numberless personal extravagances. Your women are wonderful creatures, they say in effect, beautiful, clever, attractive, and self-reliant, but—always this staggering but—they demand a degree of luxury in their style of living that taxes the energies of their husbands and fathers almost to the breaking point to supply.

This leads up naturally to the companion picture of the American man as the willing slave of his womankind, working day and night to heap up more dollars for them to spend, hurrying himself to an untimely grave to provide them with unnecessary luxuries, living, thinking, and talking nothing but business, sacrificing even the pleasant society of these same charming women, as well as all opportunities for his own culture and entertainment, in his ceaseless effort to pile up greater and greater golden tribute to the sharers of his name and estate.

These two works of imaginative art have been exhibited so frequently that we ourselves have come to accept them as measurably accurate and in a way to glory in them, thereby encouraging the very tendency which they purport to represent.

In main the charge of extravagance as the special sin of American women is a baseless

one. Almost all successful Americans are extravagant with the cheerful wastefulness of easy success. But the extravagances of American women are retail and purposeful while the extravagances of their husbands are often wholesale and reasonless. The woman who spends ten thousand dollars on a coming-out ball for her daughter does it to secure the latter's social advancement. She takes her children abroad to study from the same motive. She contrasts pleasantly with the man who breaks up a boat on which he has expended hundreds of thousands of dollars because of a fancied slight from a yachting club, or with the Chicago millionaire who boasts that he changes his shirt no less than six times a day and that the local laundry near his country place complains that its facilities are overtaxed by his sending forty-eight of these garments to it every week. To import an expressive British phrase, we have both male and female bounders among us, but the former are rather more numerous and considerably more offensive than the latter. Our Coal Oil Johnnies without exception have been men.

So far from being more extravagant than their husbands, it is true in the great majority of American homes that while man is the money maker woman is the money saver. When the pinch of enforced economy is felt in the household is there a man who will deny that the emergency is met and the necessary savings made by the woman? A man can be parsimonious, rarely economical. He finds it difficult to give up expensive cigars, costly luncheons, and high-priced tailors, while his wife cheerfully turns last season's gowns and cuts down the grocer's and butcher's accounts without making the difference evident in the attractiveness of the family table.

American women are not more extravagant than American men. On the whole they are

rather less so and far less unintelligently so. Where they are extravagant the blame is largely due to the men who have not confided in their wives, who have given them no encouragement in their efforts to regulate their household expenditures, but have insisted on paying the bills and saying nothing—at least not at home.

It is true, as has been pointed out many times, that a competent French housewife could keep her household on what is thrown away by an average American family. It is true that there has been and is tremendous kitchen waste in this country. Among the rich it comes from grafting servants who exact from the tradesmen commissions that in the end are paid, of course, by the employer. Among the well to do it comes from the deliberate wastefulness or the predatory instincts of servants not properly supervised. Among the poor it comes from the wife's own lack of knowledge of the culinary art.

But all this is in a fair way to be changed. American women are rapidly learning the distinction between luxury and profligacy in household management. Among the wealthy who set the fashion women are coming to pride themselves on their mastery of domestic science, and it is only the misguided laborer's wife, transplanted to the home from the vicious preparatory school of the mill or the shop, who prides herself on the fact that she can't cook.

In a broader, though not more important, field than the kitchen and the home the ability of American women to supply effective resistance to the national tendency toward wastefulness offers them an opportunity and imposes a duty. These are to be found in combating the wanton waste of the nation's natural resources. Never in the history of the world has a more inviting occasion offered itself to women than is presented by the vital necessity of economizing the natural resources of the United States.

If the women of America take up earnestly the question of national waste, the prosperous future of the country is assured. It is peculiarly woman's work because the time is short, because men are notoriously slow to move, even knowing the facts, and because, through motherhood bent upon the accomplishment of a purpose, the sentiment of a nation may be changed in a single generation. Women may hope for a sufficient measure of success in teaching their menkind economy to get the

movement well under way, but they may look forward to complete achievement in inculcating in their children a spirit which will change America from the most wasteful nation in the world to one of the most prudent.

There is the question of the depletion of the soil, which because its fertile elements are not properly conserved is producing each year less and less food; the exhaustion of mineral resources including coal, and the destruction of the forests. This last perhaps is the most important, since with the country denuded of its trees the rivers would dwindle and fail, the soil be washed away, and wood for a thousand and one purposes which anyone can call to mind readily enough could not be had.

Taking for granted for the moment that national waste is depleting our resources to such an extent that the present population would be put to straits for the necessities of life fifty years hence, what shall be said of the problem when it is viewed in the light of a rapidly growing population? The ratio of increase of our population by the excess of births over deaths is fifteen per cent for each decade. A conservative estimate gives us for each ten years an addition to the population of 7,500,000 immigrants. Using these figures as a basis the following results are shown:

Population in 1910.....	95,248,895
Population in 1920.....	117,036,229
Population in 1930.....	142,091,663
Population in 1940.....	170,905,412
Population in 1950.....	204,041,223

Official estimates place the standing timber supply of the United States at from 1,400 to 2,000 billion feet. Taking first the figures based upon the minimum estimate of 1,400 billion feet, with an annual use of 100 billion feet of timber and an annual growth of 40 billion feet, all the timber will be cut within twenty-three years. With 2,000 billion feet estimated as the maximum of the standing timber supply, an annual use of 100 billion feet and an annual growth of 40 billion feet, there is just enough timber to last thirty-three years. Without timber the building of homes would be curtailed. The heavy timber frames for houses could not be had and sheathing, shingles, lathing, and the hard wood for finishing would also be impossible of procurement. Where, in view of this scarcity, would the 100,000,000 cross ties used by the railroads each year be obtained?

At the present time books, magazines, and newspapers, which are vitally necessary to the happiness and intellectual life of human beings, require about 2,900,000 cords of wood made into pulp every year. Already we are beginning to import wood pulp at an increased cost and the substitution of another paper material would raise the price of literature. The wood used in making barrels runs to enormous figures and in the mines of the country about 165,000,000 cubic feet of timber, most of it hard wood, is used. More than 1,195,130 cords of wood are used each year for distillation and, for the seemingly insignificant item of veneer, no less than 326,000,000 feet, log scale, of timber are used. The telegraph, telephone, and electric-light companies use about 3,500,000 poles each year and about 120,000,000 cords of wood are burned. A single match factory, of which there are more than 150 in this country, consumes 200,000 board feet of sugar pine or yellow pine logs a day. These are by no means all of the uses to which wood is put, but; immense as is the tax upon the forests, and as great as it may become in 1950, it is no more than the supply of timber will meet if the forests are properly cared for. But before such care can be exercised in this country—it is an actuality in Germany—save upon the national and state reservations which constitute only twenty-two per cent of the total area of forests, a spirit of national economy must replace one of national waste.

To conserve the land upon which the immense store of food to supply the population fifty years hence must be grown, which is a far more important consideration than the lack of wood for various utilitarian purposes, it is necessary to save the forests. Intensive culture, proper rotation of crops, and scientific fertilization, all of which have received much notice of late, depend in the last analysis upon the conservation of the forests. Even rainfall is regulated by the timber growth. Careful husbandry may increase the yield of grain enormously, but not without the forests at the head waters of the streams and rivers and upon the hills of the country. As was learned in the primary grades at school vast areas of timber-covered lands regulate and check the supply of the streams. The rain and melting snow seeping slowly through forest lands is held back from rushing into the river channels in disastrous flood. Running over treeless sur-

faces it not only causes floods but strips from the soil the comparatively thin surface layer which is productive.

What is happening under natural conditions in the process of soil erosion may serve to illustrate the disastrous effect which the destruction of the forests would bring to pass. From the State of Missouri alone there is carried away each year an area of rich soil sufficient to make a prism a mile square and 600 feet high. There is poured into the Mississippi River by the Missouri River sufficient soil washed from good Missouri farms to make a prism one mile square and 400 feet high. It is estimated that the rivers of the country are carrying a total of one billion tons of productive soil into the sea each year—enough to spread a layer like the mud of the Nile one foot thick over any one of the states of Iowa, Illinois, or Missouri. The value of this soil in actual money is perhaps one dollar a ton or a total of half a billion dollars a year. The actual loss, however, is far greater, for, while poor soil may be improved, the farms cannot be resurfaced.

The child now born, when he reaches the prime of life, will share his heritage, his right to live and be fed and employed, with approximately two and one half times as many people as are in the United States at present. The task of accommodating in the business of life this increase in population will be different from that which has characterized the last half century. Then it was merely for the individual to press on beyond the Mississippi to rich government land which lay ready for occupancy in seemingly inexhaustible store. In this manner 547,640,632 acres in this territory have been brought under cultivation. There is left of surveyed and unappropriated land within the United States but two and one half times that amount. So much of this land, however, is wholly or partially unsuited for tillage that it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that all arable public lands have been occupied. Between the years 1860 and 1900 the population of the United States increased from 31,000,000 to 76,000,000, and in this period the vast area west of the Mississippi was broken to the plow. Where will the greater increase of population twoscore years hence find like overflow room?

In the North Atlantic states improved land has not increased in area and is at present decreasing in that it is losing its productiveness, as witness New England where a vast

area of soil has been rendered practically non-productive. Within the same period 2,000,000 acres have been cut from the farming area of the Southern states. A farm should increase in value each year. If it does not, it is being allowed to wear out. With the single exception of Massachusetts every one of the New England and Middle states has suffered a decrease in the value of its farms, the total being \$300,000,000. Of the middle states, Ohio, with great natural richness in the character of its soil, has shown a decrease of \$60,000,000 in the value of its farm lands. Territory which was fresh in the West twenty years ago, where there was produced from twenty to thirty bushels of wheat per acre, is now producing only from twelve to eighteen bushels from the same acres.

A spirit of national economy would check the chemical waste of the soil by such intelligent methods of agriculture as may be learned by the farmer at the various government experiment stations throughout the country. Seventy-seven million acres of swamp and overflow land within the United States are susceptible of reclamation. This land reclaimed would provide for tenancy by nearly 2,000,000 future families or a population of 10,000,000. Yet when it is proposed in Congress to drain these lands public interest does not manifest itself and the proposal goes over. Were these lands reclaimed they would be worth approximately \$7,700,000,000. There is as much land to be reclaimed by irrigation as there is by drainage. Eleven million acres have been made available by irrigation, adding \$900,000,000 to the value of the country and providing 300,000 homesteads, furnishing 17,000 miles of canals, some of which are navigable, yet expenditures for irrigation are still regarded with hostility. The hostility of course is not in those sections where the work of reclamation is being undertaken, though even there enthusiasm must be regarded as sectional and not at all as an indication that wasteful methods may not impoverish the new-made lands. The crux of the situation as regards the land is this: In every section of the United States, with insignificant exceptions, the life is being drained from the soil, the amount of land which can be added to the agricultural resources of the country is limited, and the population will be considerably more than doubled within forty-two years.

The problem would be as ridiculously sim-

ple as it is actually alarming were it not for the inertia of the public, superinduced by the careless disregard of all save the moment by the rank and file of men. "Of all sinful wasters of man's inheritance in the earth—and all are in this regard sinners—the very worst are the people of America," said the late Professor Shaler, of Harvard. Can the American man change in this respect of a sudden? The answer to the question in the light of all the evidence is that he cannot—unless it be through the efforts of the women of the country who are less obsessed by the pursuit of mundane things. A few men have looked ahead and have seen the rocks looming threateningly in the way of continued national prosperity and power. The Inland Waterways Commission, created by President Roosevelt last year, is a bit of governmental organization designed to encourage the conservation of the natural resources of the country. The policy of the commission is broader than its name implies since it is to consider not only the development of the inland waterways to make possible the transaction of the country's carrying business but to consider broadly the conservation of all natural resources. Its best efforts, however, will be unavailing without the support of public opinion.

Public opinion is the only force that can make of agriculture in this country as much of an art as it is in other important lands. It would perhaps be impossible to rival Japan where Oriental thoroughness achieves an agricultural product from 19,000 square miles of land sufficient to provide for 45,000,000 people, but it should be possible to rival the achievements of France and Germany where every farmer has a knowledge of and practises intensive culture to such an extent that in the case of France not only have the wants of the populace been amply supplied but it has become the banker nation of the world. A loan may always be placed there and the people even hold the national debt within the country. And any Frenchman will tell you that it is due to the spirit of economy engendered by the women. Than the American soil there is none richer. All that is needed is knowledge on the part of the American farmer. Yes, one more thing is needed. Women must teach their sons to think highly of agriculture, the oldest of all pursuits of man, and in many ways the happiest, in order that an adequate proportion of the future

millions of the country shall be content to till the soil.

How will the meals of the household be prepared when coal is exhausted, how will the family be warmed in winter? The coal supply will be used up, according to careful investigators, within one hundred years at the present rate of consumption. The waste of coal is upon a plane with the waste of timber. The final product in heat or energy which arises from the burning of coal is ridiculously small in nearly every instance; 150,000,000 tons are burned on the railways of the United States each year, but only about five per cent of this potentially vast power is actually used in traction. In the electrical power plants only one fifth of one per cent of the potential value of the enormous quantity of coal burned is actually made into current. The power plants, however, are more economical than the practice of burning coal in family stoves. In making coke, used in blast and other furnaces, valuable by-products of coal are not only lost but they add to the indictment of waste by frequently bringing about serious injury to adjacent communities. In this connection perhaps the most significant illustration of waste is to be found. Water power is at hand in horse power by the millions to supplant coal in the production of power, heat, and light, conserving it for purposes for which it is essential.

So great indeed are the possibilities of water power that its capacity has not been nor can it be computed. But reasonable estimates have given it in sufficient volume and of great enough value to more than pay for the cost of all improvements of rivers looking to the control of floods, including the building of all locks and dams. The available water power at existing United States Government locks and dams which might be utilized, but which is now totally wasted, is

given as 1,613,830 horse power, realizing eighty per cent efficiency, and this sum it is estimated would be increased about fifteen times by the installation of proper facilities of storage. It is perfectly safe to say that with the present ability to transmit electrical power over long distances no city, town, or hamlet in the country need be without electrical power. This method of production would be so cheap that the current could be utilized for light, heat, and power in whatever capacity far more cheaply than the same commodities can be produced at present by any known fuel. All that is lacking to bring this about is public sentiment for the conservation of natural resources, the substitution of a policy of national economy for one of national waste. The same benefits might be made to accrue and the same dangers averted with varying degrees of immediate personal benefit to each individual and in ascending scale to posterity, by the careful husbanding of the other natural resources in sum total and separately.

Such is a brief part of the story of national waste. So far as the past is concerned we may view it charitably as an inevitable consequence of our favored situation and the superabundance of our natural riches, but for the future any such complacent view can lead only to national impoverishment and disaster. Reform must begin with individuals before it can spread to the mass and the spirit of intelligent economy can be inculcated successfully only by the women of the country. The preservation of the forests as a single cause that is of most pressing importance, is one that should appeal particularly to organizations of American women, and it can be helped tremendously by their support, while the slower process of educating the individual to abhor waste and thereby developing an enlightened demand for the conservation of national resources is going on.

IS FICTION FACT?



CRITICS have quarreled and readers have wrangled ever since fiction became favored as a form of literary expression, as to the relative merits of the various schools to which the authors chose to adhere. But there is a question less academic, and perhaps more readily subject to popular answer than those bearing on the respective merits of realism and romance. Are the heroines we meet every day in the pages of popular novels chosen from the same circle of heroines as those we meet every day in social life? Perhaps the question should have been, "Is Fiction Truth?"—for, of course there is a clear distinction between truth and facts. Facts are literal happenings, and they may point at right angles to the truth in the ultimate use of that word. Truth, on the other hand, may be indicated

by a statement of things which are by no means facts, and is by so much, therefore, more important than fact.

For the purpose of the present inquiry, a selection has been made of the verbal portraits drawn by the authors of several of the popular novels of to-day, and reprinted here, withdrawn from the context, for the delectation of the reader. The stories selected extend over a wide range of fiction, including love stories of mystery, international marriage, sociological and domestic problems, character study, and pure romance, with nearly every device of the novelist utilized. The fragmentary descriptions have been patched together arbitrarily, by the use of widely isolated paragraphs, in the effort to make the portraiture as consecutive as possible. With no further comment, the descriptions are submitted to the reader with the inquiry repeated: "Is Fiction Fact?" Do you know any of these girls?

EILEEN ERROLL IN "THE YOUNGER SET"

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

SO you've bewitched Eileen, too, have you?" she said tenderly. "Isn't she the sweetest little thing?"

"She's—ah—as tall as I am," he said, blinking at the fire.

"She's only nineteen; pathetically unspoiled—a perfect dear. Men are going to rave over her and—not spoil her. Did you ever see such hair?—that thick, ruddy, lustrous, copper tint?—and sometimes it's like gold afire. And a skin like snow and peaches!—she's sound to the core. I've had her exercised and groomed and hardened and trained from the very beginning—every inch of her minutely cared for exactly like my own babies. I've done my best," she concluded with a satisfied sigh, and dropped into a chair beside her brother.

"Thoroughbred," commented Selwyn, "to be turned out to-night. Is she bridlewise and intelligent?"

"More than sufficiently. That's one trouble—she's had, at times, a depressing, sponge-like desire for absorbing all sorts of irrelevant things that no girl ought to concern herself with. I—to tell the truth—if I had not rigorously drilled her—she might have become a trifle tiresome; I don't mean precisely frumpy—but one of those earnest young things whose intellectual conversation becomes a visitation—one of the wants-to-know-for-the-sake-of-knowing sort—with her mind soaking up 'isms,' and I'll show you a social failure with a wisp of hair on her cheek, who looks the dowdier the more expensively she's gowned."

"So you believe you've got that wisp of copper-tinted hair tucked up snugly?" asked Selwyn, amused.

"[—it's still a worry to me; at intervals she's inclined to let it slop. Thank Heaven, I've made her spine permanently straight and her head is screwed properly to her neck. There's not a slump to her from crown to heel—I know, you know. She's had specialists to forestall every blemish. I made up my mind to do it; I'm doing it for my own babies. That's what a mother is for—to turn out her offspring to the world as flawless and whole-

some as when they came into it!—physically and mentally sound—or a woman betrays her stewardship. They must be as healthy of body and limb as they are innocent and wholesome-minded. The happiest of all creatures are drilled thoroughbreds. Show me a young girl, unspoiled mentally and spiritually untroubled, with a superb physique, and I'll show you a girl equipped for the happiness of this world. And this is what Eileen is."

"I should say," observed Selwyn, "that she's equipped for the slaughter of man."

BETTINA VANDERPOEL IN "THE SHUTTLE"

By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

THE fine, upstanding young woman was the multimillionairess. Bettina walked up the gangway in the sunshine, and the passengers upon the upper deck craned their necks to look at her. Her carriage of her head and shoulders invariably made people turn to look.

"My, ain't she fine-looking!" exclaimed an excited lady beholder above. "I guess that must be Miss Vanderpoel, the multimillionaire's daughter. Jane told me she'd heard she was crossing this trip."

Bettina heard her. She sometimes wondered if she was ever pointed out, if her name was ever mentioned without the addition of the explanatory statement that she was the multimillionaire's daughter.

"It wounds my vanity, I have no doubt," she had said to her father. "Nobody ever sees me; they only see you and your millions and millions of dollars."

Salter watched her pass up the gangway. The phase through which he was living was not of the order which leads a man to dwell upon the beautiful and inspiring as expressed by the female image. He thought of the Vanderpoel millions as the lady on the deck had thought of them, and in his mind somehow the girl herself appeared to express them. The rich upspringing sweep of her abundant hair, her height, her coloring, the remarkable shade and length of her lashes, the full curve of her mouth, all, he told himself, looked expensive, as if even nature herself had been given *carte blanche*, and the best possible articles procured for the money.

"She moves," he thought sardonically, "as if she were perfectly aware that she could pay for anything. An unlimited income, no doubt, establishes in the owner the equivalent to a sense of rank."

Her genius, as has before been mentioned, was the genius for living, for being vital. Bettina Vanderpoel had lived vividly, and in the midst of a self-created atmosphere of action from her first hour. It was not possible for her to be one of the horde of mere spectators. Wheresoever she moved there was some occult stirring of the mental, and even physical, air. Her pulses beat too strongly, her blood ran too fast to allow of inaction of mind or body. The actual truth was that if she had been a housemaid, the room she set in order would have taken a character under her touch; if she had been a seamstress, her work would have been swiftly done, her imagination would have invented for her combinations of form and color; if she had been a nursemaid, the children under her care would never have been sufficiently bored to become tiresome or intractable, and they also would have gained character to which would have been added an undeniable vividness of outlook. She could not have left them alone, so to speak. In obeying the mere laws of her being, she would have stimulated them.

That Miss Vanderpoel had beauty it was not necessary to hesitate in deciding. Neither Lord Dunholm nor his wife nor their son did hesitate. A girl with long limbs, an alluring profile, and extraordinary black

lashes set round lovely Irish-blue eyes, possesses physical capital not to be argued about.

She was not one of the curious, exotic little creatures whose thin, though sometimes rather sweet, and always gay, high-pitched young voices Lord Dunholm had been so especially struck by in the early days of the American invasion. Her voice had a tone one would be likely to remember with pleasure. How well she moved—how well her black head was set on her neck! Yes, she was of the new type—the later generation.

These amazing, oddly practical people had evolved it—planned it, perhaps bought—figuratively speaking—the architects and material to design and build it—bought them in whatever country they found them, England, France, Italy, Germany—pocketing them coolly and carrying them back home to develop, complete, and send forth into the world when their invention was a perfected thing. Struck by the humor of his fancy, Lord Dunholm found himself smiling into the Irish-blue eyes. They smiled back at him in a way which warmed his heart.

ISABEL OTIS IN "ANCESTORS"

By GERTRUDE ATHERTON

HER very beauty was of a type rarely seen in the American of to-day, prevalent as it may have been a hundred years ago: she looked like a feminine edition of the first group of American statesmen—although black Spanish hair was pulled carelessly over the high forehead, a heavy coil encircled the head in a long upward sweep, and the half-dreaming, half-penetrating regard of the light-blue eyes was softened by a heavy growth of lash. The eyebrows were low and thick, the upper lip was sensitive, quivering sometimes as she talked, but the lower was firm and full. It was the brow, the profile, the strength of character expressed, the general seriousness of the fine face and head, that made her look like a reversion to the type that gave birth to a nation.

Only in the dense silky masses of her black hair and the almost stolid absence of gesture did the American betray her Spanish ancestry; but how much of the Spaniard, subtle, patient, vengeful, treacherous, mighty in passive resistance and cunning, lay behind those deep, fearless blue eyes of her New England ancestors? Or was she not Spanish at all, but merely a higher type of American—or wholly herself? This girl, who might be as cold as the moon, or not, looked, in any case, capable of claspings a man's throat with her strong little hand, and gently turning his head from east to west.

He drew up a chair beside Isabel and reflected that she was even handsomer than he had thought, with the sunlight warming the ivory whiteness of her skin, although it con-

tracted the mobile pupils of her eyes, and that little black moles when rightly placed were more attractive than he had thought possible. But he was a man for whom a woman's hair had a peculiar fascination, and while they were uttering commonplaces at random his eyes wandered to the soft yet massive coils encircling Isabel's shapely head.

"Pardon me," he said boyishly. "But I always thought—don't you know?—that hair like that was only in novels and poems and that sort of thing. Is it all your own?" he asked, with sudden suspicion.

"You would think so if you had to carry it for a day. I should have had it cut off long ago if it had happened to be coarse hair. It is an inherited evil of which I am too vain to rid myself. The early Spanish women of my family all had hair that touched the ground when they stood up. I have an old sketch of a back view of three of them taken side by side; you see nothing but billows of fine silky hair. But I have put it out of sight, as it looks rather like an advertisement for a famous hair restorer."

"I'd give a lot to see yours down. It's wonderful—wonderful!"

"Well, I have promised a private view to some of the women. If Lady Victoria thinks it quite proper, perhaps I'll admit you."

"I'll ask her for a card directly she comes home. Let it be this afternoon just after tea."

For the first time in his life Gwynne felt self-conscious in putting his arm about a woman's waist for the waltz. He had seen

Isabel in full evening dress many a time in England, in rubber boots to her hips, in divided skirt astride her horse, in overalls among her chickens, and in pretty little house gowns when he had remained for supper; nevertheless, in surrendering her slim waist she seemed to descend, significantly, from her pedestal and become warm flesh and blood. He held her awkwardly, barely touching her, wondering there should be a physical shrink-

ing from such a beautiful creature, one, moreover, that had shown him more kindness and disinterested friendship than any he had ever known. He reproached himself, but even while he admired the luminous whiteness of her skin, he found himself scowling at the tiny black moles that gave her an oddly artificial provocative look, as black patches may have deliberately enhanced the charms of their coquettish grandmothers.

CLEM MERRITT IN "CLEM"

By EDNA KENTON

MRS. GRESHAM, leaning back in her low chair, laughed delightedly. "Well, whatever she is or isn't, the girl *can* drive and ride," she asserted warmly. "She was riding that morning, and she had a black devil of a horse—his eyes and his ears and his nose were like flames. It was in view of the entire hotel frontage, right out yonder, and it was terrifying and delightful and unutterably loud, of course. But it was a splendid thing to see. Without doubt she's Wild West, as they all say—she learned some of those display tricks of hers nowhere but from the trickiest of cowboys—but truly I felt like cheering her as she fought and won that battle; she might have been killed easily. The picture of her!—her dead black habit and her dead black horse, and that gold-yellow hair of hers beneath that rigidly correct derby, and her black gauntleted whip hand—"

"What family has she? Father—mother?"

"No mother, thank Heaven—you can imagine what she would be like. A father, not unrepresentable until he begins to talk, and not then unless one is mercilessly conventional. At the charity fête they gave down here last week, he bought her way in with a thousand-dollar check—oh, it was this way: I caught a frightful rose cold, and was simply out of it, and that he came over to say he'd heard the lady who was to read palms had tuckered out, and that his daughter, being a stranger, hadn't been noticed with a booth or a stall, but that she could read hands as well as any lady there, and offered her services and the check.

"There was a significant sequence to his phrases which impressed the treasurer, and they took both. She did make something of

a sensation, for her make-up was gorgeous. She wore a bushel of uncut turquoises and cloth of gold and that sort of thing."

"You plunge into your subject like a blind driver, my dear Farda," he said coolly. "Denys raves over her; curses fate that she wasn't born a child of the Quartier. That portrait he did of her—the one he made his big hit on—is an amazing thing. You must have seen it yourself, if you took in the Salon last year. It had a wall to itself, great big canvas, blond girl with blue jewels of eyes, blue background—all of it was daringly, glaucously blue—"

"Oh, I saw it, of course," said Miss Grantham impatiently. "And I read in it just what you are eliminating—inherent coarseness, mental, physical, and probably moral. It was loud, overbearing, shriekingly insistent. The very dress—the way she wore it—the handling of that left shoulder—do you remember it? Yes, Denys is a psychologist, but we differ vitally in interpreting him."

Lowe sank more deeply into his comfortable chair, and became leisurely reminiscent.

"I met her almost two years ago, while that portrait was being done. Met her for the first time one morning in Denys's place. She was giving him a sitting, and I stumbled in, and the two of them together let me in on it. She was a stunning sight that day—I tell you, Farda, you've read him wrong; it's *not* inherent coarseness he's put there—I shouldn't grant that at all."

"I saw her one day, down yonder on the bathing beach," Farda interrupted with provocative calm. "Just two or three weeks ago.

She happened to wear black and red this time, instead of blue. You mentioned daringly blue. This was audacious *rouge et noir*. I got down there—you were there too—and staring generously—just as she was coming up from the surf. All about her there were other bathing costumes quite as conspicuous in cut and color. But if she had shrieked she couldn't have announced her presence more loudly than she did by the very force of her personality. It literally shouts; *she* doesn't have to."

"Precisely!" he retorted, with a crispness

in his voice that went well with the snap in his gray-green eyes. "Because she was a thing apart from every other woman there. Denys was right, and that day I saw he was right. She looked the primitive woman. She might have been the primeval Woman walking untrodden sands, pressing the springing earth when the world was young. She was so nobly unashamed and so purely human—ah, yes, she was! The very atoms of her might have been scooped up from virgin earth, from sea-born clay just washed to shore; and a Rodin hand might have modeled her!"

ROSALIND HARTRIDGE AND HER DOUBLE, HELEN HOLBROOK, IN "ROSALIND AT REDGATE"

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

THE girl was in white, and made a picture wholly agreeable to my eyes. Her hair was dead black, and I saw for the first time that its smooth line on her brow was broken by one of those curious, rare little points called widow's peak. They are not common, nor, to be sure, are they important; yet it seemed somehow to add interest to her graceful, pretty head.

I felt my pulse quicken when our eyes met. Her dark oval face was beautiful with the loveliness of noble Italian women I had seen on great occasions in Rome. I had not known that hair could be so black, and it was fine and soft; the widow's peak was as sharply defined on her smooth forehead as though done with crayon. Dark women should always wear white, I reflected, as she paused and lifted her head to listen to the chime in the tower of the little Gothic chapel.

I challenged all my senses as I heard Helen's deep voice running on in light banter with her aunt. It was not possible that I had seen her through the dusk only the day before, traitorously meeting her father, the foe of this dear old lady who walked beside me. It was an impossible thing; the thought was unchivalrous and unworthy of any man calling himself a gentleman. No one so wholly beautiful, no one with her voice, her steady, tranquil eyes, could, I argued, do ill. Helen of the stars was not Helen of the vivid sunlight. She had fashioned for the night a dream world in which she moved like a whimsical

shadow, but by day the fire of the sun flashed in her blood.

"For example, you are not always the same; you were different this afternoon; and I must go back to our meeting by the seat on the bluff, for the Miss Holbrook of to-night."

"That's all in your imagination, Mr. Donovan. Now, if you wanted to prove that I'm really——"

"Helen Holbrook," I supplied, glad of a chance to speak her name.

"If you wanted to prove that I am who I am," she continued, with new animation, as though at last something interested her, "how should you go about it?"

"Please ask me something difficult! There is, there could be, only one woman as fair, as interesting, as wholly charming."

"I suppose that is the point at which you usually bow humbly and wait for applause, but I scorn to notice anything so commonplace."

"Well, to be explicit, you walk like an angel. Your head is like an intaglio wrought when men had keener vision and nimbler fingers than now. With your hair low on your neck, as it is to-night, the picture carries back to a Venetian balcony centuries ago. And then—there are your eyes!"

"There are two of them, Mr. Donovan!"

"There need be no more to assure light in a needful world, Miss Holbrook."

"Good! You really have possibilities!"

She struck her palms together in a mockery of applause and laughed at me.

"To a man who is in love everything is possible," I dared.

"The Celtic temperament is very susceptible. You have undoubtedly likened many eyes to the glory of the heavens."

"I swear——"

"Swear not at all!"

JUSTINE BRENT IN "THE FRUIT OF THE TREE"

By EDITH WHARTON

MRS. DRESSEL rose impatiently. "How absurdly you talk! You're a little thinner than usual, and I don't like those dark lines under your eyes; but Westy Gaines told me yesterday that he thought you handsomer than ever, and that it was intensely becoming to some women to look overtired."

"It's lucky I'm one of that kind," Miss Brent rejoined, between a sigh and a laugh, "and there's every promise of my getting handsomer every day, if somebody doesn't soon arrest the geometrical progression of my good looks by giving me a chance to take a year's rest!"

As she spoke, she stretched her arms above her head, with a gesture revealing the suppleness of her slim young frame, but also its tenuity of structure—the frailness of throat and shoulders, and the play of bones in the delicate neck. Justine Brent had one of those imponderable bodies that seem a mere pinch of matter shot through with light and color. Though she did not flush easily, auroral lights ran under her clear skin, were lost in the shadows of her hair, and broke again in her eyes; and her voice seemed to shoot light too, as though her smile flashed back from her words as they fell—all her features being so fluid and changeable that the one solid thing about her was the massing of dense black hair, which clasped her face like the noble metal of some antique bust.

Those observers who had been struck by the length and animation of Miss Brent's talk with her host—and among whom Mrs. Ansell and Westy Gaines were foremost—would hardly have believed how small a part her personal charms had played in attracting him. Amherst was still under the power of the other kind of beauty—the soft graces personifying the first triumph of sex in his heart—and Justine's dark slenderness could not at once dispel the milder image.

He watched her with pleasure while she talked, but her face interested him only as the vehicle of her ideas—she looked as a girl must look who felt and thought as she did. He was aware that everything about her was quick and fine and supple, and that the muscles of character lay close to the surface of feeling; but the interpenetration of spirit and flesh that made her body seem like the bright projection of her mind left him unconscious of anything but the oneness of their thoughts.

Justine, leading the way, guided them across the treacherous surface as fearlessly as a kingfisher, lighting instinctively on every grass tussock and submerged tree stump of their uncertain path. Now and then she paused, her feet drawn close to their narrow perch, and her slender body swaying over as she reached down for some rare growth detected among the withered reeds and grasses; then she would right herself again by a backward movement as natural as the upward spring of a branch—so free and flexible in all her motions that she seemed akin to the swaying reeds and curving brambles which caught at her as she passed.

"Oh, what a good life—how I should like to be a wander-bird, and look down people's chimneys twice a year!" Justine laughed, tilting her head back to catch a last glimpse of the tanager.

The sun beamed full on their ledge from a sky of misty blue, and she had thrown aside her hat, uncovering her thick waves of hair, blue black in the hollows, with warm rusty edges where they took the light. Cicely dragged down a plummy spray of traveler's joy and wound it above her friend's forehead; and thus wreathed, with her bright pallor relieved against the dusky autumn tints, Justine looked like a wood spirit who had absorbed into herself the last golden juices of the year.

THE VOICE OF THE WATERS

By LLOYD ROBERTS

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CASSEL



WAKE up, Doll's Eyes. Leave your dreamland playmates before I grow jealous. Besides, breakfast waits." His rumpled head was thrust between the flaps of the tent.

She gave a little gasp and sat upright among a tangle of blue and gray blankets, her eyes open wide and her two tight braids of coppery hair trailing beside her.

"Oh, I could not remember where I was for a moment! What time is it? Now, naughty man, you promised to wake me in time to help you with the coffee, and you broke your word. I am minded to start our first quarrel; but I'll be forgiving this time. Do you know there's a spot of soot on the tip of your nose, you dear old Moose? If you wipe it off first, why—you may kiss me, once."

He wiped his nose vigorously on his bare forearm and bowed his head to escape the ridgepole. Half the tent was a foot deep in clipped hemlock tips and their clean, pungent odor filled his nostrils. He dropped on his knees before her so his wet boots and leggings would not soil the blankets and took the little girl in his arms.

"Such a dainty morsel for a man to bring with him into the howling wilderness! I wonder I had the nerve. But it wasn't nerve either, was it, Doll's Eyes? Just the plain, unmitigated male selfishness that the suffragettes tell us about, that refused to share you with Baedeker and Cook, and brought you where he could have you all to himself."

"Stupid one! Didn't I insist on being brought? But the coffee must be growing impatient. I know my appetite is."

He handed her the little doeskin moccasins with the red and blue quill flowers on their toes, and a towel from the dunnage bag.

"Now run into the bathroom, which is big as all outdoors, and you'll find two or three miles of clean cold water in the basin. I'll be pouring the coffee out to cool." He lifted her to her feet, and she ran laughing from the little white room into the morning mists.

When she returned, rosy-faced, a few minutes later, he had the pink trout and the potatoes divided on the enamel plates and the mugs of steaming, fragrant coffee beside them.

"You are a good sort! I don't see how such a savage as you could be so tamed and domesticated. It would be the height of extravagance to have a cook in the house when we get back to civilization. Oh! oh! oh! but I'm hungry."

"Well, eat, pretty creature, eat," and he waved her to a cushion on the windward side of the fire.

Behind the tent the spruces lifted black shaggy heads above the low-lying mist. In front and on either side the lake water glimmered through the white veil that clung above it. A low pulsing roar filled the soft air, waxing and waning and seeming to come from all directions at once. The backlog threw a grateful warmth into their faces.

"How did you sleep, Doll's Eyes? Were you really warm and comfy? One's first night in camp is rarely so, you know, and you mustn't mind admitting it if you were not."

"I was plenty warm and plenty comfy and I slept like a dormouse—the last half of the night. But for hours I lay awake listening."

"Listening, and to what, pray? You didn't think there was an Indian Devil sniffing about the edges of the tent, or a lynx Canadiensis on the roof, did you? Or was my snoring frightening away your dreams?"

"No, Big Moose; it was none of these. It was the water," and she looked at him.

seriously, with a gloom of trouble in her round eyes. She expected him to laugh, but his dark face showed only sympathy.

"It was very strange and weird and—and frightening. I did not know running water was like that at night." She transferred her plate from her lap to the ground, and listened intently, her red lips parted. One ruddy braid hung down the front of her little white sweater.

"No," and she shook her head solemnly, "I can't hear them now. You know what I mean, don't you?"

"Yes, Little One, I know. The Indians say it is the spirits of their dead. Many people can't hear them at all. I can—when I want to."

"Well, I was just getting dozy and you were very sound asleep, when I heard a sudden little peal of laughter. I was wide awake instantly. The noise of the rapid seemed twice as loud as it is now. Presently I could hear voices as if in conversation and the crunch of feet on the shingle and I thought perhaps a party of Indians had landed by our canoe. I was about to wake you up when the noise ceased and I knew it was only my imagination and the noise of the water. Then the voices started again, growing louder and shriller and again dwindling away to nothing, and there was laughter, woman's laughter, and the sound of bells and singing and other things, and I listened fascinated and somewhat afraid, but was ashamed to disturb you. At the first flush of dawn I fell asleep."

"You'll get used to it right away, and if you don't we'll search out another camping ground where the spirits won't disturb you. Pass me your mug, please."

The sun had climbed to the top of the opposite crest and only a few wisps of mist still trailed on the water. From every direction the dark somber spruces marched down to the shores and wedged out into the blue lake. The tent stood in a small cove near the outlet, before a beach of yellow sand, and sheltered from all the winds but one. To this spot, known of old to his nomad feet, the man had brought the girl the day after they were married. Before his art and his ambitions and more than all else except the girl, he loved the untracked wilderness, and the bringing of the two together had been a long-cherished dream in his heart.

Breakfast over she insisted on drying the tins and forks after he had scoured them with

sand, and helped him carry the blankets from the tent to spread them in the sun. He realized how incomplete the woods life had been before.

"Little Princess," he said, a scarlet blanket drooping Indianwise from his broad shoulders, "while you were sleeping I planned out our day's adventuring. An it please your Royal Highness, we will begin with a book of verses underneath the bough. Then after lunch we'll explore our watery domains, stopping about sunset at a certain springhole to lure the wily trout. Is it well?"

"Excellent, Big Moose, only I have never cast a fly. Do you think I am too old to learn?" and she looked at him as seriously as her twenty years would permit.

"I reckon not, your Highness. You see you've been catching men for so long, and the tactics are almost the same: Dangle a little artificial bait before their nose, which they merrily pounce upon, to find themselves kicking on their backs. I was just lucky enough to swallow the bait and drag the fisherman in after it. But I'll take care that doesn't occur again."

A pair of rain birds were mimicking each other somewhere back in the forest, and a fishhawk was soaring in a sky that was as cloudless and blue as the water beneath it.

"If you knew how becoming kilties and braids were to you, Doll's Eyes, you would never wear anything else." He walked toward her, his arms extended, but she retreated behind the tent in mock dismay.

"Well, I couldn't recognize you from one of those hulking lumbermen with that coarse flannel shirt and gaudy handkerchief and oh! such odorous things on your feet," and she wrinkled up her little nose and gazed askance at his oily larrigans. Then she apparently forgot her comparisons and came very close indeed to him.

"Big Moose, I want to see the cause of all the noise. Take me now, will you?"

He consented, and she followed him across the wooded point on their left. As they emerged from the dense tangle the clamor of the water became deafening.

Opposite, the farthest shore of the lake swung sharply in till the channel was not more than fifty yards across, and here the surface began to bend like a smooth sheet of steel. A little lower the current started treading on its own heels, so to speak, and curled back viciously in a series of high-crested

waves; the shores dropped fifteen feet of sheer rock, so, as the channel was too deep for a pole and the slope too steep for a paddle, a canoe once started could not possibly escape. Then for a quarter of a mile the river was tortured and mangled, shattering over ledges down the middle, rebounding from the cliffs on either side, and splintering into a myriad pieces on the black, jagged rocks scattered between. Till it swung from sight around the bend below the course was covered with little spouts of spray, and the clamor was deafening.

She watched it with a strange thrill in her heart and her eyes sparkling. The madness and strength of it appealed to her. The man studied it from the shade of his hand, noting minutely the swing of the eddies and the position of the rocks. He had never dared a rapid quite as dangerous as this.

"Now I've seen it, Big Moose, I don't think I'll feel any more fear of the voices. Isn't it glorious! And—and, Mr. Man, won't you please take me through in a canoe?" Her voice was eager.

He laughed, and hugged her to him.

"Why, Little Princess, are you tired of life so soon as this, that you want to sacrifice us both to the river god? The poor little 'Red Swan' would be made matchwood of in no time if she got in there."

"Really? You're so big and strong I somehow feel nothing could do things to us unless you let it," and she laughed mischievously.

With a book and a blanket they retreated to the shade of a huge birch, and he read aloud until the sun stood straight above them. Then, after a lunch of bacon and rice and tea, they stepped into the light birch-bark canoe and paddled up the lake. The girl was ambitious to master the tricks of the wilderness, and kneeling in the bow on a soft heap of hemlock tips received her first lesson in the use of the paddle. Her little brown arms soon caught the knack, and her enthusiasm was as light-hearted as a child's.

For a couple of hours they explored the coves, where the forest crowded to the water's edge, and finally stopped where an icy spring trickled among the rocks. Here the brown hackle and the gaudy *parmachini* belle were flicked across the waters with like success, and the girl showed more luck than skill. The trout, though small, were ravenously hungry and in a short time enough to supply them for a couple of days were wrapped in wet ferns and stowed in the bow of the canoe.

They returned in a sunset that tinged the water with blood, and a bull moose, standing belly deep beyond a jutting point, heard the sweet notes of the "Canadian Boat Song" echoing across the lake.

After dinner they lay by the fire and watched the moon slip from behind the serrated wall of spruce. Then, heavy with sleep, he knocked out his pipe and they wrapped themselves in their blankets.

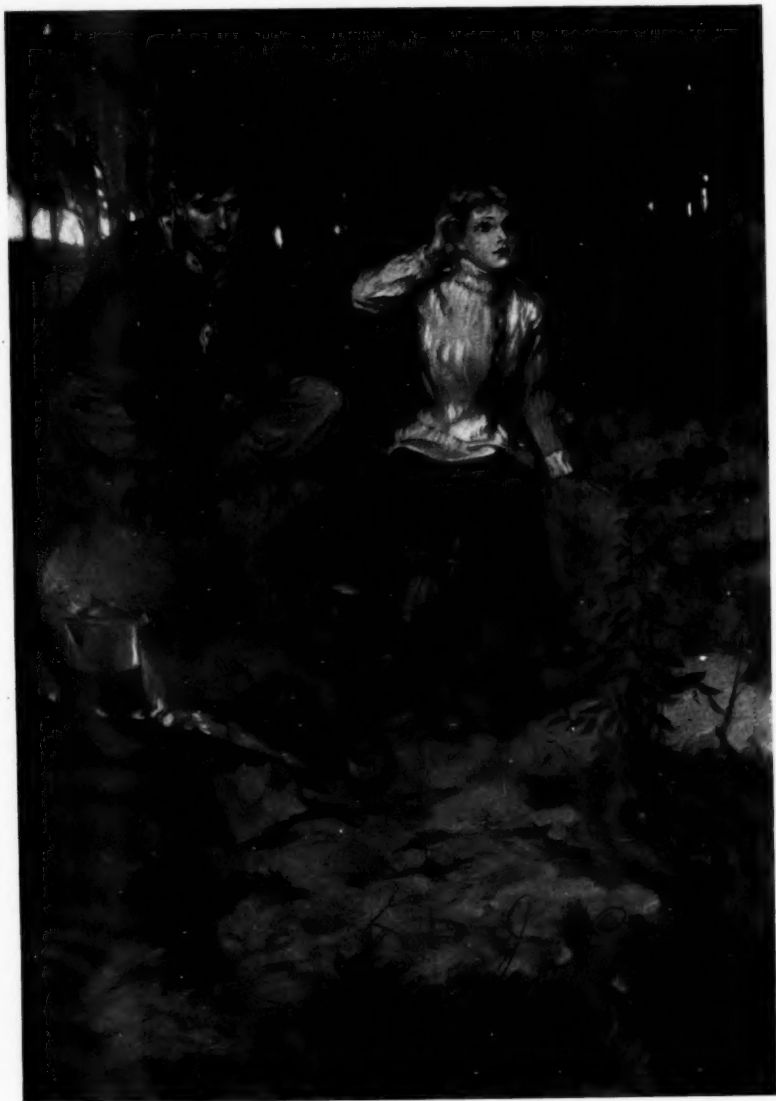
But now all drowsiness left her. She found herself listening for the voices in the subdued roar of the water, and after a time she heard them—the intermittent conversation, the thin laughter, and the ringing of bells. She was curious and fascinated, but no longer felt afraid. She wondered if there were spirits living in the maddened waters; spirits of long-dead braves who strove to urge their phantom craft against the flood, and hour after hour her ears were strained to listen until the sounds cast a strange spell upon her brain, and there awoke an irresistible desire to get nearer that she might hear what they were saying and see what they were doing.

She cautiously slipped off the blankets, pulled on her moccasins, and stepped out of the tent. The moon hung only a few feet above the opposite crest, and every blade of grass showed distinct in the clear light. She crossed the little clearing and entered the black woods on her left. Here the light leaked through the tangle in splotches and puddles and she was forced to move slowly and feel her way with her extended arms. Before she had won the other side of the point, her short skirts and stockings were ripped in many places and her face and hands were scratched, but suddenly the damp breath of the monster was on her face, and its many tongues were clamoring in her ear.

She moved to the edge of the cliff and peered down, a slim white figure above the storm of waters. The voices seemed all about her, terrible voices shrieking in anguish and hate. She imagined she saw ghastly, leering faces lifting through the spray and gaunt white arms beckoning her down. Were they really faces, were those real arms? She leaned farther out, searching and unconvinced.

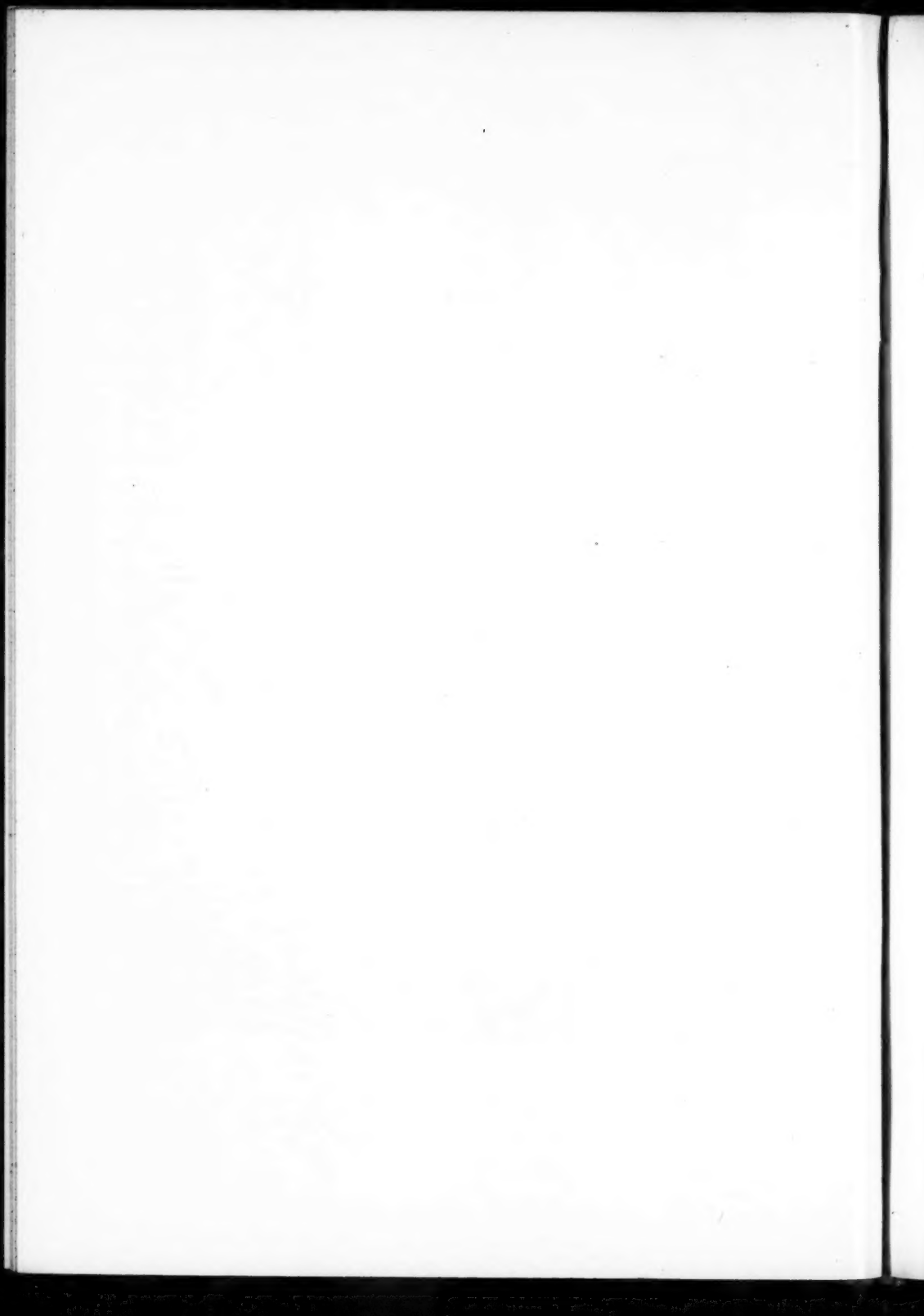
Then he caught her arm and drew her gently back, and she threw herself upon him sobbing bitterly.

Till the dawn crawled across the backs of the sleeping hills, he sat by the replenished fire and comforted her.



"No, I can't bear them now."

Drawn by John Cassel.



She slept till high noon, completely exhausted. After lunch he told her of his determination to break camp and search out another site, and she acquiesced without demur. She did not try to explain her actions of the night before and he refrained from questioning her.

The tent was quickly dropped, the blankets and kit packed, and everything stowed snugly in the canoe. Then, with a friendly wave to the forsaken spot, they stepped in, and a few minutes later a point slipped out and hid it from view.

A week of absolute contentment went by. Even that pest of the northern woods, so appropriately named by the Indians "bite 'em no see 'ems," considerably left them alone, and it was past the mosquito season. Sunny days were spent in stealing with moccasined feet down the winding trails, where more than once they caught glimpses of the furtive kindred of the wild; in exploring small streams that flowed into their lake, and casting flies on new waters. When it rained, there was much reading and a little mending to keep them under cover. The girl had enough of the elemental in her to make her one with her new surroundings, and as the days went by she grew to love the wilderness as wholeheartedly as the man did. However, he noticed a slight change in her manner. She seemed a little more serious than she had been before the night when the water spirits lured her down to the rapids, and sometimes he caught her in the attitude of listening, though the wind in the leaves and the soft ripple of miniature waves along the beach were the only sounds to break the great stillness.

One evening as they lolled about the fire, the full moon and the lake, shimmering like a great silver shield, lured them into the canoe.

The girl took the stern paddle and insisted on the man becoming passenger. He reclined on an armful of fir boughs beyond the middle thwart with a pipe between his teeth and his face toward the girl. Her sturdy little arms swung the canoe swiftly and noiselessly toward the center of the lake and into the full glory of the night. In every direction the forest ringed them around with a black band. A pair of loons near the opposite shore laughed demoniacally and they heard some precocious young moose grunting dismally for companionship. Not a breeze fanned their brows or clouded the reflected moon below them.

They spoke little; the night seemed too beautiful to mar with words. After a while she began softly to sing "Juanita" and other of the old melodies, and he listened dreamily to the soothing of her voice. Now and then she'd crease the surface with the tip of her blade and watch the little eddies glide past her, and the canoe drifted where it would. An otter drew a black line across the lake.

After a time she became aware of a low murmur like wind among treetops, and she listened intently. She saw there was no wind. She glanced at the man. His pipe had gone out, his head was resting on the thwart behind her, and his eyes were closed. He was asleep. Then she realized it was the incessant call of the rapids, the tongues she had been hearing so often in her dreams throughout the past week and could not forget during the day. Hardly realizing what she was doing she drew her paddle gently through the water and the canoe slipped ahead down the lake. Some strange unreasoning impulse, which she did not try to combat, was urging her nearer. She wanted to hear the roar more distinctly, it was so mysterious and indefinite coming from such a distance.

Gradually the noise increased, receding and advancing as the faint air currents moved away or toward them, until it sounded more like the distant thunder of surf than wind. Fifteen minutes later she saw the shores closing in before her and could see the little patch of shingle by their old camping ground. She began to distinguish distinct voices above the solid roar, and each instant they grew more menacing and insistent.

The man still slept, his ears too familiar with the sound of quick waters for it to penetrate his dreams.

The girl lifted her paddle from the water and laid it across the gunwales in front of her. The canoe had begun to feel the pull of the current and drifted steadily toward the outlet. Presently she could see where the surface bent, like a thin, dark line barring the way, and the moonlight gleaming on the high-crested waves beyond.

A premonition of danger made her dip her blade and back water a few strokes. The canoe came to a standstill almost immediately. She noticed this and realized she could safely go nearer. That thin, dark line fascinated her, as fear of a great height draws some people to the very edge of an abyss, and then those terrible voices beyond were calling in-

cessantly, but in words she could not quite understand. The canoe began to steal ahead again. Out of the corners of her eyes she saw the trees moving by and each instant her poised paddle was on the point of backing. The line of bent water crept nearer, and then suddenly seemed to rush upon them.

The blade slashed the surface desperately, but stronger hands than hers had the canoe in their grip. The light craft appeared to come to life and leap forward with eagerness.

Her sharp scream woke the man to instant realization of their danger, but too late to escape it. As they shot like an arrow down that smooth slope of water, he yelled for her to turn, and scrambled dexterously over the forward thwart into the bow, snatching up the spare paddle at the same time. Her last few strokes had turned the canoe around so that now the bow had become the stern and they were both facing downstream. The next instant they struck the rips at the foot of the incline and the spray slapped them in the face.

He remembered that the only course that had looked at all likely ran close to the left wall, and he threw the canoe over to that side. Every nerve and muscle in his body was alert for instant action. His ears had become deaf to the tumult. Back in his brain was only one idea, and that was to win. His jaws were set grimly and his eyes were never before so keen. He steered as close to the cliff as the high waves that volleyed off would allow and their tongues kept reaching out and licking their faces. A foot nearer and they would be instantly swamped, and yet the jagged rocks on the left held them close. The light craft bobbed about dizzily and again and again dipped her gunwales under. The cross-currents twisted and hammered her and only his great strength and skill saved them from swift destruction. Each moment he marveled that they still survived, and in the wild confusion of rocks and waves and blinding spray and pallid moonlight it seemed more instinct than aught else that guided them aright.

The girl kneeled low and swung her paddle from side to side as the canoe slewed this way or that, and she was dimly conscious of a wild joy and exhilaration through it all.

Their flight had continued for perhaps thirty seconds—though it seemed as many hours to the man—and they had won almost to the foot of the curve, when a powerful eddy wrenched the paddle from the girl's grasp and threw the canoe full into the trough of the off-

shore waves. The next instant they were in the water. As they went over, the man had thrown himself forward and had caught the girl by the shoulder with one hand. Then darkness closed over their heads.

He felt the icy clutching of the currents, the suffocation, and the hopeless battling for life! His brain was on fire and his lungs bursting, but his grasp on her shoulder did not weaken. Then another eddy whirled them to the surface and the moonlight flooded his eyes. He saw the trees reeling by and the white waves high about him, but in that brief instant caught a glimpse of a low point rushing to meet him. Then they were dragged beneath again. He struggled mightily with a gleam of hope in his heart, and suddenly his feet scraped on the bottom. One more effort and the sands rose solid beneath him and he staggered ashore, dragging the girl.

His senses were growing numb and the light was fading. He fell forward on his hands and knees. Then remembrance of the girl flashed through his consciousness like some strong stimulus, and strength surged back through his veins. He tore open her blouse and felt her heart fluttering weakly beneath his fingers. Tears of relief began trailing down his wet cheeks, and yet it took fifteen minutes of vigorous rubbing and working of her arms and even implorings and kisses before a long sigh came from her parted lips and her eyes opened dazedly. To his glad amazement he found his matchesafe had withstood the soaking perfectly, and in a few minutes he had started a huge bonfire of driftwood. He took off her outer garments and wrung them out and spread them close to the heat, and in an hour she was little the worse for the adventure.

When the light grew strong enough to show them the way, they skirted back through the woods, and after a couple of hours of hard scrambling, came out on the beach beside their tent. All day they lay in camp and rested; and next morning cached everything but some blankets and provisions and struck back through the wilderness for the nearest settlement, where they could obtain another canoe and decide on a locality less pregnant with danger.

And the little lake in the heart of the woods again became the sole property of the lordly moose and the lazy porcupine, and the strange loons that laugh so mockingly at something that no man can understand.

WHO KILLED LADY POYNDER?

BY RICHARD MARSH

ILLUSTRATED BY G. C. WILMSHURST

CHAPTER XIV

A CONSULTATION



BERTRAM DRUMMOND had not supposed that a solicitor could be so obsessed by a client as he was already by his. He was dimly conscious that the obsession might not improbably grow more instead of less.

Claire Seton was as present with him in his office as she had been in that whitewashed apartment in Holloway Castle. It was both a curious and a novel sensation. It was the first time he had been brought face to face with the tragic side of life. This first glimpse he had had into the inner chambers of human suffering had impressed him in a degree and a manner which was altogether beyond anything which he had supposed was possible. Every nerve in his body tingled; his soul was stirred to its depths. It seemed to him such a monstrous thing that an innocent girl should be subjected to such tortures.

As Bertram Drummond sat at his office table with clenched fists, his resolute jaw square set, his dark eyes glowing under the penthouse of his brows, he recognized that, as matters stood at present, quite possibly there were the gallows at the end. The law deals with evidence only. Where was evidence likely to be found which would prove what was true, disprove what was false? It seemed inconceivably monstrous that in the present year of grace such a state of things could be. She had woven with her own blundering, childish hands the rope which she had set about her own neck; yet she was as guiltless of evil design as he was. He was

still staring at her pale, sweet face, troubled by the anguish which was in her eyes, by the pain with which, in faltering accents, she put together her broken sentences, when the door opened and Leonard Cleethorpes entered.

Drummond looked up. It was as if some beautiful butterfly had come flashing into the room. His costume suggested Hyde Park, whence, indeed, he had not long since come, and breathed of the spring. It did even masculine eyes good to rest on him: he was so handsome, so debonair, so fine a specimen of what the world deems perfect breeding; there did seem to be in him so much of the concentrated essence of sunshine; and yet it was this latter suggestion which Drummond seemed disposed to resent. He had so lately come from one with whom there was no sunshine, and with whom there was likely to be none, that this superabundance of it in another seemed to accentuate the tragedy of life's injustice. His tone was grim.

"I've been to see Miss Seton."

"The client who is to make both our fortunes? And what do you think of her?"

"I think she's the most ill-used creature on God's earth."

"You don't mean that they ill use her in the prison?"

"Not intentionally; none the less every hour they keep her there is a fresh crime committed in the name of justice."

"You speak warmly; that's the proper feeling for a solicitor to have for his client. Then you think she's innocent."

"I don't think; I know."

"Do you? Then, in that case, all that we need do is to exploit your knowledge, and she'll be free."

"I am afraid that that will not be so easy as it ought to be."

"How? Does that mean that when you say you know you are merely giving expression to a pious opinion? Pious opinions aren't evidence. What's the lady's story?" Bertram Drummond retold it in as nearly as possible the same words in which it had been told to him, Cleethorpes following him, with undivided attention, to the end. "That," he observed, when the other had finished, "is the tale she told me at the police court. One reason why I was moved to take up her case is because I was so conscious of its pathos; but I notice a variant in your version, and that a most important one. She said nothing to me about finding another woman in the room in which the crime was committed."

"Possibly there was not enough time; she merely gave the outlines of the story."

Cleethorpes seemed to be turning this possibility over in his mind.

"There was not much time, certainly; but she managed to tell me pretty much what she told you, with that one exception; and from the practical point of view that exception's worth the whole of the rest of the story put together. It's odd that she should have omitted it; because it simplifies the whole business; explains everything. When I saw her she offered no explanation which would have been worth putting forward in open court; and yet she had this perfect one. Doesn't that strike you as strange? Is it possible that it's an afterthought?"

"It is not possible."

"Then in that case we must find the missing woman; Miss Seton and she will soon change places. But what chance have we of finding her? What did she look like?"

"Unfortunately Miss Seton cannot say."

"That is unfortunate; but why can't she?"

"Her features were wholly obscured by a heavy blue motor veil."

"A blue motor veil? Oh! that is unfortunate—for us. But surely Miss Seton can give us some sort of notion of what she looked like?"

"A very graphic one, so far as it goes; here it is." Mr. Drummond read aloud the notes he had taken; adding, "You see, the most noticeable thing about her was the coat she was wearing—a dark brown coat, with green leather collar and green leather binding."

Cleethorpes smiled, as if he were not impressed.

"If that's all we have to go upon I'm afraid it isn't much. Coats such as you describe are more common than you may suppose; one sees plenty of women in them when one's motoring."

"Perhaps; but it shows one thing—that the woman, whoever she was, does motor."

"That would seem to follow."

"She spoke like a lady. Miss Seton lays stress upon her beautifully clear articulation. Miss Seton has no doubt that she was a lady, and I should say that she's an excellent judge of one. So the ground becomes narrowed."

"How? You mean that we have to look for a lady—a real lady—who motors, and who wears a motor coat even when she isn't motoring. I fear that doesn't make the field of search much narrower. Are you not forgetting also that on an occasion like that, for pretty obvious reasons, a woman might wear a motor coat who had never been on a car in her life?"

"Leonard, what do you know about Lady Poynder?"

"Why do you ask? You put a similar question to me before, coupled with something like an insinuation, for which I don't know that I am very grateful."

"We have to save Miss Seton, haven't we?"

"Not necessarily at the expense of our friends, or even of our acquaintances."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Our duty, since we have adopted Miss Seton as our client, is to establish her innocence; but there our duty stops."

"What is this to do with my question about Lady Poynder?"

"Come, now, Drummond, if this young woman's your client—our client—I'm your friend. Be fair to me. What you call your question is, I fancy, a repetition of your previous suggestion that I know something about the late Lady Poynder which isn't quite nice. As a matter of fact, I don't; but supposing I did, what then?"

"Here's a young woman caught in the very act of murder——"

"That doesn't appear. Appearances say the same thing of our client; but she says they're fallacious. I don't understand she goes so far as to assert that she saw the other woman actually killing."

"That's true; but the presumption's against her."

"We'll grant the presumption. What's the point to which you're coming?"

"If you grant it, then the probability is that she was actuated by some strong personal motive. Miss Seton had positively no motive."

"As I understand it, the charge against her will be that she had already committed robbery, and that to save herself from the consequences of discovery, she committed murder."

"That's nonsense; as I don't think we shall have any difficulty in showing. What we require is some knowledge of Lady Poynder's private history. You say you have none."

"If I had?"

"You would be able to throw light upon the subject of what kind of woman she really was. You would know who were her friends and who were her enemies; what kind of acquaintances she had, and what were her habits. I need hardly point out that the part she herself played in the matter seems to have been an equivocal one. I see that, according to some of the papers, she retired to rest early, the understanding being that she was unwell; yet, late at night she was found not only out of bed, but dressed as if for a journey. My impression is that she actually started on her journey when she met the woman in the motor coat, with whom she at once went back into the house; but it looks as if the woman must have used some compulsion to constrain her to return, because it appears that she dropped both her key and her bag, without, in her excessive agitation, knowing what she had done. She meant to take that bag, and its contents, with her on her journey. The fact is in itself significant. Miss Seton, wearily pursuing her purposeless way, saw both upon the pavement, and in consequence, by a stroke of irony, is in danger of being punished for another's guilt."

"Sounds well in theory; but where's your evidence?"

"There's the elaborate farce of going to bed and feigning illness, followed by the traveling dress. There's evidence enough, to begin with. What was the idea in the lady's mind? I know nothing about her beyond the fact that she was married to a man who was much older than herself; but, having an eye on that bagful of costly jewels, which she was evidently bent on taking away with her, whatever else she might leave behind, I should be inclined to ask myself, entirely

without prejudice, if there was a lover round the corner."

"And if there was?"

"Then all sorts of possibilities present themselves. The woman in the motor coat might be explained in all kinds of ways."

"I suppose she might. I am bound to admit that there may be something in what you say, which might make it worth your while to subject your theories to the test of proof."

"I'll do that, I promise you. Within four-and-twenty hours I'll know more about Lady Poynder than you do."

"Will you? That will be easy."

"And before the week is over, and Miss Seton makes her next appearance before the magistrates, I shall hope to be able to present you with a small collection of facts which will cause the case for the prosecution to wear quite a different aspect."

"I shouldn't be surprised, Bertram, if you did; I foresee some interesting developments. Didn't I tell you that this case would make our fortunes? If we shatter the case for the Crown in the triumphant fashion you suggest—why, it's made. Clients will be hammering at our doors from early morn to dewy eve."

"I won't say that I'll not welcome them, but it's not future clients I'm thinking of. All my thoughts are with that girl in that place of licensed torture. Cleethorpes, because of this girl I shall suffer many things, not only this night, but for many nights, and many days. She has shown me, as by flashes of lightning, what a cruel, insensate Juggernaut the thing that we call justice may become."

"Why, Bertram, it's like old times to listen to you. I remember how hot you used to become when something—no matter what—was being done which you thought shouldn't be done. But that was in the days of our youth; I didn't know that the temperature of the lawyer could be so quickly raised to fever heat. There was once a statesman whose continual advice to his associates was: 'Above all, no zeal.' Doesn't it occur to you that too much zeal might do one's client more harm than good?"

"And I remember how in the old days you used to talk like that, which makes me wonder the more how it is you have so suddenly constituted yourself the champion of injured virtue. You are rich and I am poor, you have many things which I have not, yet we have been intimates, and have solved together many

an insoluble problem to our entire satisfaction. I think we know and understand each other better than any others. I know that you do not propose to adopt the Bar as a serious profession; you might have had more than one brief worth having, which you refused. I know that you propose for yourself another career. Therefore why you should all at once elect to make your first professional appearance as the unpaid counsel for the defense in a sordid criminal case is beyond my comprehension."

"You don't find the explanation I gave you yesterday a sufficient one?"

"Frankly, I do not. Now that I have seen Miss Seton, and realize the iniquity of which she is being made the victim, I think that I would rather my right hand were cut off than that it should cease work in her service, until the work which it has been set out to do is finished. But you? I believe that I shall do you no wrong if I hazard a surmise that if she were hung to-morrow, or any day, you would not care a button."

"Except as regards the injury it might do to my professional reputation as her counsel!"

"Your professional reputation!"

Both men had risen. Cleethorpes was smoothing the crown of his silk hat lightly with his gloved fingers, as if he meditated shortly putting it on. Drummond was fingering the book in which he had taken notes during the interview he had lately had with Claire Seton.

"She dreamed of you last night."

"That was very sweet of her—if you are alluding to our client."

"The dream was not a sweet one." Drummond had been looking down. Suddenly he looked up; Cleethorpes looked up also; so that they stood confronting each other, eyes looking into eyes. The expression of their faces was in striking contrast. Drummond somber, stern, impassioned; the face of a man who was very much in earnest. Cleethorpes a little scornful, a little entertained, a little indifferent—nothing very much; the face of a man who was near to boredom. Although he did not speak loudly, there was a timbre in Drummond's voice which gave to it something of the sonorous sound of a trumpet. "She dreamed that you could save her, and you would not; although they took her to the gallows, you would not; and although she screamed to you for help."

CHAPTER XV

THE KEEP.

LEONARD CLEETHORPES was his own driver; he had not even brought a chauffeur with him; Miss Mahony and he had the car to themselves. He drove with much discretion till they were out of London streets; moving faster as they neared Banstead Downs, and still faster as they passed over the heights of Holmwood Common, where the air was so clear and sweet and fresh that it was as if they had come into another world. They did not talk much; one does not talk much when one is in a motor car. When the man and the woman are in one just by themselves, and the car is moving, they find it is pleasure enough to be there. What talk there was was in disjointed patches.

"You didn't come to Lady Hargraves's."

"I told you I had a professional appointment—my first; afterwards I didn't feel like Lady Hargraves's."

"Was it so very bad?"

"It was a novel experience."

They covered another mile or two; then she began again.

"You weren't at either of the dances I was at last night—and I went to two; and you weren't in the park this morning; at least I didn't see you."

"I was saving up for this afternoon; I felt that I had to have you all to myself; and—I had to."

There was that in his tone which kept her still for quite a while. The next time she spoke they were free-wheeling downhill.

"Do you know what I was thinking when you came?" He shook his head. "I was thinking that I'd like to be a nun."

He looked around at her so suddenly that the car swerved; but he had it straight again in an instant.

"A nun? You?"

"Why do you speak like that? Am I such an impossible person to be a nun? I suppose there are nuns who are as bad as I am?"

"Oh, plenty."

"It's such a peaceful life."

"Very; no cars allowed in convents."

This reminder moved her to consideration.

"That would be a drawback, wouldn't it?" Presently she asked, with that innocent air which is natural to some women when their

intention is to be mischievous, "Would you like me to be a nun?"

"Would I like there to be no sun in the sky?"

She pressed her small, white teeth into her lower lip, as if despite herself she smiled—she was still smiling when she asked:

"Would you like to be a monk?"

"A monk's a coward; he's the man who runs away; his only excuse is that discretion's the better part of valor—I say no."

"Is a nun a coward too?"

"Not of necessity. She's possibly one of nature's derelicts. Properly regarded, a convent may be considered as a dust bin; there are women—passably good ones—whom you must shoot somewhere, for charity's sweet sake."

"Leonard! How wicked you are! I suppose that's why you think I ought to be a nun."

"Here's Southwater Hill; whenever I see it the feeling gets into my veins that I'm coming to my own country; it's a sort of unconscious nostalgia. Over yonder, in the forest which has been always there, my sires were born, and lived, and died. On my honor, whenever I come to it their breath seems to salute my nostrils. They'll tell you, those who know this country best, that not one of them did aught of which he had cause to be ashamed; it's a tradition that I should dearly like to pass on unbroken."

There was a wistful look in her eyes.

"It must be lovely to feel like that; I can't. My father was an Irish emigrant who continued in America the profession he had followed in Ireland—he was a peddler; he was one of nature's own peddlers, for he had the wheedlingest tongue. Soon he was supplying peddlers with their wares; then he made heaps of dollars out of selling what he called 'notions.' So you see it's different with me."

"Your father must have been a remarkable man."

"Because he made such piles of dollars? Really I don't think that he was—except that he'd the wheedlingest tongue; he just couldn't help making money, he was so lucky. He'd a crucifix which the priest gave him at his first communion; he used to say that whenever he had it on he made money, and when he hadn't he lost. Margaret has it now. He was a primitive sort of man. I believe there's such a thing as luck—don't you?"

Her question went unanswered.

"It's odd that Margaret and you should have come of such a stock."

"How? I don't see it. My mother must have been a beautiful girl; and my father was still a fine, handsome man on the day he died. Money's done the rest; it's given us everything they hadn't. We're the products of civilization, and they were the products of nature—that's all."

"I suppose you really are American?"

"Father was an American citizen. We've spent rather more than half our lives in Europe, and now Margaret's married an Englishman, and her home's the only home I've got, or am ever likely to have, unless it's a nunnery; so I don't know what I am."

They were passing through a lane which was like a long triumphal arch, because of the branches of the great trees on either side, which nearly met above their heads.

"Do you feel as if we'd company? I do. That's my land both right and left of us; perhaps that's why, when I come this way, I feel as if the ghosts of its owners were keeping up with me."

She looked at him curiously; this mood of his was new to her.

"I didn't know that you were superstitious."

"I am. We all are; in some form or other we've all of us your father's crucifix—though some of us only find it out in our times of stress."

"I've my superstition; perhaps one day I'll tell you what it is." They reached a lodge gate. "The Keep," she said, half in a whisper, as if it were some sacred shrine. As they were turning into the drive a woman came out of the lodge; Cleethorpes stopped for a minute to speak to her, then went round the winding path till they came to a long, low Elizabethan house, whose walls were nearly hid by creeping plants. She gave a sigh of pleasure. "You English have the loveliest homes in the world."

They had tea under a great beech, and the housekeeper hovered round them, and the butler, and half the household, and they heard all the news, all the happenings of the countryside, and she was as full of interest as he was. When they were alone she sat back in her chair with a look on her face which it did him good to see.

"After London!" was all she said.

"It does seem different, doesn't it?"

"Different?"

It was only one word, but, as she uttered it, it contained a volume of meaning. Then they went round the gardens, because the gardener appeared, and they had to go. And at last they were in the woods, really alone together; she was seated on the protruding trunk of an oak, he was reclining on one elbow on the ground; his eyes were on her face. She said—she spoke softly, as if in such a scene it was meet that one should speak softly:

"The house is the House Beautiful, and the wood is the Forest of Dreams."

And he said:

"I wish you hadn't quite so many dollars."

She looked at him, with something in her gaze which seemed to be born both of surprise and laughter.

"Why do you say that?"

"Because I love you."

The sudden statement seemed to take her breath away; a delicate color came into her cheeks; she looked toward the forest—it was so still. When she spoke one felt that it was her intention that her voice should give no sign of what might be going on within her, but in the middle of her sentence there was a telltale break.

"I don't see what—that—has to do with my dollars."

"I want you to be my wife."

"Even supposing you wanted anything so curious, what's wrong with my dollars? You have plenty of your own."

"I'm a pauper compared to you."

A sudden irresistible impulse seemed to move her to bare to him her inmost soul.

"I'd be a pauper without you!"

"Alice!"

She was silent, still looking toward the forest, within her eyes the mystery of unshed tears. He raised himself farther from the ground; there was a little uncertainty in his voice.

"Will you—will you be my wife?"

"If you'll have me."

"If I'll have you?" Rising to his feet; he went and knelt in front of her, and he kissed her. "I put off asking you until I'd got you here—among my own people."

"That's very dear of you."

"The words have been trembling on my lips a hundred times, but I choked them back, telling myself that I'd wait till they were there to encourage me, and if you said yes, as I hardly dared to hope you would, I knew, as

they heard, how they'd approve. Don't you feel their phantom kisses?"

"I feel just as you'd have me feel. So you've asked me in the presence of a company of ghosts. Do you think that they don't like my dollars? I didn't know you didn't."

"It's hardly that I don't like them; I like everything about you; but——"

"But?"

"I suppose it's the masculine crassness of the old-fashioned English notion that the husband should control his wife."

"I see; just pride. He's to give her everything, and she's to give him nothing; he wants the feeling of superiority."

He laughed. . . . Some minutes later he said to her:

"We were talking about superstitions. I've a superstition that it doesn't do to be too happy; and I'm afraid I am."

"I told you I'd a superstition, and that one day I might tell you what it was. Well, it turns out that this is one day. It's the very stupidest thing. You'll never guess; it's beyond anything. I've a superstition that I'm going to be hanged."

He drew himself away from her with a sudden movement which was almost convulsive.

"Leonard! How you pressed my hand! What strength you've got!"

"I'd like to take you into my arms and press you into my very being, so that nothing and no one could ever take you from me."

"That would be drastic. Isn't it a quaint idea of mine? I'll tell you how I came by it. It was in Italy. Father took a villa for us up in the hills. You never saw anyone so lost as father was in Italy. Down in the village there was an old woman who'd a reputation for telling fortunes which, if she'd lived a while ago, would have been a highly inconvenient one to have. It tickled me so to hear some of the tales that nothing would do but that she should tell me mine. So I went down to her with a friend of hers who was our housekeeper. When I got into the room, and she saw me, you never saw anything like the way she went on. She got as far from me as ever she could, right up against the wall, and she held up her hands to keep me from her as if I was—well, I don't know what. And what was the only thing do you think she told me? That I should be hanged on the day I set for my marriage. Wasn't that nice of her?"

Her pretty chin was resting on her hands;

she looked up at the skies pensively. He would have thought her gravity delicious had it not been for the curious something which was tugging at his heartstrings.

"There are just two ways of balking that old woman's prophecy. One's for me not to get married at all. Somehow that way doesn't appeal to me a little bit, not now. I'd love to be your wife—I'd just love it. So I'll have to fall back on way No. 2. She said I'd be hanged on the day I'd fixed for my marriage. Well, I won't fix a day, that's all; seems simple. I'll not have a set-up wedding at all. You just come round, as you came this afternoon, and march me off to the proper place, and get me married before I really know what's happening; and then I don't see how that old woman can come in."

"You mean it?"

"Try me."

"You give me a perfectly free hand?"

"As free as ever you want."

"And whenever I choose to fetch you you'll come?"

"I will; and you needn't keep me waiting so very long, because when you've a feeling that a thing like that may come upon you any hour of any day it's—well, it's unsettling."

"Alice, you're—you're the sweetest and dearest girl who ever lived."

He kissed her again, and they forgot that prophecy. . . . She recalled it to him unconsciously as they were moving toward the house.

"By the way, you remember I told you how I dreamed I killed Lady Poynder?" Had she been looking at him she would have seen that he remembered; but she was stooping at that moment to remove a spray of bramble which was clinging to her skirt. He would have stopped her if he could, but the very carelessness with which she spoke helped to hold him dumb. "It seems that they've got the person who really did it; and it turns out that she's a girl. So, you see, girls do do things like that. Isn't her name Claire Seton?"

"I believe it is."

"That doesn't sound like the name of a girl who'd do a thing like that, and yet she must be a perfectly dreadful creature, killing her and nearly killing Sir John and trying to steal those jewels; one can't help feeling that she deserves to hang. When I think that there are such persons in the world the scheme of creation becomes more mysterious than ever;

and I never can quite make it out. Oh, and there's another thing: I've lost one of my revolvers."

"Have you? You are sure?"

"Well, I can't find it. It was one of a pair—Webley's W. G. target models—beauties. They were specially made for me. No, I'm not sure about that, I'm thinking of another pair."

"You seem to have an arsenal."

"I used to be mad on revolver shooting once. Margaret will tell you. You see, my father was a splendid shot. He was always going in for competitions, and won a lot of prizes, and nothing pleased him better than that I should do the same. The consequence was that, as you say, I did get together quite an arsenal. But of course I remember that pair now. I saw them in a shop window, and I thought what a splendid pair they'd make; so I went in and bought them. I kept them in a case; and now one of them has gone."

"When did you see it last?"

"That I really couldn't tell you; but this I do know, that when last I looked at the case they both of them were there. Altogether, looking at the matter from a strictly personal point of view, I'm not sure that I oughtn't to be grateful to Claire Seton for having murdered Lady Poynder, because, if she hadn't, I should be inclined to think I had."

CHAPTER XVI

HUSBAND AND WIFE

LORD SARK moved farther into the room until he was within a few feet of his wife. So far from looking her in the face, he seemed to avoid it of set purpose, standing before her with head bowed and eyes cast down. The marchioness had not attempted to rise, but sat—if the thing were possible—still more stiffly in her straight-backed chair; there was that in the attitude of each to the other which might have suggested that she was the judge and he was the judged. If her voice was a little tremulous, her words were cool enough.

"You follow close upon your telegram."

"I am sorry I could not give you longer notice. In the part of the country from which I am come the telegraphic arrangements are primitive."

He spoke with an air of humility which

caused her to regard him with something like curiosity, as if there were something about him which she could not understand. She waited for him to go on, but as he stayed silent she spoke again.

"Now that you have come?"

He seemed to make one or two futile efforts to speak before any words would come at all, then murmured, as if as much to himself as to her:

"I find it more difficult even than I expected."

For the first time he looked at her. When their glances met they did not part quickly; each seemed to see in the eyes of the other something unexpected; when they were withdrawn it would not have been easy to say which of the pair was more obviously moved. In the woman's eyes were tears; a faint color was in her cheeks; one felt that while, for the moment, speech was beyond her altogether, she looked anxiously for words from him; when words did come, they were plainly not the ones she had expected.

"I had hoped to spare you."

She stared as if she had not quite caught what it was he said; and, indeed, she might have been excused, he spoke so low.

"To spare me what? It is very kind of you, and very thoughtful; but since you have already spared me nothing, I should not have thought that the expression of that hope was needed."

"You know what I mean."

"Do I? Then please tell me what it is I know. Do you suppose that curious letter you sent me explained your most curious behavior?"

"Why do you make the difficulty greater? You know why I am come; your heart, your conscience, tells you."

Her words, or her manner, seemed to rouse him to something like anger; he looked at her again, within his eyes this time a curious gleam.

"You know that girl has been arrested."

He seemed assured that his words would convey to her a perfectly clear meaning; to judge from the expression of her face they only occasioned her astonishment.

"Do you mean to say that you don't know that a young woman named Claire Seton has been arrested for—what took place in Portman Square?"

Her astonishment seemed to grow, and to become tinged with something else.

"What you mean by asking such a question is beyond my comprehension; is it possible that you have come to ask it?"

"No, I have not come to ask that question, but another. I have come to ask what it is you propose to do."

"What I propose to do? I propose? I imagined that the obscure point is, what do you propose to do!"

Her inquiry affected him in a fashion which added to her surprise. He paced to and fro across the room as if her words had moved him to his inmost depths, while she watched him with wondering eyes. Suddenly he cried, with a suggestion of strange passion in his voice:

"Margaret, do let us understand each other!"

"By all means; but, if you don't mind, I should like to begin with understanding you."

He seated himself on a chair, which he drew close up to her table. Although he obviously endeavored to prevent his voice from showing any trace of feeling, the woman in front of him was not deceived; she saw that within him raged a storm which moved her none the less because it was beyond her understanding.

"It shall be as you wish; I will begin by endeavoring to get you to understand me. You must forgive me if that necessitates my using language which you may regard as crude. The arrest of this girl, Claire Seton, has altered everything; is it possible that you don't see it?"

The impression he conveyed of his assurance that she must see it seemed to make her bewilderment the more.

"One of us is in a fog; I suppose it must be I, because not only can you see quite clearly things which I can't see at all, but your very meaning becomes mistier and mistier."

As he noted the expression which was on her face his seemed to harden, as if in resentment.

"Are you not relying too much upon the fact that in such a matter a husband cannot give evidence against his wife? I believe it is a fact that, in such a case, I cannot give evidence against you; of which fact I presume you are aware."

"Upon what point were you thinking of giving evidence against me—which the law prevents?"

He leaned forward, staring at her eyes as if he were trying to read in them her very soul.

"Is it possible that you don't know that I saw you?"

"Saw me where?"

In her tone was a touch of what was perhaps natural irritation at the necessity she was under of cross-questioning him before she could get at his meaning.

"Is it possible that you don't know I saw you that night in Portman Square?"

Apparently this time something of his meaning did reach her; she flushed as if with anger.

"That you should have the assurance to tell me so!"

"I would not have told you if I could have helped it; but do you seriously wish me to believe that you do not see that the arrest of that girl has made silence impossible? Silence at least on my part?"

She perceived, or thought she perceived, that she had only part of his meaning even yet; and realized that—since he persisted in taking it for granted that she had it all—the only way to get at it was to exercise great patience. She spoke to him as if he was some small boy.

"Hereward, I fancy that you and I are the victims of some quaint mystification. I cannot think that, after what has happened, you have come here with the deliberate intention of hurting my feelings."

"God forbid!"

"So say I; and since your allusion to Portman Square is calculated to hurt my feelings, I must suppose that you had some strong motive for making it. Please tell me what it is."

"You ask me in the face of that girl's arrest?"

"What has that girl to do with me, or with you? What can she say to hurt you? What can she do?"

He allowed her question to go unanswered, staring at her as if bewildered in his turn.

"I cannot conceive, in face of the attitude you seem to be taking up, that you appreciate all that I did see—all that I do know."

She moved her hands in a little gesture of mock despair.

"What is the key to your cryptic references to what you did see, to what you do know?"

He glanced round the room, as if fearful that some listener might have come in unnoticed; then, leaning farther forward, said, in a voice which could hardly have been audible to any ears but hers:

"I know that you killed Lady Poynder."

It was plain that she had heard; yet she looked at him as if in doubt if she had heard aright. Then pushing her chair with a sudden movement from the table, she stood up, gazing about her as if dazed. She put her hand up to her throat, as if she found a little difficulty to breathe.

As he watched her every movement, his face began to look as if it were twisted by physical pain. Small beads of perspiration were on his brow. His voice was dry and husky.

"I—I wouldn't have told you if you hadn't forced me."

She stared down at him with eyes in which were both perplexity and terror. What he saw in them seemed to inflict on him the tortures of the rack and thumbscrew.

"You—you would pretend that you didn't understand? And, Margaret, we—we must understand each other."

"Certainly we must understand each other; but—I don't understand you yet. Hereward, aren't—aren't you well?"

"No, nor ever shall be well again, this side the grave. How could I be well, knowing that? Didn't you know why I ran away, and hid myself, and would have stayed hidden until there was the grave to hide me? Don't you realize how I was placed? How I would not have dared to show myself in public, lest some one should see what I knew written on my face; for I doubt if I ever shall be a master of deception? There was no priest to whom I could confess. Yet I must confess—I must share the weight which was on my soul with some one. So I went to the monastery and confessed to the abbot—to Father Paul; and there, in spite of him, I would have stayed, and the thing would have gone no farther, had it not been that this girl had been arrested. Margaret, we—we cannot let her suffer."

"Hereward, am I not your wife?"

"Indeed, since then I've learned it; since the hour of my forgetting I have learned that you are, and always will be, more to me than all the world besides. I have been a weakling and a fool and have sinned both before heaven and against you, and am no more worthy to be called your husband; yet I love you."

"Then perhaps you'll like to hear." Kneeling on the floor, she leaned over the table toward him. Her voice sank; but a light was in her eyes. "A baby is going to be born—to you and to me."

"Margaret!"

"I learned it that day just after you had gone, and—I did so want to tell you. I thought—I thought you'd like to know."

"Margaret!"

"Then, when you wrote to say that you were going away to that—that place, it did seem hard, because—because I did so want to tell you."

"Will—you ever forgive me?"

"Why, I'd have forgiven you the very first chance you gave me." She got up from her knees, and going round to his side of the table, put her arms about his neck and kissed him softly on the mouth."

For answer he laid his head on the table and sobbed like a child. For a moment the violence of his emotion bade fair to unhinge her also; then maintaining, with a visible effort, her self-control, she stroked his head gently with her right hand as if he were a child, and strove to comfort him.

When he had regained at least the outward resemblance of calmness she said: "Now at last we really are going to understand each other. We've made several vain efforts, but this time we'll succeed. So if you'll kindly sit still, I'll go over to my own chair and clear things up."

CHAPTER XVII

HIS STORY—AND HERS

RESTING her two elbows on the table, Margaret interlaced the fingers of her hands.

"By way of commencement try to understand me. I don't know what kind of a coil you've got in that queer brain of yours, but try to grasp this clearly: whatever you know, or think you know, I had no more to do with what happened to Lady Poynder than—Alice had." Apparently he did not receive this intimation as she would have had him do. "I see you doubt me."

"Let me tell you what I know—what I saw."

It seemed, however, that he had some difficulty in starting. She encouraged him.

"Well, I'm listening."

"I have to begin with a confession. It was my intention to elope with Lady Poynder."

She nodded.

"You knew that?"

"Yes. When you've finished I'll tell you how my quasi-knowledge was obtained."

"I was to meet her with my motor car and drive her down to Newhaven overnight, so that we might be there to board the Dieppe boat in the morning. She had refused at the last moment to go by either of the boat trains. She was afraid of her husband. She thought he might find out which station she had gone from, and be sure to follow her."

"Poor woman! To be afraid of her husband!"

"At the appointed time I was in my car at the place agreed upon. She did not come. I became anxious. I was just wondering if I had not better go round the square and try to find out by some means what was taking place, or what had taken place, when you came past me on the pavement."

"I came past you? What time was that?"

"Soon after a quarter past one. I had looked at my watch just before you came."

"Where were you?"

"I was in my Napier at the Orchard Street corner of Seymour Street."

"I ought to have recognized your Napier; we have been in it often enough, you and I. It's strange that I don't remember noticing a car—my car."

"You admit that you were there?"

"We'll talk about that later. Your tale first."

"The sight of you startled me more than anything else could have done, and frightened me. My first impulse was to fly for my life."

"Without Lady Poynder?"

"The sight of you drove her clean out of my head. A moment's reflection showed that it was hardly likely that I had been recognized; you would not have gone past me with that air of sublime indifference if you had."

"Did I go past you with an air of sublime indifference?"

"With your head in the air, looking neither to the right nor left; I felt sure that my identity had escaped you. Scarcely were you out of sight than an idea occurred to me—an impudent idea. If you were out alone at that hour there was no reason why I shouldn't be. I would go after you; pretend to come upon you accidentally and for the first time; get you into the car; and take you for a run instead of—anybody else."

"Hereward! You don't dare to say that such a brazen scheme came into your head at the sight of me! What about Lady Poynder?"

"I cared no more for her; the sight of you had scattered all illusions in that direction; if she had come along at that moment I should have shuffled out of my engagement with all manner of excuses. I went after you. When I got into the square I saw you come round the corner at the farther end. As I was going toward you, Lady Poynder came out of 33, and—you stopped her."

"I stopped Lady Poynder?"

"I stopped, too, and, changing my purpose, went on up Baker Street. I was in a quandary. Apparently you had got wind of what was in the air, and had caught her in the very act. It was possible that you had recognized me after all, but had deliberately ignored me. What was taking place at No. 33 I couldn't think, or rather I didn't care to think. Then it began to occur to me that I was not playing a very creditable part; that it looked as if I was skulking off and leaving Lady Poynder in the lurch. So, turning the car, I went back into the square, with some vague idea of finding out if my presence would do anybody any good. Stopping at the corner, I got out and began strolling along the pavement, and had not taken many steps when I saw you come out of No. 33."

"You saw me come out of No. 33?"

"Your first intention was to come my way, but when you saw me you tore off round the square in the opposite direction, moving faster than I had ever seen you move before; there was something in the proceeding which made me conscious of a distinct feeling of discomfort. I felt I knew you well enough to be aware that you would not rush off in that style without some uncommonly good reason. Filled with vague forebodings, after a moment's hesitation as to whether I should rush back to the car and follow you, I continued to advance toward the house. As I was nearing it the door was opened, and a man, who I could see was half undressed, came out on the steps and blew a whistle—again, and again, and again. I knew it was a police call; to me it was like the shriek of doom. Hurrying toward him, I asked if anything was the matter.

"Murder's the matter!" he shouted; he seemed half beside himself with excitement. "That's what's the matter—my mistress has been murdered!"

"A policeman came up; he and the man went into the house. I went back to the car, a prey to sensations which I do not dare to

stay to analyze. My first thought was to follow you; recognizing the danger you were in, if anyone should see you tearing through the empty streets, I had some misty notion that the car would bear you more quickly out of the dangerous zone. But you had vanished. I did not know in what direction. I could not scour the streets in search of you; that would have been to play the fool indeed. So I let you go your own way, and I went mine; just where I went I do not know; but no matter how fast I went, the thing went with me, which will be with me to the end. Half maddened by it, realizing that I could not escape it anywhere, I took the car back to town and went to the Picnic. There I remained till Cleethorpes found me drunk; drunk because I dared not stay sober. When I was sober again I knew that for me the monastery was the only possible place of refuge; there, at least, I should have both time and opportunity to think."

"Do you mean to say that you went there because of what you thought I'd done, and not because you were mourning for Lady Poynder?"

"She never entered my head; I was nearly beside myself with the desire to come and—and talk to you; but I did not dare."

"I wish you had dared." She put her hands before her face and laughed; she was still smiling when she removed them. "For you it is all tragedy; for me it has its droll side. To think that you should go to that horrid place, and subject yourself to so much that wasn't nice, for simply nothing at all. Now be still; you've told your tale; I'll tell mine. It was soon after we had had that absurd quarrel, and you had left me in such a rage, that I found out about—about our baby."

"Margaret!"

"If you had only known you would not have quarreled with me and gone away like that—I did wish you had only known. All day I kept wishing it—that you'd come back, or that I knew where you were. If I had known I believe I'd have told you on the telephone."

"Margaret!"

"But all day you never came, and I had no news of where you were. In the evening I had to go out—I went to Mrs. Landon's for dinner. You know the little alcove there is just outside her drawing-room! I sat down in it for a moment to worry myself with thinking of what I would give if you were there.

Two men stopped close by without noticing me and began to talk. One of them said to the other:

"I hear Lord Sark's to be here, but I suppose he isn't."

"The other replied:

"I can tell you something else—he'll never be here again. This is said to you, you understand, in confidence to-night, but in the morning it will be public property. He's going to bolt with the Poynder."

"Do you mean it?" asked man No. 1.

"Of course," said the other, "there are slips between cups and lips, but that's how the arrangement stands at present. One day I'll tell you how I know. It's a funny story. I tell you now because you're safe; in the morning listen to the news but don't let out that you know anything."

"Who were these two men?"

"One day, as he said, perhaps I'll tell you, but not now. If I'd let them have the least intimation that anyone was there they'd have said nothing, but I sat still and listened. You can fancy what my feelings were all through dinner. Somehow I felt pretty sure that what that man said was true. I put two and two together and saw how blind I'd been. I recalled our quarrel of the morning and understood; but all the while I was sure that if you only knew about—the baby—you—wouldn't do it."

"What a brute I've been!"

"One of the men I had heard speaking took me in to dinner; you can imagine how easy I found it to talk the usual stuff to him. All the while I was trying to contrive some means of getting at you so that I might let you have the news; but, try how I might, I couldn't think of any way. After dinner I went with Mrs. Landon to the opera, and there I got desperate. I left early; a very weak, forlorn hope of an idea had come into my head, and I started off to put it into execution. I went to Lady Massinger's dance. You remember Gregory, who used to be my second maid? She's now with Lady Massinger. I showed myself into the ballroom, then I routed Gregory out, and asked her to lend me some sort of a frock, a coat, and a hat."

"Why didn't you go home for such things?"

"Because I didn't want my own household to guess my errand; with Gregory I treated it as a joke. She took me downstairs, and I went out the back way. I took a cab to Duke Street, and then I walked."

"Going round by Seymour Street?" She nodded. "Then you saw me in the car?"

"It seems extraordinary, but I didn't. I was so occupied with my own thoughts that I saw nothing, consciously. I must have walked on like a woman in a dream, and a bad dream at that, because already I knew that I was on a wild-goose chase. I walked right round the square; when I came to the house it was all shut up in darkness. There was not a sign of life or movement. What was I to do? I saw there was nothing I could do. Suppose I knocked at the door and roused the household. For whom was I to ask? What was I to say? I should only make of myself a laughingstock, if nothing worse came of it. I could not wait about indefinitely, on the offchance of something happening. I was ashamed of myself for having come. It was probable that that man had only given voice to some lying rumor. I could have pinched myself for having listened. I walked straight into Baker Street, stopped a passing hansom, drove back to Lady Massinger's, went into the ballroom, and danced three dances. So you see this ghost which has been haunting you has been the creation of your own brain."

She paused; he sat in front of her with downcast visage. If she expected him to exhibit any signs of gratification she was disappointed. "That woman whom you saw meet Lady Poynder was not I," she cried suddenly, confronting him with outstretched arms. "I did not see her; I did not go into her house either with or without her; so it certainly wasn't I whom you saw come out and rush round the corner. Do you doubt it?"

He picked up a paper knife which was lying on the table.

"Do you see that?" She nodded. "If now I were to tell you that I never touched that paper knife what would be your mental attitude?"

"Which, being interpreted, means that you don't believe me."

"If I stood in the presence chamber of God, and were required to speak the truth, I should have to repeat what I said just now. You admit that you passed me, your husband, in a car which you knew well, without being even conscious that a car was there. Is it not possible that you carried unconsciousness still farther? It is evident—you yourself allow it—that you were in an abnormal state of mind. Isn't it possible that throughout—and not in

that one instance only—you had no conscious appreciation of all that happened?"

"No, it is not possible; yours is a monstrous suggestion. We'll get at the truth, please, Hereward, some other way; we don't look for it in the regions of the phenomenal. When this person whom you mistook for me stopped Lady Poynder, how far off were you?"

"Perhaps sixty or seventy yards."

"When I passed you in the car did you notice what I was wearing?"

"I saw your face; I saw nothing else."

"Can you give me any, even the vaguest, idea of what the woman was wearing who went into the house with Lady Poynder?"

He shook his head.

"I was in no mood to observe what you had on."

"But, Hereward, it's absurd of you to talk like that. If you'd only noticed it would have made all the difference. If you can only give me a clear notion of one single thing which she had on I shall be able to prove even to your satisfaction that the woman you saw was certainly not I. Can you describe nothing she had on? Think!"

He gave a little gesture, which implied a negative.

"I have some vague notion that you had on some kind of a coat, but I shouldn't care to swear to it."

"What kind of a coat was it? What was its shape?—its color? Was there nothing else you noticed? Did you see her face?"

"Your back was toward me; but I do not need to see her face to know my own wife at a distance of even more than seventy yards. Margaret, the line you're taking might do credit to a cross-examining barrister; but you and I are alone together; I'm not a hostile witness. If you say it was not you I saw I'll accept your statement. I should never have said it was—to you—if it hadn't been for the complication caused by the arrest of this girl, Claire Seton."

"But what's the complication? I say you were mistaken. You prefer to believe what you call the evidence of your own eyes. But this girl's arrest proves that your eyes gave false evidence; and it is you who were the victim of hallucination. Not only did they discover her red-handed, holding the revolver with which she had just killed Lady Poynder, but with the same weapon she actually tried to kill Sir John, for having practically caught

her in the act. Can anything be plainer? Isn't it proved to demonstration? She was the woman you mistook for me. Where's the complication?"

"Well, if that's the position you take up, so be it." He spoke as one who had had more than enough of contention. Rising from his chair, he moved slowly across the room, like a man who was weary. "Mine is the sin, from the first, and all along; I know it. If mine could be the punishment—alone; but it can't. Margaret, I don't know if Father Paul can, or will, see you; but if he will, will you see him? He has heard me, let him hear you. Then, having heard both of us, perhaps he will advise us what it were best that we should do."

"But I am not disposed to see your monk." As she was speaking, Cleethorpes came into the room. "Here," she exclaimed, "is the very man! You can rely, I suppose, on Leonard's discretion; let's tell him our stories—I'd much rather have his advice than Father Paul's."

CHAPTER XVIII

CLEETHORPES SPEAKS A FEW PLAIN WORDS

CLEETHORPES, looking from the marquise to the marchioness, seemed to read something in their faces which did not incline him to enthusiastic acceptance of the rôle the lady offered.

"I only looked in to ask you and Hereward to favor me with the pleasure of your company at a small feast which I am presently giving to celebrate the honor which Alice has done me in saying that she will, when she might so easily, and with such complete justification, have said she wouldn't. Hereward, may I count on you?"

Lord Sark looked as if he did not know what to make of the speaker or his speech. Lady Sark laughed.

"Leonard, we are much obliged to you for your kind invitation; but just now we don't want to listen to you; we want you to listen to us."

"And that—craving your forgiveness—is just what I don't want to do. I've a feeling that there is something between you which I'd much rather not know anything about, and which, without knowing, I strongly advise you to keep locked in your own breasts.

There is a certain sort of knowledge which should be confined to as few persons as possible—in the interests of the public welfare.”

“And I’ve a feeling,” declared the marquis, “that you know exactly what that something is.”

Not only did he speak with what seemed unnecessary brusqueness, but both his tone and manner were aggressive. Cleethorpes, on the contrary, was blander than ever.

“My dear Hereward,” he inquired, “and how is Father Paul?”

The marquis flushed, as if he detected in the question something more than a covert sneer. His wife intervened in time to prevent his giving utterance to what not impossibly might have been heated words.

“Leonard, Hereward and I have something to say to you to which you must listen—at least, because at the moment I cannot speak for Hereward, I have something to say.”

“And the subject?”

“It has to do with Lady Poynder’s murder.”

“Exactly; I’d a premonition that it was something of the kind. Perhaps that’s what Hereward meant by his remark. Are you aware that a young woman has been arrested who is charged with the offense?”

“Certainly we are aware of it.”

“I take it that you would be, in common with the rest of the world. Possibly you are not aware that I have been retained as counsel for the defense.”

Husband and wife looked at each other with startled faces, then at him.

“Leonard,” cried Lady Sark, speaking with a little stammer, “how—how can that be? Whc—who has retained you?”

“I volunteered.”

“You volunteered, Leonard! Why?”

“Having had some slight acquaintance with Lady Poynder, I strolled into the police court on the morning on which the young woman made her first appearance in the dock; the result being that I offered her my services, which offer she accepted. So you see I am to make my *début* in His Majesty’s courts of law as counsel for Claire Seton.”

“Then—you think she’s innocent?”

“My dear Margaret, I know enough of the profession which, as yet, I have done nothing to adorn, to be aware that in such matters thoughts don’t count.”

“But if you didn’t think her innocent you wouldn’t have put yourself forward so—so strangely.”

“Why strangely?”

“Why should you volunteer? I don’t understand! You—of all men! You told me yourself that you did not mean to practice.”

“One swallow doesn’t make a summer. I can only say that, so far as Miss Seton is concerned, I’ve changed my mind.”

“Leonard, tell me! You shall tell me! You don’t know what it means to me! Do you believe she’s innocent?”

“That is not a question which I’m in a position to answer; you must believe me when I tell you I have no answer ready. Repeat the question in a week and I may have; I don’t say I shall, mind, but I may. You understand, I want you two to let me feast you; make up your minds when and where you’d like the feast to be, and I’m at your service.”

Lady Sark moved between him and the door.

“You cannot go like this, Leonard; do not think it. There is something in your—your championship of this woman which I find—puzzling.”

“Championship? Isn’t that a word of unnecessary strength?”

“Don’t play with phrases; because, if you are not her champion, what are you? You have never moved a finger to get a brief; you have told me more than once that you are only a barrister *pour rire*. Why have you gone out of your way to associate yourself with a case which, from what I know of you, must be antipathetic to you altogether? Do you know of what Hereward accuses me?”

“I’ll not know if I can help it. I have enough of this world’s wisdom to wish to keep my ears shut against matrimonial cross-charges. Have the goodness, Margaret, to stand away from that door, and to let me fly! You are taking an unfair advantage by trying to keep me here.”

“I believe you do know!”

“Oh, yes, he knows,” cried the marquis.

Cleethorpes stretched out his arms with what he perhaps meant to be a gesture of resignation.

“Very well, let’s take it for granted that I know. Now will you let me go.”

“So you know that Hereward accuses me of killing Lady Poynder?”

“Margaret, for God’s sake don’t talk like that!—in such a tone! The very walls have ears!”

“Do you know it?”

"Certainly I did not know it. How could I know it? He never breathed a hint of anything of the kind."

"But—you are not surprised; you knew it was in his mind—you knew—something. It was because you knew something that you offered to defend this girl. Leonard, what do you know?"

"Let me make my position clear at once. I don't know what wild charges you two choose to throw at each other, and I really don't much care; but I may say, as your friend, that I thought both of you had more sense. However, that is your affair, not mine. You, I am generous enough to grant it, can throw the chairs and tables at each other if you like. I shall be surprised; but one lives to be surprised. But please understand that I refuse to be drawn into a discussion on the subject of Lady Poynder, and that I decline to express an opinion on anything concerning her."

"You may satisfy yourself by talking like that, but you don't satisfy me. My husband says I killed her. If you believe in that woman's innocence, it's possibly because you agree with him; because you're at one with my husband in thinking I'm a murderess. Do you suppose that I can keep still regarding you as a friend, as my brother-in-law, if I suspect that that's the state of your mind toward me? Of what kind of flesh and blood do you think I'm made? You will either answer the questions, which under the circumstances I have a right to put to you, or I will call in Alice and repeat them in her presence. If I know her, she will mete out short measure to the man who implies, by his silence, that I am what Hereward says I am."

"Hereward's an idiot; surely he's proved it to you. I wonder you pay the least attention to anything he says. The whole fault from first to last is his. He's behaved like a contemptible fool through the whole dirty business, and now it actually seems that, by bespattering you, he hopes to relieve himself of some of the mud with which he himself is covered."

"That, at least, is false."

Lord Sark moved a step forward to say it. Cleethorpes swung round toward him; with a show of heat which, if it was only called up by the necessity he was under of shunting Lady Sark to another line of rails, did him none the less credit on that account.

"Do you imagine I expect you to own it's

true? My dear Hereward, I know you better. You'll always salve your conscience by passing the sin on to some one else; that's the kind of man you are. But if you'll take my serious advice, you'll face the music you have raised all by yourself, and won't try to fasten it on Margaret. To give you an instance of the kind of thing I mean: There are men going about London saying that you ran away to your convenient monastery to avoid paying them money which you had lost to them at cards."

"It's a lie!"

"Hereward, I am not Margaret; I'm not even a woman. If you say of a statement which I make to you that it's a lie, even Margaret's presence will not give you that immunity on which perhaps you're counting. You went to the Picnic; you played poker; you lost large sums of money, which you have not paid, or offered to pay. It is admitted that part of the time you were drunk; though it was difficult to dissuade you from playing even then, as I am witness; but at least part of the time you were sober. Even if it were possible to decide when you really began to be drunk, and rule that period off, there would still remain a large balance against you. As you are aware, there is one rule at the Picnic which is a rule—that all card debts shall be paid within four-and-twenty hours. One of the men you owe came and asked me if there were any chance of his getting his money; because, if not, he meant to post you then and there. I said I believed you had retired into the country for reasons of health; and so he held his hand. How long it will remain held I cannot tell you."

"I—I have some hazy recollections of having played; but, until you mentioned it, I had forgotten all about it."

"Your hazy recollections! You can throw a convenient haze over your own proceedings, but you turn the limelight on an accusation which you make against your wife; which, even if it were true, the average man would cut his throat rather than whisper."

The Marquis of Sark did not present a very edifying spectacle as he stood, a speechless, helpless target for Cleethorpes's unexpected scorn; so his wife seemed to think!

"I should not care to have it known that my husband does not meet his engagements, however they may have been incurred," she said. "As Hereward may be returning to the monastery shortly, I shall be glad, Leonard,

if you will ascertain for me what, precisely, is the amount that is claimed, without making any deductions, and I will see that it is paid. I don't think that either Hereward or I need keep you any longer."

Cleethorpes hesitated, as if doubting whether or not to make his exit under cover of a few valedictory words; but he left them unspoken. When he had gone Lady Sark turned to her husband with a little air of patient weariness which some men would have found more galling than a whip's lash across their faces.

"Hereward, if you have any inclination to return to your monastic refuge, and your friend, Father Paul, at once, pray follow it; I would rather you did. I will see that your poker debts are paid, to the uttermost farthing. Only understand that if ever you speak to me again on the subject on which you spoke to me just now, from that moment you will cease to regard me as your wife."

Then she also went out; and the marquiss was left alone, in his wife's private apartment.

CHAPTER XIX

A POPULAR SPECTACLE

It was the day on which Claire Seton was to make her second appearance before a magistrate, after being in prison for a week. During that week public interest in the case had grown; the papers had seen to that. Bertram Drummond put in an early appearance on the scene; yet he learned that his client was already in the cells. So he went to see her; though it was doubtful if the interview did her any good, or him either. The sight of her, the sound of her voice, stirred his sympathies, which required no stirring; when he entered the court righteous wrath had produced in him a state of white heat, which was not a condition compatible with well-balanced nerves. Cleethorpes came much later. His glance, wandering round the court, perceived on his left, among five or six other persons on a long seat a little behind the table at which counsel sat, no less a personage than the Marchioness of Sark. At sight of her it was impossible to feign indifference. Drummond, sitting by him, followed his glance.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing; only there's some one over there

I didn't expect to see. I think I'll go and speak to her." He went, the lady acknowledging his approach with a little nod; but she did not rise, and he had to stoop right over so as to prevent his words being audible to her neighbors on either side.

"What are you doing here?"

"It's a public court, isn't it? I've as much right to be here as you have, and much more solid cause. According to Hereward—and you—I may soon figure in it as the chief attraction."

"I wish you wouldn't talk like that."

"Hereward's here, but he's in the vulgar crowd." Cleethorpes, straightening himself, saw Lord Sark among the people who were standing up at the back; when he saw Cleethorpes looking in his direction the marquiss withdrew himself, as if for cover, behind the brawny figure of a gentleman to whom, if appearances did not belie him, a police court was a familiar haunt. "Well," inquired the lady, "do you see him? He didn't think I would, but I did."

"It's strange that he should be here. Did he know you were coming?"

"How should he? We know nothing of each other's movements; that's all over."

"You're both of you stark, staring mad; I honestly believe it. As for Hereward——"

"Well, as for him?"

"Nothing, at least here. Margaret, I do beg you'll let me take you out; this is no place for you; it's no place for anyone who's not forced to be here."

"Mr. Cleethorpes, will you be so good as to confine yourself to doing your duty to your client? You're drawing that attention to me which I wish to avoid; I may have more than enough of it later on. There's Sir John Poynder; if you will drag me into such prominence he'll recognize me as the person who really did it, and then there'll be a complete topsy-turvydom."

Cleethorpes returned to his seat with his temper perceptibly ruffled. Drummond would probably have observed the fact and commented on it had not his attention been diverted by what was taking place on the bench. Through the magistrate's private door there appeared an old gentleman, who leaned heavily on a stick. By his side, keeping a watchful eye on his every movement, was a nurse; behind was a manservant. The old gentleman moved toward an armchair which had evidently been placed for him. His steps

were shaky ones; it was only with the help of the nurse he could find his way into the chair; yet, even while she was propping him up with cushions, and trying to settle him in something like comfort, he turned to her with a snarl which did not suggest gratitude for her ministering offices. Drummond took it for granted that this was Sir John Poynder, because the nurse at whom the old man snarled was his—Drummond's—sister. He knew that she had, as the result of her desire to gain evidence for him in the case which had become so vital to him, secured the position as nurse to Sir John, which she had been enabled to do not alone because of her professional fitness, but through the influence of the attending physician who was also her friend. Drummond had, indeed, a note from her in his pocket, in which she informed him that the refractory Sir John, in spite of the doctor's advice, and her advice, and everyone's advice—indeed, as she believed, because of their advice—had announced his unalterable determination to attend the court in the morning; but she had said nothing about her going with him. Yet a moment's reflection showed Drummond that if he had given the matter the least consideration he would have seen that, since nobody would have to be in charge, the duty would undoubtedly fall on her. A tall man, with a keen, clever face, and the slight stoop which sometimes marks the scholar, getting up from the body of the court, went on to the bench and began to busy himself with the old gentleman in the armchair, addressing him as one who had authority.

"Who's that?" asked Drummond in a whisper.

"That's Vaughan, the surgeon in charge," answered Cleethorpes. "A clever fellow, and a nice one too."

"Sir John looks like a nice old man."

"He's a dear, with a record. If everyone were hung for murder, he'd have been hung many a time. I've heard him tell of how he once killed seven men with the contents of two revolvers, one of which he held in either hand. So far as I could gather, they were only trying to persuade him not to lay predatory hands upon their property."

"You might bring that out in cross-examination."

"I might; and one or two other interesting little points as well. Sir John Poynder could entertain the court with some quaint stories

which would throw a surprising light on the view he takes of murder." Mr. Drummond glanced at the speaker as if there were a significance in his tone which struck his ear. Cleethorpes went on. "It's a queer world; and morality's all a question of the degree of latitude. That's not a bad-looking nurse he's got up there."

He did not think it necessary to mention that this was a different nurse from the one he had seen when, at that gentleman's request, he had called upon Sir John, and who had inspired him with a vague recollection of having seen her somewhere before; nor, apparently, did Mr. Drummond think it worth his while to call attention to the fact that the not bad-looking nurse in question was his sister. As the young lady deposited herself on a chair which was a little on one side of, and just behind, her patient, so that she could observe him closely, though he could not see her, she and her brother exchanged a glance which was so transitory that it would probably have escaped the most watchful spectator; but beyond that there was nothing to show that either had ever seen the other before.

Sir John Poynder, banked into his chair with cushions, a heavy malacca cane between his knees, on whose ivory handle his sinewy hands were resting, glanced round the court with something in his gleaming old eyes which almost suggested that he was looking for some one with whom he might pick a quarrel. What was more, presently it looked as if he had found some one. For when his glance, reaching the well of the court, found Leonard Cleethorpes, there it rested. As if because this was the last person he expected to see, for a moment he seemed to be in doubt as to his identity; but when the recognition was assured a change took place in his demeanor which attracted the notice of everyone in the crowded court room, and was afterwards honored with a line or two in more than one of the descriptive reports which appeared in the papers. The old man sat up straighter, drawing himself a little forward from among his cushions, concentrating his attention upon Leonard Cleethorpes with such a blaze of anger on his face that more than one of those who saw it expected him to give it audible expression. Indeed his jaws were moving, as if he found it difficult to restrain his tongue; and it is more than probable that in a second or two he would have broken out into some utterance which would have caused what the

newspapers call a profound sensation, had it not been for the interposition, at what seemed the critical moment, of the manservant, who had seated himself at a respectful distance at the back of the old gentleman's chair. The nurse, her attention aroused by her patient's singular demeanor, was seemingly trying to find out what ailed him, when Mr. Hankey, the manservant in question, leaning over his chair, whispered something to his master which induced that irascible old gentleman to turn and glare at him, making use, in a perfectly audible tone of voice, of language which had not been heard in that part of the court for many a day, and which was the cause of much amusement to at least a section of his hearers. Drummond whispered to Cleethorpes, who, after meeting the other's glance steadily for a moment or two, had looked down with a smile which seemed to inflame him more than ever:

"He appears to know you."

"Oh, yes, he knows me. He loves me like a son."

Once more the singularity of his tone struck Drummond's ear; but before he could speak again there was a general uprising, and the magistrate came in, and scarcely had he taken his seat when the prisoner was brought into the dock.

When she came in no one had eyes to spare for anyone, or anything, but her. The magistrate looked at her with the perfunctory glance of the man who has looked at many prisoners in his time; then his glance returned to the papers on his desk. Sir John Poynder, forgetting for the moment the irritating person down below, stared fixedly at the girl in the dock; and his nurse; and the watchful Mr. Hankey behind his chair; and Dr. Vaughan, who had also seated himself on the bench, where he was not too near his patient, nor too far from him in case of accident. One felt that all these four persons, as they looked at the prisoner, were conscious of sensations of surprise. Sir John's face wore a puzzled expression, which afterwards changed into a smile of grim amusement, as if it tickled him to think that one so young, and so outwardly fair, should have been the cause of all this pother. The nurse's face was less eloquent; one only noted that she looked from the prisoner to her solicitor, and then back again, as if the solicitor interested her more than the prisoner; yet one felt that the prisoner interested her too. She regarded her with a

quiet scrutiny, as if she were endeavoring to ascertain what kind of person this really was. The expression on Mr. Hankey's face resembled, in a degree, that which was on his master's, only with his amusement was blended a touch of something which was almost superciliousness, as if he were conscious that it hardly became a person in his position to take notice of a person in hers. The flash of surprise which lit Dr. Vaughan's visage when the prisoner first appeared was evanescent; it was followed by a steady, persistent regard, as if, as a problem and a puzzle, he found her well worthy his most serious consideration.

Not the least interested among the spectators were the Marquis and Marchioness of Sark. Lady Sark, turning half round in her seat to enable her to study the prisoner to better advantage, not only looked at her long and eagerly, but even after that first prolonged scrutiny her glances returned to her again and again. Each time they left her with an expression which, as the glances multiplied, seemed to grow more and more troubled. Her husband, standing behind the prisoner, had a fairly good view of her back, but he could see little more; yet he appeared to find even that more than sufficient. The sight of her seemed to have for him a singular attraction, while it filled him with a still more singular repulsion. He seemed unable to take his eyes off as much of her as he could see, yet as he stared he retreated backward, showing a sublime disregard of the presence of others which made him the object of a good deal of muttered criticism, until gaining the door, making a little rush through it, he leaned up against the wall in the entrance hall without. Out in the street he bade a cabman drive him to the Jesuit church in Farm Street. There he remained for hours on his knees before the high altar, seeking for that peace which he seemed to have lost forever.

Probably the only person in the court who did not turn toward the prisoner when she entered was Bertram Drummond—not because he was unconscious of her entry, but because he was too conscious. He could not have said what ailed him, but he could not have turned to look at her without an effort, of which at the moment he was incapable, if only because he knew everyone else was looking. He resented their glances with an intensity at which he himself was startled,

keeping his eyes fixed on the sheet of paper which he gripped tightly with the fingers of both hands to prevent himself from seeing them. But though he could not see his client with the physical eye, she was plain enough to the eye of the imagination, and that was the trouble. He did not need to see her to be aware that she was standing behind him in the dock, gripping tightly—as tightly as he gripped that paper—with her two small ungloved hands the rail which was in front of her; to know that she was standing very straight and very still, looking straight in front of her, yet seeing nothing, with that look of speechless agony on her white, drawn, childish face, and in her wide-open eyes, which haunted him, and even at that moment seemed to make his heart cease beating. He could not have looked at her. She was a show to these others. She was a soul in agony to him, a soul speaking to his soul with a frenzied fervor of whose real meaning he had as yet no notion.

Counsel for the Crown rose and said something about Sir John Poynder, and presently a New Testament was handed to the venerable gentleman on the bench, and he was being sworn—in his armchair. Then counsel, in his most mellifluous tones, began to put to him a series of questions, which the witness, when he answered at all, did so in tones which were anything but mellifluous. Sir John Poynder was one of those persons, who are not so rare as some may think, who are apt to suspect in every question something injurious to themselves, no matter what its subject, nor from whom it comes. The examination had not proceeded very far when counsel became conscious of an inclination to treat his own leading witness as hostile. Sir John showed so obvious a disposition to make himself unpleasant. The eminent gentleman who represented the Crown, being wholly unprepared for anything of the kind, hardly knew what to make of it. Some of the questions Sir John would not answer at all even though the questioner descended to wheedling. To others he replied in a fashion which, while it surprised the counsel and scandalized the Bench, moved the spectators to uncontrollable, though misplaced, mirth. The story which, with much effort, was got from the witness, was, after all, a lame one. Whatever his intention, an impression was conveyed to all who heard him that he meant to say no more than he was actually compelled,

and curiosity was piqued by what seemed, under the circumstances, to be his strange desire to damage by his evidence the prisoner as little as he could. He admitted—the facts were wrung from him as if they were admissions—that he had found the prisoner in the room, standing over his wife with a revolver in her hand; that when he entered she turned and shot him; that he was still suffering from the effect of her shot; and that his wife had said, with what was literally her last breath, that the prisoner had shot her. But he told his story so haltingly, so reluctantly, shying at question after question, giving such unsatisfactory answers when he did answer, that it made the more critical of his hearers suspect that the story, as the counsel got it from him, would bear a very different aspect if he really chose to let himself go. It took ten minutes to make him admit that his wife said anything before she died, and another quarter of an hour to get from him exactly what she said. A queer incident took place when counsel, holding out a revolver, asked if that was the weapon with which the prisoner had shot him—it was an illustration of the witness's method throughout. He stared at the weapon from under his beetling brows while the question was asked, in various forms, three times; then he observed:

"How the devil am I to tell one gun from the other at that distance?"

Ineffectual efforts had been made by both counsel and magistrate to induce him to leave out some of the adjectives with which he would persist in peppering his speech. Possibly it was felt that the old man was still more fit for a sick bed than for a witness box, and that therefore it was better to get an answer from him in any form than none at all. A latitude was allowed him to which the magistrate was perpetually threatening, if he did not mend his manners, to put an effectual limit.

"Let Sir John see it," said counsel.

He handed it to the usher, who offered it to Sir John, who, however, would have none of it.

"Take it away; I don't want to look at it."

"Is that the revolver?" patiently persisted counsel.

"How am I to tell?"

"If you were to take it in your hand and look at it, perhaps you would be able to tell."

By dint of a little persuasion the witness was induced to take the revolver in his hand.

"Why don't you object?" whispered Drummond to Cleethorpes. "These are all leading questions."

"If I do object," whispered Cleethorpes back to him, "they'll get everything out of him they want; it'll be time enough for me to object when they've got something."

The old gentleman was turning the revolver over and over in his shaking hand, with a grin which grew broader the longer he regarded it, as if it amused him to know he was keeping the court waiting.

"Suppose," he remarked at length, "I were to say I'd never seen the thing before?"

"I should remind you, Sir John, that you were on your oath."

"Oath?" The old man dropped the weapon from his hand onto the floor with an air of the completest unconcern. "I can't say if I have or haven't seen the thing before; being on my oath, I shouldn't like to swear to it either way."

That was as much as counsel could get from him; the reminder had made him exasperatingly cautious. When the revolver was returned to the table Cleethorpes picked it up; he noticed that on the stock, in one place, were the words "Webley Patent"; in another, "W. & S."; and in a third, "W. G. Model," and some figures. At last, counsel for the Crown, observing:

"I think that's all, Sir John, I need trouble you with to-day," with a sigh of relief resumed his seat.

He had not got much from the witness, but getting it had taken a considerable time; but if he was tired the witness seemed worn out, as if exhausted by his own cantankerousness. So soon as the examination was ended the doctor approached him from one side and the nurse from the other; but tired though the old man obviously was, he still had enough fight left in him to refuse to have anything to do with either. Then Cleethorpes stood up and Sir John Poynder's manner instantly changed; he sat bolt upright in his chair, glowering at him as if he were some noxious thing.

"What are you doing there?" he demanded in a tone and with an air which amused the audience greatly. Cleethorpes addressed his reply to the magistrate.

"I represent the prisoner, your honor."

The old man rose to his feet.

"You?" he said. "You?"

For a moment it almost looked as if he were trying to get a tight enough hold of his

cane to enable him to throw it at the other's head. But his strength was not equal to his ill temper; suddenly he sank back onto his chair, shivering and gasping for breath. As those in attendance on him came to his assistance, Cleethorpes addressed the magistrate again:

"I think, your honor, that in view of the fact that the witness is obviously not so well as we should wish to see him, my examination had better be postponed to the next hearing; especially as I have several questions to ask and it may occupy a considerable time."

"I think that's very possible," the magistrate grimly agreed, with an eye on the time which had been occupied already.

Counsel for the Crown stood up.

"I have other witnesses in attendance, your honor, but I think that, considering all things, it might be convenient to take the adjournment now."

So the adjournment was taken; and the prisoner was removed as expeditiously as possible, with a view of avoiding the rush which was already being made to see her taken back to jail. No one thought of inquiring if the adjournment was convenient to her; such a thing would have been absurd. She was merely the ball which was necessary for the continuance of the game, and which, as a matter of course, was banded back and forth as it suited the players.

CHAPTER XX

THE MARCHIONESS IS OBSTINATE

A FEW days later, Leonard Cleethorpes came rushing into Lady Sark's private sitting room, holding out to her a sheet of paper.

"Margaret, what does this mean?"

"I thought its meaning was pretty obvious. That is an intimation which I had sent to you, to the effect that the fancy-dress ball which I proposed to give has been postponed indefinitely."

He stared at her, as if doubting if it was he or she who had taken leave of sense.

"Proposed to give? Why, it's to take place on Friday. What reason do you give for slamming your door, at the last moment, in the faces of all your friends and acquaintances, after all you have led them to expect?"

"I have nothing to add to the intimation you have received."

"Then you'll be ruined."

"How?"

"Because all London will cut you; and serve you right. You'll be behaving very badly. Do you suppose the king will allow you to play fast and loose with him, and give no reason? At your special request he has honored you by making elaborate arrangements to attend your ball; do you imagine he'll permit you, after his courtesy to you, to put such a slight on him, and throw all his arrangements out of gear, and offer no explanation?"

"I can explain, only too easily, as you know; but I thought it would be better not to."

"Please don't credit me with knowledge I don't possess. I know of no reason why you should subject your invited guests to such contumelious treatment."

"Very well, Leonard; I will make no comment on your remark. Did you receive the money to pay those people what Hereward lost to them at poker? And have they been paid?"

"They have; though it was monstrous that you should have to pay such a sum; you might very properly have compounded for half. Then, there again was an indiscretion. Why did you send it to me? Why not to Hereward, and let him pay?"

"For the very simple reason that I had no notion where Hereward was, and I understood that time was of importance. I have seen and heard nothing of him since the day on which he accused me of murder, except the glimpse I had of him at the police court, which is one reason why I did not associate his name with mine on the invitation. It is I who am postponing the ball, not he; the entire responsibility is mine."

Cleethorpes sat down, looking like a person who is conscious that he has lost control of his wits just at the moment when he needs them most. Lady Sark took advantage of his silence to press her point.

"You see yourself how right I am."

"I see nothing of the kind."

"You must see it. Why, you yourself believe I'm guilty; why you come near me at all I don't understand. I suppose it's simply because I'm Alice's sister, and you don't see how you can help it."

"You talk rubbish; you've no right to say I believe anything of the kind."

"I've every right. I asked you the question point blank, repeatedly; you refused to

answer. Do you suppose I didn't appreciate the ingenuity with which you wriggled out of the necessity of answering? What was the deduction I must inevitably draw?"

"Margaret, I'll make a clean breast of it, so far as I'm concerned."

"I am waiting."

She had to wait some little time. He seemed to be searching for words which would give the most exact expression to what he wished to say; when he did speak it was wide of the point.

"The whole business recalls the pebble which is dropped in the pond, and which makes circles which spread and spread until they cover the whole surface of the water. Hereward, with his one little stone, has troubled us all."

"That's a platitude. Does it mean that you're still dodging the question?"

"No, it doesn't. I'm going to be frankness itself; by the time I've finished you'll admit it; only I'm so anxious that you sha'n't misunderstand me. Let me tell you, in the first place, that under any circumstances your denial would have been sufficient for me. I know you well enough to be aware that you would not say the thing which is not, no matter what the truth might cost you. Why Hereward continues to doubt I cannot say—I have not heard his story; but I will tell you mine, then you will see that even yet the matter is not so simple, as you may suppose. I also was in Portman Square that night, and I saw you come from the direction of Poynder's house. I had an inkling of how matters stood between Hereward and his wife."

"Everyone does seem to have had an inkling except me."

"In such matters those chiefly concerned sometimes are the only persons who walk in darkness. Besides, you and he had had words; you guessed."

"I did not guess at anything like the truth."

"That I could not tell. I knew you had had a difference; when I saw you I jumped at the conclusion that you were there because of Hereward."

"So I was."

"Precisely; it gave me an unpleasant sensation. I didn't like to think of your being mixed up in such a matter in even the smallest degree, because in my eyes you have always been something sacred. When you were out of sight, I walked round the square.

Coming to Poynder's, I found the door wide open, and the whole house in confusion. I walked straight in, nobody forbidding me, no one seeming to notice my presence. I learned that Lady Poynder had just been shot by a woman; you may fancy what effect the news had on me. I was not on the best of terms with Poynder; I was instantly anxious that he should not discover me, lest he might connect my presence with you."

"Why should he?"

"The world knows I am honored with your friendship. Poynder might have found out his wife's entanglement with Hereward; you might even have left traces of your presence behind; discovering me might have fanned his suspicions into flame."

"The logic seems strained."

"To you, perhaps, now; to me, at the moment, it seemed quite clear. I withdrew into a recess. After the people had gone, and the coast seemed clear, I left the house; as I was leaving it Poynder saw me from the landing. He thinks I killed his wife."

"Leonard! Why?"

"Because chiefly he's a wrong-headed old fool. It seems that an unsigned letter of an unequivocal sort was found on his wife's body, and he takes it for granted it came from me."

"Why?"

"It's a long story. I knew his wife before she was his wife. Her history was a romance of real life; I'll tell it you one day. He discovered by accident that I was a previous acquaintance of hers; and, having possibly learned what sort of person he had married, chose to put on his discovery the worst construction, though my acquaintance with her was of the most innocent kind. He seemed to have argued like this—that letter was mine."

"And was it?"

"Of course not. I haven't seen it, and I don't want to see it; but I presume it was Hereward's."

"He seems to have done us all a good turn."

"It's the pebble in the pond. The letter, Poynder chooses to think, is mine; *ergo*, I led her astray; but at the last moment her better nature rose against me, and, in my rage, I shot her. That, I fancy, is about how the truth stands, according to Sir John Poynder. I'm the villain of the piece."

"That explains his extraordinary behavior in the court the other day."

"Exactly. When I do start to cross-examine him, the proceedings ought to make capital copy for the papers."

"When you saw me, where was I?"

"You came out of the square into Baker Street, hailed a hansom, and drove away."

"That's just what I did do. Now if you had told your story, as I wanted you to, when Hereward was here, between you you would have, at any rate, exonerated me. He says that he saw Lady Poynder come out of the house and speak to me; that he saw me go back with her into the house, and, after an interval, come out again, and that, at sight of him, I turned and scuttled round the other corner of the square. He would not believe me when I told him I did none of these things; but if he had heard you, he would have had to believe."

"I didn't quite follow what Hereward said. Would you mind repeating it?" She did as he requested. He listened intently, slipping in a question here and there. When he fully understood, he seemed to be turning Lord Sark's version of what he had seen over in his mind. Then he said, as if dismissing the subject once and for all, "Hereward must have been dreaming."

"He must have been the victim of some sort of hallucination. Then you offered to defend this girl—this Claire Seton—believing that I was the guilty party."

"That's not how I put it."

"But it is so. Was that quite fair to her? You had only to give voice to your suspicions and she was free. She needed no defending."

"Nothing in the world would have induced me to utter a word which would have hurt you."

"I doubt if you would have served me in the end. Suppose she had been found guilty, what would you have done then?"

"You move too fast. To begin with, at the bottom of my heart I never really believed that you did do it, though I should have held you justified if you had."

"Justified in killing Lady Poynder?"

"I should have been of opinion that you had done a service to society. In England we are apt to set a greater value on human life than on some things which are worth much more. But I know you, and, as I say, at the bottom of my heart I could not conceive of your doing a thing like that, be the provocation what it might. No; I did not take up Miss Seton's

case because I believed that you were guilty, but I did want to ward off danger of another kind. Suppose she had found somebody else to act for her; he would probably have found out about Hereward's folly, and have made capital of it after a fashion which, while it did his client no good, might have done you incalculable harm. That was the peril I wished to guard against. I don't intend that your name—or Hereward's, which is the same thing—shall be dragged into the business if I can help it."

"Even though your client may suffer?"

"She won't suffer. Throwing mud at you or yours wouldn't benefit her."

"That depends. I can conceive of circumstances under which it might. However, we'll let them alone. Leonard, you've told me one or two things; now tell me another. Do you believe she's innocent?"

"As matters stand, that's a subject on which I am unable to express an opinion; but this I assure you, I'll do my utmost to bring about her acquittal. I take it that in doing that I shall be performing the whole duty of a counsel; it is not for him to have opinions, but only to induce them in others. But let us return to our original subject, having cleared away some of the incumbrances. Don't you see that if you were to postpone this ball, for which the whole of London is eagerly waiting, what harm would do?"

"I can only repeat that I will not allow people to come, unwittingly, to the house of a woman whom her husband believes to be a murderess."

Cleethorpes stood up.

"Then, in that case, I must make what excuses for you I can, because they will certainly be needed."

"Pray do not trouble to offer any excuses for me; I will fight my own battle as best I can."

He seemed to be about to make a further appeal when there came a tapping at the door.

"Who's that?"

A footman entered.

"The Duchess of Alderney is downstairs, my lady, and would like to see your ladyship—her grace particularly told me to say at once."

Cleethorpes, looking at the marchioness with something very like a twinkle in his eyes, spoke to her in tones which were audible to her only.

"His mother! Now your explanations will begin; perhaps you'll explain to her."

On the lady's face there was an expression which was very near akin to entreaty.

"Will you see the duchess, please, and explain for me?"

He curtly declined.

"Not I. For me to pretend to act as your deputy with the Duchess of Alderney would be to insult her further. I do not propose to join you in insulting anyone."

He walked out of the room, leaving Margaret to discuss the duchess with the footman if she chose.

CHAPTER XXI

SISTERS

"MARGARET, where have you been? I was beginning to wonder if anything had happened. The house has been bombarded."

"I have been to Holloway Jail. I went to see Claire Seton; and I saw her."

Alice Mahony's bewilderment was complete.

"But what has her being there, or what has she, to do with you?"

"She's a good deal to do with me, and she's likely to have a good deal more. It's not a nice thing for me to have to tell you, and it's not a nice thing for you to have to hear, but as you insist on being told, and as anyhow I dare say you'll have to be told some time, I don't suppose it makes much difference who tells you. Alice, Hereward says that I killed Lady Poynder; that's why he won't come near the house; that's why there's going to be no ball; and that's what I have to do with Claire Seton, who is in prison charged with the crime of which my husband swears that I am guilty."

"I don't understand."

"And yet it's simple, at least it's grown to seem simple to me; though it's true it wasn't at first, and of course you're where I was."

She repeated, very quietly and clearly, in essence what she had just said, though her cheeks grew whiter as she spoke, and her sister looked as if she thought her ears must be playing her a trick.

"But—Hereward must be mad!"

"No; almost one might say that there's the pity; he has what looks to him like irrefutable evidence to go upon."

She told of the woman Lord Sark had seen, and of how he had taken her to be his wife.

"But, Margaret, it wasn't you!"

"No, it wasn't; but I wasn't very far off, and he had really seen me not long before; and Leonard saw me, and he thought I was guilty."

"Leonard thought you were guilty? Margaret, it's not true!"

Lady Sark explained, with all possible clearness, as if the words she uttered were not to her like so many turns of the rack, how the confusion had come about, and what was at the back of it, Alice listening with her ears and eyes and mouth, and every part of her, as if this was the strangest tale she had ever heard, which indeed it was. Then, when she understood, and her sister paused, she stood up to her full height, and she drew a long breath, as if her lungs needed all the air that she could give them.

"And to think that all this has been going on close to me all the time, and I knew nothing at all about it!"

"I fancy, Alice, that a good many things go on close to us of which we know nothing."

"But Leonard ought to have told me."

"Ought he? Think! So long as Leonard had any doubt he said nothing even to me. It was only when he was convinced of my innocence that he spoke; while a doubt remained he was dumb. As to his standard of morality, from the abstract point of view, I say nothing; but of his faithfulness to me, as your sister, and his friend, nothing I could say would be too much."

Alice, looking at her sister, was suddenly struck by something which she saw in her face. They were not demonstrative persons, these two, but that something made an irresistible appeal. She went and knelt beside her chair, looking into her face with new understanding.

"Margaret, what you must have suffered!"

"I've become a philosopher of late. I've learned that suffering is relative. It has its depths, which I have not plumbed, and trust I never may; because this afternoon I've seen some one who has, and—that's frightened me."

"Do you mean—that girl?"

"Claire Seton."

"But—didn't she do it?"

"If you had been with her this afternoon, as I have, you wouldn't ask. She is quite a child; a simple and pure-hearted child; with, I am sure, a beautiful nature; as incapable of doing the thing with which she is charged as I

am—indeed, I believe more incapable, because I can conceive of circumstances in which resentment might carry me far; I think she'd turn the other cheek to the smiter. God only knows what her sufferings have been, and perhaps will be yet. And you know, Alice, I might very easily be in her place. If Hereward were to swear to what he believes is true, it's quite possible they'd hang me, and certainly they'd set her free; so you see I almost feel as if she is where I ought to be."

"You—you mustn't talk like that, Margaret."

"There's only one way of escape, both for her and for me, and, put baldly, it smacks of bathos. Alice, I must find a woman who wears a felt hat, a blue veil, and a dark-brown motor coat with a green leather collar and green leather binding. That doesn't sound as if it were likely to be a very easy thing to do, does it?"

Alice was silent; she was regarding her sister as if something had startled her afresh.

"What—what did you say you must find?" Lady Sark went through the description again. "But—but—why must you find some one who owns clothes like that?"

"Because the woman who owns those clothes killed Lady Poynder." Alice had remained kneeling by her sister's chair. When Lady Sark said that some change took place in her face which it would not be easy to describe—as if a light within her had been suddenly put out; while she continued to stare with a fixity of gaze which the marchioness, in spite of her own self-absorption, could not choose but notice. "Why do you stare at me like that?"

"Was I—staring?"

"Why, yes, and you're staring still. Child, don't look at me like that; it's as if you saw a ghost."

"Perhaps—perhaps I did." She raised herself from her knees as unexpectedly as she had gone down on them; there was something in the way she did it which caused the marchioness to regard her as if she were startled in her turn. The girl stood motionless, looking over her sister's head at something which she seemed to see beyond. Then, as if conscious of the singularity of her attitude, all at once she gave herself a little jerk, and crossing the room, picked up a book which was on a table on the other side. "It's odd," she said, "how one does see ghosts in broad daylight."

"I've been seeing one or two lately on my own account, so I can sympathize with you."

"Why does—why does Miss Seton—I presume she is Miss Seton——"

"Of course."

"Why does she think that the woman who wore those clothes did—what you say she said she did?" Lady Sark told the story of the woman Claire Seton had found in the room; while she told it Alice held the book she had picked up open in her hands; but though her eyes were fixed upon the page, one could see that she was not reading. "Then—she saw her?"

"Haven't I just been telling you she did?"

"And—she'd know her again?"

"My dear Alice, you can't be paying much attention. Haven't I been trying to explain that the part of her she'd be most likely to know again would be her clothes, and principally the coat she wore. I've to search London for a dark-brown motor coat, bound with green leather round the edges and with a green leather collar; when I've found it I shall have to ask its owner questions. As I've already observed, it doesn't seem to be a clew which it will be particularly easy to follow up."

"No, it doesn't—does it?"

"That child says she would know her by her voice."

"Did she speak?"

"She and the child seemed to have had quite a small conversation. She must have been a pretty cool hand, considering what she had just been doing, and that she was practically caught in the act. Owing to her coolness, Claire had not the slightest suspicion that anything was wrong till after she had vanished. There was something peculiar in her voice, or in her manner of speaking—I didn't quite gather which—which makes the child positive that she would know her by her voice if she heard her speak again."

"Did she speak—as if she were asleep?"

"What a question! Do people talk when they're asleep?"

"Margaret, you have told me that you carried on a conversation with me, and that I talked in such a way that you found it difficult to believe that I was asleep, when I was—fast. Don't you remember our talking half jokingly about whether it wouldn't be better for me to consult some great authority on mental phenomena, because one day I might

find my double-mindedness, as you call it, extremely inconvenient?"

"What has all this to do with the woman who wore the motor coat I have to look for?"

"People do all sorts of things when they're asleep."

"What are you driving at? Are you suggesting that she was asleep?"

"She might have been."

"I don't know what it is you've got into your head. Awake or asleep, if she gets into the hands of the police, she'll have a very pleasant time; if I find her I promise you she shall. Because of her, think of what I have had to bear, and still have. Why, I might have got into the Holloway Jail. Claire Seton has quite; unless you've talked to her, as I have, you won't be able to realize, even dimly, what she's suffered. Let me but put my finger on the lady of the coat; there is blood upon her hands, probably upon her coat; she shall feel what the innocent have had to suffer for her guilt; but her sufferings will be as nothing compared to theirs, for she is guilty, and they are not. Now, Alice, you know why there is to be no ball."

CHAPTER XXII

MISS MAHONY DRAWS CONCLUSIONS

MISS MAHONY had three rooms all to herself. When she left her sister she went up to her own sitting room, and so soon as she was in she did a rather singular thing. Holding out her hands in front of her, she examined them carefully, turning them over and over, peering between her fingers and at the tips of her polished nails.

"There's no blood upon them now—at least, none that's visible. I wonder if there ever was."

She sat down upon her favorite easy chair, as if to consider the problem which her words suggested. She was still sitting there when a servant entered to inquire if she would have her dinner upstairs or down. Her impulse was to say that she would have no dinner at all. Conditions as to meals had been so peculiar in that house of late that no one would have been surprised to learn that both the ladies of the house had decided to have, in future, no set meals of any kind. However, she said she would have something to eat where she was, and presently some dishes

were brought; while she pretended to eat what was on them she kept on thinking. When they were removed, and the apology for a meal was finished, she was thinking still.

She was an imaginative young woman, highly strung, emotional, quick to receive impressions, with an outlook onto a certain side of life which was all her own. She was not the daughter of Irish peasants for nothing. Education had done much, but it had not wholly destroyed what had come to her from them. To her mother; and to her father in a lesser degree, the world was still peopled by fairies. The legends which they had drunk in with their mother's milk were as real to them as their faith in their religion. From her childhood she had always been a dreamer; not only in the metaphorical but in the actual sense. Scarcely a night but her sleep was visited by dreams. Beautiful dreams most of them were. These lovely dreams enhanced her normal state of almost perfect happiness. But there were times when her dreams were very far from being beautiful, when she suffered much because of them. She would sometimes say that she did not know which were the most real, the things which happened or the things she dreamed. She maintained, it was difficult to determine with what degree of seriousness, that she often found it hard to tell the dream from the reality.

Since dreams clung to her memory almost as closely as actual events, she was not likely to have forgotten the one which had come to her on the night on which Lady Poynder had met with her tragic ending, and which she had recounted to Leonard Cleethorpes on the following day. She had kept it, as it were, in a pigeonhole in her mind, and had taken it out now and then, to contemplate it with feelings of amusement. It was so odd that in her dream she should have been doing what that dreadful young woman really was doing, possibly even while she dreamed. Judging from what she had gathered from her sister, her dream and the event must have been almost, if not quite, coincident. As a coincidence it had its entertaining side; hitherto that was the only side of which she had been aware; but in the light of what Lady Sark had told her the coincidence assumed quite another aspect. She had taken it for granted that the girl, Claire Seton, was, beyond a doubt, the guilty person; but it seemed that the matter

was by no means so simple as she had supposed; that there were complications of which she had had no notion. Hereward actually believed that Margaret was guilty; that was the cause of all the pother; of the condition of affairs which was likely to set all social London by the ears. For a time Leonard believed it too, though he said nothing of it to her. He had asked her to be his wife, while apparently he still believed her sister to be a murderess. That seemed to her to be the strangest part of it all; it presented Leonard in a wholly unexpected light.

She was a quick-witted young woman; she could put two and two together with anyone. She believed that she knew Leonard Cleethorpes as well as anyone; it was only for a time that she was puzzled by the part he had played in the unseen drama which had been going on around her. Then puzzlement began to give way to a feeling of quite another kind. He knew of her dream; she had told him all about it. Now she set her memory to work she recalled that she was struck at the time by something which was in his manner as he listened; she felt now that there might very well have been something. Possibly even then he had heard Claire Seton's story—of the woman in the room. She remembered with what particularity he had questioned her as to what, in her dream, she had been wearing. No wonder there was something odd in his manner; the marvel was that there had not been more. It was his self-possession, not the lack of it, which struck her now.

In the light of what Margaret had told her, she began to pass in array his whole conduct since the afternoon on which she had told him of her dream. His belief in Margaret's guilt, was it real, or was it assumed to—to shelter some one else? When she reached that point she began to tremble; she perceived that she was adventuring into waters which threatened dangers of which she did not care to think. Yet she pressed on, urged, she herself scarcely knew by what. However it might have been on that first afternoon, very soon after it he must have been in possession of Claire Seton's story; he must have heard all about the felt hat, the blue veil, the dark brown motor coat, with the green leather binding and the green leather collar; he must have known that those three telltale garments were her own. Why had he held his peace? Margaret had said that, when he doubted, where a friend was concerned, he

kept a silent tongue; what had he doubted, that he had said nothing to anyone, even to her? She knew that she was more than a friend to him—she knew it very well. She would have trusted him with her life willingly; with all that her life stood for.

In spite of herself, her cheeks glowed, her eyes sparkled, her breath came a little faster. It was not disagreeable to feel that she had for a lover a champion who was ready to enter all lists, to meet all comers, and any odds—on her behalf; who cared nothing for himself, but everything for her, and yet who was no rash fool, proclaiming his allegiance at the top of his voice for all the world to hear; but a cool and cautious man, who understood that there were circumstances in which he could put up a better fight for her if no one knew that he was fighting; for it came to her with a rush of emotions of all sorts and kinds, that the probability was that all this time he had been fighting for her, and—to speak of no one else—not even she had known of it.

A pretty hard fight it must have been; she began to perceive that now; also to have an insight into the dexterity with which he had handled his weapons. She had to ask herself what that fight, of whose various stages she had had no suspicion, meant to her. And the answer, so far as she could get at it, frightened her so that it seemed all at once as if the room was filled with some terrible thing, in whose presence she hardly dared to breathe.

What answer could there be, except one? Again she stretched her hands out in front of her, eying them fixedly; then she put them behind her with a little cry. Imagination was playing her a trick; scarlet hues flamed in front of her; she closed her eyes to shut them out. When she opened them again she let them wander round the room with something furtive in her glance, as if she were looking for she dared not think what. Then, realizing that if she was not careful she would have an attack of nerves, to which, at moments, she was unpleasantly subject, she stood up and shook herself, as if desirous of shaking herself free from the morbid thoughts which were besetting her. Looking for something which would get out of the groove in which her ideas were running, her glance fell on the piano; going to it she began to play. But the remedy was worse than the disease—her fingers ruled her, not she them. They would only produce music from the keyboard which matched her mood—fragments of mad melodies which

brought terror to her soul. With sudden impatience she shut down the piano with a crash which resounded through the room.

"I won't play—I won't! I'll—I'll do something else. Just now this is such a nice house in which to find something to do when I'm in a mood like this. I feel as Saul did. I want David to come and play to me, or with me, I don't care which, so long as he'd help me to drive these thoughts away. I must do something. Shall I play 'Patience'? No; that won't stop me thinking. At any rate, I'll have light on the scene." She switched on the electric light and lowered the blind, and was surprised to find how late it was. "Why, I've been sitting here simply hours, thinking. No wonder I am—haunted." Her glance fell on a cabinet of drawers which stood in a corner; with a bunch of keys which she took out of a drawer in her writing table she unlocked the top one, disclosing a number of polished wood cases. She conveyed one of these to a table, unlocking it with another key which she took from the same bunch. "There!—that case ought to contain a pair of revolvers—Webley's 'W. G.' target models; and to the best of my knowledge and belief it did contain them on the night I had my dream. But there's only one now. Query, Where's the other? In my dream, with the missing pistol I shot that woman. I'd like to know with what make of pistol she was shot. I wonder if Leonard knows?"

Leaving the pistol case open on the table, she went into her bedroom, which adjoined. Opening a cupboard which was in one of the wardrobes she began, in unceremonious fashion, to remove the garments it contained, letting them fall anywhere and anyhow, until she came to one which was at the back of all the rest. Then, out of other store places, she took a felt hat and a blue veil. Laden with her booty she returned into her sitting room. The garment which she had taken out of the wardrobe was a long coat such as women wear when motoring, if the weather is not very cold. It was of dark brown cloth on the one side and of leather on the other, being ingeniously fashioned so that it could be worn with either material outward; when the leather was outside, the collar was of cloth, and when the cloth, of leather; in either case it was leather-bound. "The coat she wore, the hat, the veil; I, apparently, am the owner Margaret is looking for. There may be other coats like this—there probably are; but—everything

points this way. Another stain upon the front! What's that? I'm prepared to bet a dollar that wasn't there before I dreamed. How came it in a dream? There's something in the pocket. Why, what is it? A handkerchief, all glued together with—is it blood?—congealed? Whose blood? That's a comfortable question to have to ask oneself. Did I—wipe my fingers—on my handkerchief? I don't remember it—in my dream; yet it looks as if I must have done so. It's pretty obvious why I wiped them." Again she held out her hands in front of her. "No, there's nothing on them now; nothing—visible. It's strange that I should have wiped my fingers unconsciously, in a dream, and all this long while afterwards have found proof of it." She examined the hat. "There seems nothing wrong with that. Let's see how I look in it. I haven't worn it, as that was only a dream, since I don't know when. Now for the veil. How Leonard does hate this veil; what abusive things he's said of it!" As she tied the veil behind her hat, so that it obscured all her face, she observed the result in a looking-glass. "I really cannot blame him, honestly, even for the very worst of the things he's said. It certainly does not improve my appearance. If I were a man I shouldn't fall in love with what might be hid by a thing like this, because it might be anything. In this light I look a perfect horror. Now the coat. Somehow I don't feel as if I quite care to put it on; there seems to be a kind of atmosphere about the thing—something uncanny. But, of course, that's silly. How can there be anything uncanny about a coat?" She made as if to slip her right arm into the sleeve; then, suddenly changing her purpose, letting it fall from her hand to the floor, she moved quickly from it, with a haste which almost suggested anxiety. "No!—I can't! There's something—there's something—I don't know what, but there is something. It seemed as if—" She glanced round the room, with the furtive glance of a person who, knowing there is nothing to look at, still looks. "It felt as if somebody was helping me to put it on. What tricks imagination does play when one's in an imaginative mood—as if—as if I wasn't quite alone. How truly ridiculous I am!"

Returning to the coat, she stooped down over it, presently picking it up gingerly with the finger tips of one hand. "It's not alive. What a goose I am! I will put it on. I will find out what the effect of the whole rig is, and

just as I looked in my dream; so let's have no more nonsense." Once more she made as if to put her arm into a sleeve, and for the second time refrained. This time she did not drop the coat, but, swinging round as if startled, stared about her with wide-open eyes. Then she shivered, and laughed. "Of all the funny things! I could have declared that some one took hold of it at the back, as if—to help me put it on; just as Bergholt used to do. There was always something peculiar about the way in which she put a coat on. I used to tell her so, and though she laughed, there was. Bergholt! How—how truly absurd I am—as if—as if she could hear!" All at once she was into the coat; putting it on with a single movement, as if to avoid the risk of changing her mind again. "There!—balked this time, whoever you are; no assistance either offered or required." Buttoning it up, she settled it here and there to suit herself. "The woman of my dream! I wonder if this is how the mysterious lady really looked? Does it only need a gun to make the illusion perfect?" She took the revolver out of the case upon the table. "All that is left of the pair; or the lost gun's companion. Shall I fire it, just to give the representation a proper finishing touch?"

She pointed the revolver at the door, just as it opened to admit Lady Sark.

CHAPTER XXIII

A WHIMSICAL POSITION

No sooner had the marchioness entered than she withdrew again, closing the door behind her with a rapidity which was comical. Alice dropped her hand to her side.

"Margaret!" she cried.

The door opened; Lady Sark reappeared.

"Alice, what are you doing? Do you know that you positively frightened me? I thought—" What she thought remained unsaid. She paused to stare at the figure which confronted her. "Alice, what does this mean?"

"Isn't the meaning clear to you? Can't you see?"

The marchioness was in one of those dainty arrangements of lace and ribbons and soft materials which, among women, are equivalent to a smoking jacket among men. A charming picture she was, in striking contrast

to the figure in front of her, whose habiliments she regarded with something more than dislike.

"Why have you got those horrid-looking things on now, and what are you doing with that revolver?"

"Don't you recognize these horrid-looking things?"

"Why do you ask me?" I recognize that you look a sight in them, I assure you. Take them off at once!"

"But don't you understand?"

"I understand that you're in one of your queer moods; and I hope that revolver isn't loaded. Suppose it had gone off as I came in? You may laugh and say what you choose, but I wish you wouldn't keep such things in your room; I don't think they're proper things for a girl to keep. Why do you keep standing like that? Will you oblige me by taking off those things at once?"

"I can see you don't understand. Will you look at me, please, more carefully, and try again?"

"If you don't take them off at once I shall go; I'm in no mood for nonsense."

"Margaret, you're duller than I thought you were; whether of intention or not I don't know. Will you oblige me, please, by observing me closely, and telling me if you see something you've been looking for?"

"What do you mean? I won't look at you. I've come up to have a chat—there's something I want to talk to you about; but if that's the frame of mind you're in I'd better make my way back again as fast as I can."

"And yet not long ago you were saying that you'd give—I don't know what you wouldn't give to see what you won't see now that you do see it. Think! What did your new friend, Miss Claire Seton, tell you that woman wore—the woman whom she found in the room? What were the garments you told me you had to hunt all London for? You can't have forgotten already, after all you said they meant to you and to the owner of the garments."

Miss Mahony pointed to the articles as she referred to them in turn:

"A felt hat, a blue veil, a dark brown motor coat with green leather binding and a green leather collar. Is this light so bad that it prevents your seeing plainly?"

"Are you mad?"

"Or are you purblind?"

Lady Sark shrank from her sister with a

gesture suggesting something which was very like fear.

"Alice, tell me, what do you mean?"

"Margaret, pray don't be afraid; there's nothing for you to be afraid of; on the contrary, I should think that all cause for you to fear is past. And please don't pretend."

"Do you wish me to believe that that coat you're wearing is something like the one that woman wore—Claire Seton's woman?"

"My dear Margaret, it's the very one. You do see something familiar about it at last? And this is the veil; and this is the hat; and I am the woman who wore them."

"Alice!"

"See, here's a stain upon the coat which I believe is blood; and there's no doubt about what it is upon the handkerchief. You can judge for yourself. It seems as if I must have wiped my fingers on it."

Lady Sark retreated from the discolored scrap of rag which the girl held out to her as if it were something dangerous; distress and bewilderment were in her bearing.

"Margaret, I have been thinking over what you said this afternoon, and I've been putting two and two together, and the conclusion I have come to is that I am the woman whom Miss Seton found in that fatal room and who, so far as one is able to judge, shot Lady Poynder."

A sound came from Lady Sark which might have been either a sigh or a groan. Her sister said calmly:

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised if in my sleep I killed Lady Poynder."

Then she told the story of her dream almost word for word as she had told it to Leonard Cleethorpes, her sister listening with evidently growing bewilderment. When the girl, having reached the tragic conclusion, paused as if to enable it to take full effect, the marchioness sat staring as if for the instant incapable of speech; so the other challenged her with a question. "Now what do you think of it?"

"Think of it?" Margaret, drawing a long breath, relapsed into silence, as if the bare repetition of her sister's words was as far as she could get. Then, as Alice sat motionless on her table watching her, she exclaimed: "I wish you'd move that dreadful veil and let me see your face! I still can't tell if you are serious."

"It gives me courage, and I need not point out to you how much that's wanted. As for

being serious, I give you my word of honor I've told you my dream exactly as I dreamed it. If he were here, Leonard would be my witness."

"Do you mean to say that you told Leonard at the time?"

"On the afternoon after. So you see he's known all the while about the motor coat, and who was the owner; and I dare say he knows where, at this moment, is the missing revolver. I've got to the stage at which nothing Leonard knows would amaze me."

"What I want to know is, are you seriously suggesting that you crossed London while fast asleep and did what you say?"

"I am suggesting nothing; I'm at the point at which I want suggestions to come from some one else. You see, Margaret, I attached no importance to my dream whatever till I had that talk with you this afternoon. I took it for granted that that girl they've locked up was guilty. Now you say she's innocent."

"Of that I am convinced."

"See what follows. She says she found a veiled woman in the room, dressed as I'm dressed now; as I was dressed in my dream. Hereward saw a woman whom he took for you."

"Are you suggesting that you're the woman Hereward saw?"

"Don't I tell you I'm suggesting nothing; but what would anyone suggest? What's the inference? My own feeling is, looking at the facts impartially as we have them, that if it is shown that Lady Poynder was shot by a Webley 'W. G.' target model revolver, it was I who shot her."

"Alice!"

"What other conclusion can we come to?"

Morally I am innocence itself; legally I don't know what my degree of guilt may be."

"Don't talk like that!"

"What is the use of keeping on in that strain, Margaret? It's like crying peace when there is no peace. You were warm enough this afternoon about the iniquity of allowing Claire Seton to be kept in prison; but now that it dawns upon you that it's just possible that I ought to take her place your warmth subsides, until I expect you'll get to where Leonard has apparently been all the time; because I have little doubt that he has deliberately allowed that girl to remain in jail, not because he has suspected your guilt, as you fancied, and as he let you fancy, but because—to put it mildly—he suspected mine."

"I don't believe, for a single second, that there's anything in your story but sheer imagination. I know what an imagination yours is; and all the monstrous and ridiculous things which have happened to you in dreams."

"Then that's all right. I'm content; the only discontented person will be Claire Seton. You and Leonard keep on looking for the woman in the motor coat; you'll look some time. Let's hope that in the mean time they won't hang her. If they do, of course, no more need be said; we may consider the subject closed."

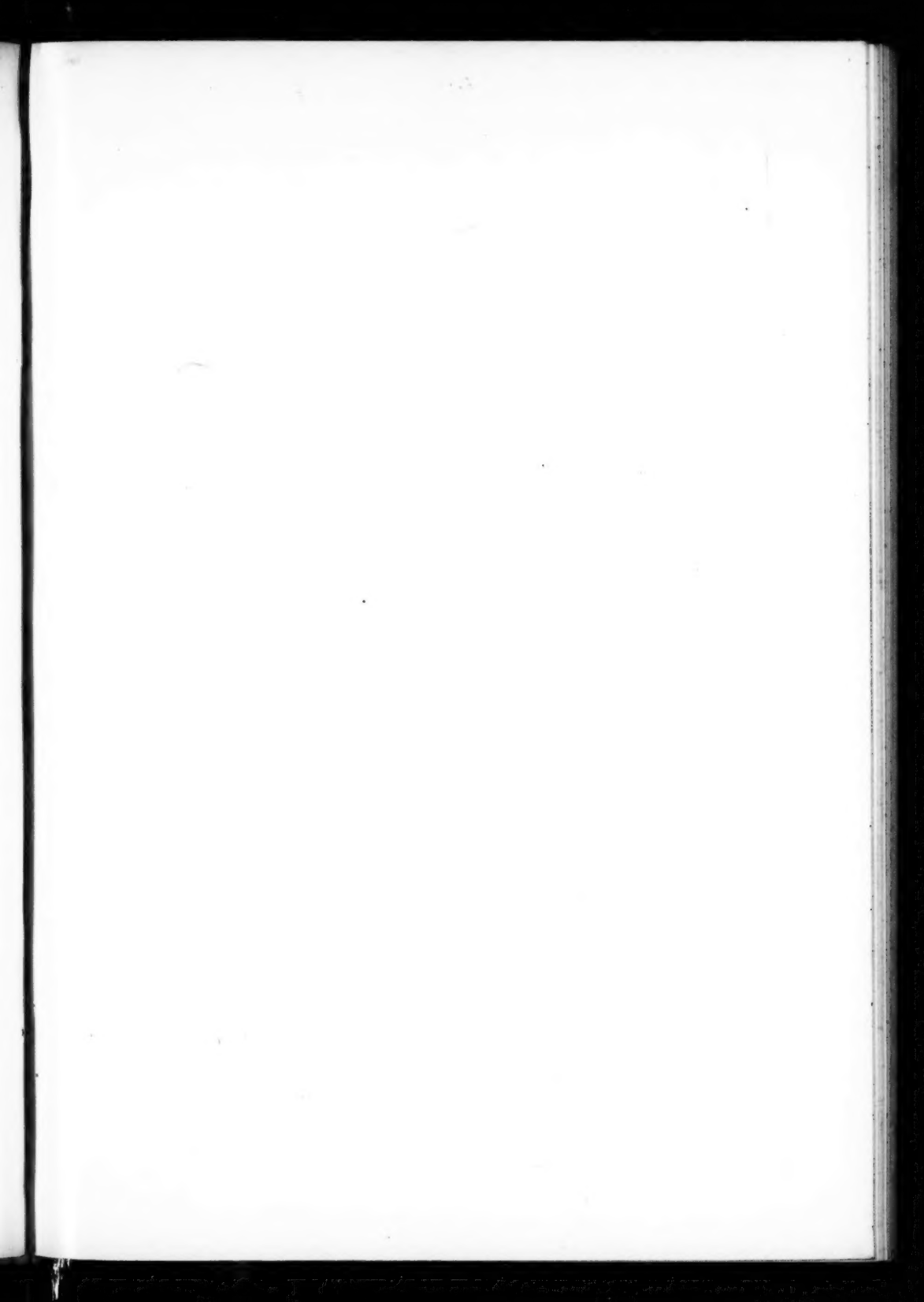
"Alice, why do you mock at me?"

"How shall you excuse yourself to her, and to your conscience, if, knowing what you know now, you do as Leonard has done—let her stay in jail?"

"Who's talking of Leonard," said a voice in the doorway. "Let me inform you that Leonard is here—and some one else is with him."

(To be continued.)







*"'Hereward,' she breathed, 'shall we not let this be . . . our
second honeymoon?'"*

—Page 512.